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THE
SPEAKER'S
GARLAND

EDITED BY
PHINEAS GARRETT

COMPRISING 100 CHOICE SELECTIONS
Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4



VOLUME I

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA MCMXXIII

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Speaker's Garland, No. 1.

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Part First.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
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in this volume is paged separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 1.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE
PROUD?—WILLIAM KNOX.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale ^{that} has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come ;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye ! they died ; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there !
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high !
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each souldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven !
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

INFELICISSIME.

I stand upon the hoary mountains of old time,
 God's stern and sleepless sentinels, that loom
 In shadowy dimness, silent and sublime,
 Through bending clouds of glory and of gloom.
 I see around me shapes of rare device,—
 Domes, minarets, and towers
 Of nature's own contriving; and soft bowers
 Of interwoven branches, vines, and flowers,
 Through which trip lightly the impassioned hours.
 I hear the gushing melody of birds,
 The dash of dancing waters, and the deep,
 Low murmur of the winds, that creep
 Into my soul like music without words;
 I stand in Paradise!

And lo! two beings, young, and beautiful
 Beyond the poet's most enraptured dream,
 Glide through the mazes: resting now to cull
 Sweet tinted flowers that fringe a silver stream,
 Or clustering fruits that in a sunlight gleam;
 And all the while their voices fill the air
 With swelling anthems to the Great Supreme,
 And all the while, in peace, they wander there,
 God-loving and beloved, without a grief or care.

The charm is broken! from a distant hill,
 I see the Serpent take his subtile way,
 To where, all dreamless of the coming ill,
 The dooméd pair in happy converse stray;
 And now, with secret art, he holds his prey,
 And now enfolds them like a tongue of flame;
 With charmed words he leadeth them astray,
 Till, all forgetful of the Master's claim,
 They do the deed of sin, and hide themselves in shame.

I read, in Holy verse,
 Their everlasting curse:
 "Thou shalt bring forth in pain,
 And live in sorrow, and toil in vain,
 And thistles reap, and thorns, instead of grain,
 And down thy brow shall sweat-drops roll like rain."

That curse has had no death; we are brought forth in pain,
 And all the pathway of our checkered years
 Is strewn with ashes and remorseful tears,
 Till, in the midst of grief, we yield our breath again.

Yes! the world is full of sorrow
 And dismay;
 Joy lives always in to-morrow!
 Pain, to-day!
 Sweet phantoms rise to cheer our bleak existence,
 And lure us onward with uplifted hands,
 We follow—and they fade into the distance,
 As fades the mirage upon desert sands.

What boots it, that the earth makes show of joy?
 That roses bloom, and trees grow green in spring,
 That the soft grass springs up without annoy,
 That skies are blue, and birds forever sing?
 There are more weeds than flowers,—
 More sad than sunny hours!
 And though the leaves be musical,
 They all must wither soon, and fall!
 And though the green grass waves—
 Down under it are graves!
 And, alas! they have no souls,
 Those little birds, whose melody so rolls.

What boots it, that we ring the merry laugh,
 Sing the song, and crack the jest;
 That we seek love—deem kisses more than chaff,
 Or hold pleasure worth the quest?
 And what boots it, that some glide
 Through the world with little care?
 And what boots it, that the bride
 Is so jubilant and fair?

The pleasure that we follow
 Like our laugh is hollow—hollow
 As a bell
 That now rings us to a wedding—with a chime;
 And now buries us in sorrow for a time—
 With a knell!

And the jest seldom slips,
 But it strikes a tender chord!
 And a kiss was on the lips
 Of the wretch who sold his Lord!
 Do you sing?—the sweetest songs
 Tell of sorrows and of wrongs.
 Do you love?—perfect love
 Only lives in realms above;
 And the careless are the light,—
 Light of heart, and light of head:
 And ye robe the bride in white,—
 And, in white, ye shroud the dead.

—*Nassau Magazine.*

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF PARK GODWIN ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The great captain of our cause—ABRAHAM LINCOLN—smit-
ten by the basest hand ever upraised against human inno-
cence, is gone, gone, gone! He who had borne the heaviest
of the brunt in our four long years of war, whose pulse beat
livelier, whose eyes danced brighter than any others, when

“The storm drew off,
Its scattered thunders groaning round the hills,”

in the supreme hour of his joy and glory was struck down.
One who, great in himself, as well as by position, has sud-
denly departed. There is something startling, ghastly, awful,
in the manner of his going off. But the chief poignancy of
our distress is not for the greatness fallen, but for the good-
ness lost. Presidents have died before: during this bloody
war we have lost many eminent generals—Lyon, Baker,
Kearney, Sedgwick, Reno, and others; we have lost lately
our finest scholar, publicist, orator. Our hearts still bleed
for the companions, friends, brothers who “sleep the sleep that
knows no waking,” but no loss has been comparable to his,
who was our supremest leader,—our safest counsellor—our
wisest friend—our dear father. Would you know what Lin-
coln was, look at this vast metropolis, covered with the habil-
iments of woe! Never in human history has there been so
universal, so spontaneous, so profound an expression of a
nation’s bereavement.

Yet we sorrow not as those who are without hope. Our chief
is gone, but our cause remains; dearer to our hearts, because
he is now become the martyr; consecrated by his sacrifice;
more widely accepted by all parties; and fragrant and lovely
forevermore in the memories of all the good and the great,
of all lands, and for all time. The rebellion, which began in
the blackest treachery, to be ended in the foulest assassina-
tion; this rebellion, accursed in its motive, which was to
rivet the shackles of slavery on a whole race for all the fu-
ture; accursed in its means, which have been “red ruin and
the breaking up of laws,” the overthrow of the mildest and
blessedest governments, and the profuse shedding of brother’s
blood by brother’s hands; accursed in its accompaniments of
violence, cruelty, and barbarism, and is now doubly accursed
in its final act of cold-blooded murder.

Cold-blooded, but impotent, and defeated in its own pur-
poses! The frenzied hand which slew the head of the gov-

ernment, in the mad hope of paralyzing its functions, only drew the hearts of the people together more closely to strengthen and sustain its power. All the North once more, without party or division, clenches hands around the common altar: all the North swears a more earnest fidelity to freedom; all the North again presents its breasts as the living shield and bulwark of the nation's unity and life. Oh! foolish and wicked dream, oh! insanity of fanaticism, oh! blindness of black hate—to think that this majestic temple of human liberty, which is built upon the clustered columns of free and independent states, and whose base is as broad as the continent—could be shaken to pieces, by striking off the ornaments of its capital. No! this nation lives, not in one man nor in a hundred men, however eminent, however able, however endeared to us; but in the affections, the virtues, the energies, and the will of the whole American people.

THE SLEEPING SENTINEL.—FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

The incidents here woven into verse relate to William Scott, a young soldier from the State of Vermont, who, while on duty as a sentinel at night, fell asleep, and, having been condemned to die, was pardoned by the President. They form a brief record of his humble life at home and in the field, and of his glorious death.

'Twas in the sultry summer-time, as war's red records show,
When patriot armies rose to meet a fratricidal foe—
When, from the North and East and West, like the upheav-
ing sea,
Swept forth Columbia's sons, to make our country truly free.

Within a prison's dismal walls, where shadows veiled decay--
In fetters, on a heap of straw, a youthful soldier lay:
Heart-broken, hopeless, and forlorn, with short and feverish
breath,
He waited but the appointed hour to die a culprit's death.

Yet, but a few brief weeks before, untroubled with a care,
He roamed at will, and freely drew his native mountain air—
Where sparkling streams leap mossy rocks, from many a
woodland font,
And waving elms, and grassy slopes, give beauty to Vermont.

Where, dwelling in a humble cot, a tiller of the soil,
Encircled by a mother's love, he shared a father's toil—
Till, borne upon the wailing winds, his suffering country's cry
Fired his young heart with fervent zeal, for her to live or die

Then left he all: a few fond tears, by firmness half concealed
A blessing, and a parting prayer, and he was in the field—

The field of strife, whose dews are blood, whose breezes war's
hot breath,
Whose fruits are garnered in the grave, whose husbandman
is death!

Without a murmur, he endured a service new and hard;
But, wearied with a toilsome march, it chanced one night,
on guard,
He sank, exhausted, at his post, and the gray morning found
His prostrate form—a sentinel asleep upon the ground.

So in the silence of the night, aweary, on the sod,
Sank the disciples, watching near the suffering Son of God;
Yet, Jesus, with compassion moved, beheld their heavy eyes,
And though betray'd to ruthless foes, forgiving, bade them rise.

But God is love,—and finite minds can faintly comprehend
How gentle mercy, in His rule, may with stern justice blend;
And this poor soldier, seized and bound, found none to justify,
While war's inexorable law decreed that he must die.

'Twas night.—In a secluded room, with measured tread, and
slow,
A statesman of commanding mien paced gravely to and fro;
Oppressed, he pondered on a land by civil discord rent;
On brothers armed in deadly strife:—it was the President.

The woes of thirty millions filled his burdened heart with grief;
Embattled hosts, on land and sea, acknowledged him their
chief;

And yet, amid the din of war, he heard the plaintive cry
Of that poor soldier, as he lay in prison, doomed to die.

'Twas morning.—On a tented field, and through the heated
haze,
Flashed back, from lines of burnished arms, the sun's efful-
gent blaze;

While, from a sombre prison-house, seen slowly to emerge,
A sad procession, o'er the sward, moved to a muffled dirge.

And in the midst, with faltering step, and pale and anxious face,
In manacles, between two guards, a soldier had his place.
A youth—led out to die;—and yet, it was not death, but shame,
That smote his gallant heart with dread, and shook his man-
ly frame.

Still on, before the marshal'd ranks, the train pursued its way
Up to the designated spot, whereon a coffin lay—
His coffin! And with reeling brain, despairing—desolate—
He took his station by its side, abandoned to his fate.

Then came across his wavering sight strange pictures in the air:
He saw his distant mountain home; he saw his mother there;
He saw his father bowed with grief, thro' fast-declining years;
He saw a nameless grave; and then, the vision closed—in tears.

Yet once again. In double file advancing, then, he saw
 Twelve comrades, sternly set apart to execute the law—
 But saw no more: his senses swam—deep darkness settled
 round—

And, shuddering, he awaited now the fatal volley's sound.

Then suddenly was heard the noise of steeds and wheels ap-
 proach,

And, rolling through a cloud of dust, appeared a stately coach.
 On, past the guards, and through the field, its rapid course
 was bent,

Till, halting, 'mid the lines was seen the nation's President.

He came to save that stricken soul, now waking from despair;
 And from a thousand voices rose a shout which rent the air!
 The pardoned soldier understood the tones of jubilee,
 And, bounding from his fetters, blessed the hand that made
 him free.

'Twas Spring.—Within a verdant vale, where Warwick's crys-
 tal tide

Reflected, o'er its peaceful breast, fair fields on either side—
 Where birds and flowers combined to cheer a sylvan solitude—
 Two threatening armies, face to face, in fierce defiance stood.

Two threatening armies! One invoked by injured Liberty—
 Which bore above its patriot ranks the Symbol of the Free;
 And one, a rebel horde, beneath a flaunting flag of bars,
 A fragment, torn by traitorous hands, from Freedom's Stripes
 and Stars.

A sudden shock which shook the earth, 'mid vapor dense
 and dun,

Proclaimed, along the echoing hills, the conflict had begun;
 And shot and shell, athwart the stream with fiendish fury sped,
 To strew among the living lines the dying and the dead.

Then, louder than the roaring storm, pealed forth the stern
 command,

"Charge! soldiers, charge!" and, at the word, with shouts, a
 fearless band,

Two hundred heroes from Vermont, rushed onward, through
 the flood,

And upward o'er the rising ground, they marked their way
 in blood.

The smitten foe before them fled, in terror, from his post—
 While, unsustained, two hundred stood, to battle with a host!
 Then turning as the rallying ranks, with murd'rous fire replied,
 They bore the fallen o'er the field, and through the purple tide.

The fallen! And the first who fell in that unequal strife,
 Was he whom mercy sped to save when justice claimed his
 life—

The pardon'd soldier! And while yet the conflict raged around,
While yet his life-blood ebb'd away through every gaping
wound—

While yet his voice grew tremulous, and death bedimmed
his eye—

He called his comrades to attest he had not feared to die.
And in his last expiring breath, a prayer to heaven was sent,
That God, with His unfailing grace, would bless our President.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—GEORGE H. BOKER.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around.—COLERIDGE.

“O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?”

Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.

“To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.”

“I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.”

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:—

“Half England is wrong, if he is right;
Bear off to the westward then.”

“O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?”

Cried the little Esquimaux.

“Between the land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.”

“Come down, if you would journey there,”
The little Indian said;

“And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.”

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too;

“A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new.”

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar;
But it murmured and threatened on every side,
And closed where he sailed before.

"Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!"
The crew laughed out in glee.

"Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze."

"Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
But long ere summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer."

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

"The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea;
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?"
A silent man was he.

"The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
I wecn, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer."

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more,—
'Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

"What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow."

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The Northern Light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid;
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

"Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,

The hard, green ice is strong as death;
I prithee, Captain, speak!"

"The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold."

"What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh."

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around;
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

"Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?
And there, and there again?"

"'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main."

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal."

"God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal."

"Sir John, where are the English fields?
And where are the English trees?
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain."

"Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me."

"Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?"

"Be still, be still, my brave sailors,
Think not such thoughts again!"
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
 The ice grows more and more;
 More settled stare the wolf and bear,
 More patient than before.

"Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
 We'll ever see the land?
 'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
 Without a helping hand.

"'Twas cruel to send us here, Sir John,
 So far from help or home,
 To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
 I ween the Lords of the Admiralty
 Had rather send than come."

"Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
 Or sail to our own country,
 We have done what man has never done—
 The open ocean danced in the sun—
 We passed the Northern Sea!"

KANE.—FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

DIED FEBRUARY 19, 1857.

Aloft upon an old basaltic crag,
 Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
 Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
 Around the secret of the mystic zone,
 A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
 Flutters alone,
 And underneath, upon the lifeless front
 Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;
 Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
 But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
 Breasted the gathering snows,
 Clung to the drifting flocs,
 By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
 Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
 Crowned with the icy honors of the North,
 Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
 And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.
 His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
 Burst from decorous quiet as he came.
 Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
 Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
 Proffered its horny hand. The large-lunged West,
 From out his giant breast,

Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
 Jubilant to the sky,
 Thundered the mighty ery,
 HONOR TO KANE!

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
 The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
 The golden wine, and round the shining board
 Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung
 With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
 Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
 Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
 Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
 Faded and faded! And the brave young heart
 That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
 Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
 For the lost captain, now within his breast
 More and more faintly throbbed.
 His was the victory; but as his grasp
 Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
 Death launched a whistling dart;
 And ere the thunders of applause were done
 His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
 Too late—too late the splendid prize he won
 In the Olympic race of science and of art!
 Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
 Drifts from the white North to a tropic zone,
 And in the burning day
 Wastes peak by peak away,
 Till on some rosy even
 It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
 Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,
 And melted into heaven.

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
 We will not weep for him who died so well;
 But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
 The story of his strife,
 Such homage suits him well;
 Better than funeral pomp, or passing bell.

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
 Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,
 With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow!
 Night lengthening into months; the ravenous foe
 Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
 Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
 Of loathsome food;
 The lethargy of famine: the despair
 Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued;
 Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued

Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
 Glimmered the fading embers of a mind.
 That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
 Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
 Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew;
 The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
 At first, but deepening ever till they grew
 Into black thoughts of murder: such the throng
 Of horrors bound the hero. High the song
 Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
 Sinking himself—yet ministering aid
 To all around him. By a mighty will
 Living defiant of the wants that kill,
 Because his death would seal his comrades' fate;
 Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
 Those Polar waters, dark and desolate.
 Equal to every trial, every fate,
 He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
 Unlocks the icy gate,
 And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
 To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore
 Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold .
 From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state;
 The knell of old formalities is tolled,
 And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
 No grander episode doth chivalry hold
 In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
 Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,
 Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,
 By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE.

DISCOVERIES OF GALILEO.—EDWARD EVERETT.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo when, first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon.

It was such another moment as that, when the immortal printers of Mentz and Straßburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that, when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that, when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that, when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibres

of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that, when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right. "It *DOES* move." Bigots may make thee recant it, but it moves, nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward, to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus, and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse have, comparatively, done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when, from two hundred observatories in Europe and America, the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies; but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten.

Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens;—like him, scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted!—in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor.

OWED TO THE STEEM FIRE ENGINE.—A. SKWIRT.

Grate ingine! you have eradicated fire machines
Worked by human mussel. Grate ingine! You
Skwirt on tops of houses where the flames
Protrude, and you immediately eckstinguish.

Grate Ingine!—

Stupendoowus steem pump! You suck. You
Draw up, and you skwirt water on the raging
And devowring elament commonly known as
Fire. And you suckseat in kwenching the aforesede.

Stupendoowus steem pump!

Mitey destroyer of ignited kombustibuls. When you
Get to a cistern, you run your suctions in.
Your enjinear puts on adishional steem,
And you proceed forthwith to darken down calighted matter.
Mitey destroyer of ignited kombustibuls!

Grand ecksterminator of blaseing material! You
Must feel proud bekause you have plenty
Of water on hand and don't use
Spiritous lickens—You don't work much
Bekause you have nothing to do.

Grate exterminator of blaseing material!

Wonderful Infantile Water Works! You have
Superseded the laboring efforts of indi-
viduals to perfect hand pumps. And you
Now stand out in bass relievus to the enemy
Of flame. Because you always come out first best!

Wonderful Infantile Water Works!

Thou spreader of the akweous fluid! You
Know full well, your hundred feet of pipe in
Your biler, big wheals, little walves,
&c., are death to the old fire boys and
Useful to Insurance Companies.

Thou spreader of the akweous fluid!

Steem Fire Engine—your useful. You
Use wood and koal—you make
A big noise with your whistle, and
You leave a streak of fire behind you
In the streat. But steem Fire Ingine your
Useful. Your a—a trump--Go on--
Go on Steam Fire Ingine!

Go on—Grate old Skwirt!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;
"Fire !"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law ;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below in Frederick town.

. THE STUDENT.

"I have seen the pale student, bending over his written volume, or studying the exhaustless tomes of nature, until the springs of life were dried up, and he died!"

"Poor fool!" the base and soulless worldling cries,
 "To waste his strength for naught,—to blanch his cheek,
 And bring pale death upon him in his prime.
 Why did he not to pleasure give his days,—
 His nights to rest,—and live while live he might?"
 What is't to live? To breathe the vital air,
 Consume the fruits of earth, and doze away
 Existence? Never! this is living death,—
 'Tis brutish life,—base groveling. E'en the brutes
 Of nobler nature live not lives like this.
 Shall man, then, formed to be creation's lord,
 Stamped with the impress of Divinity, and sealed
 With God's own signet, sink below the brute?
 Forbid it, Heaven! it cannot, *must* not be!

Oh! when the mighty God from nothing brought
 This universe,—when at His word the light
 Burst forth,—the sun was set in heaven,
 And earth was clothed in beauty; when the last,
 The noblest work of all, from dust He framed
 Our bodies in His image, when He placed
 Within its temple-shrine of clay, the soul,—
 The immortal soul,—infused by His own truth,
 Did He not show, 'tis this which gives to man
 His high prerogative? Why then declare
 That he who thinks less of his worthless frame,
 And lives a spirit, even in this world,
 Lives not as well,—lives not as long,—as he
 Who drags out years of life, without one thought,
 One hope, one wish, beyond the present hour?

How shall we measure life? Not by the years,—
 The months,—the days,—the moments that we pass
 On earth. By him whose soul is raised above
 Base worldly things,—whose heart is fixed in heaven,—
 His life is measured by that soul's advance,
 Its cleansing from pollution and from sin,
 The enlargement of its powers, the expanded field

Wherein it ranges,—till it glows and burns
With holy joys,—with high and heavenly hopes.

When in the silent night, all earth lies hushed
In slumber,—when the glorious stars shine out,
Each star a sun, each sun a central light
Of some fair system, ever wheeling on
In one unbroken round and that again
Revolving round another sun,—while all,
Suns, stars, and systems proudly roll along
In one majestic ever-onward course
In space uncircumscribed and limitless,—
Oh! think you then the undebased soul
Can calmly give itself to sleep,—to rest?

No! in the solemn stillness of the night,
It soars from earth,—it dwells in angels' homes,—
It hears the burning song,—the glowing chant,
That fills the sky-girt vaults of heaven with joy!
It pants, it sighs, to wing its flight from earth,
To join the heavenly choirs, and be with God.

And it is joy to muse upon the written page,
Whereon are stamped the gushings of the soul
Of genius;—where, in never-dying light,
It glows and flashes as the lightning's glare;
Or where it burns with ray more mild, more sure,
And wins the soul, that half would turn away
From its more brilliant flashings. These are hours
Of holy joy—of bliss so pure that earth
May hardly claim it. Let his lamp grow dim,
And flicker to extinction; let his cheek
Be pale as sculptured marble, and his eye
Lose its bright lustre, till his shrouded frame
Is laid in dust. Himself can never die!

His *years*, 'tis true, are few,—his *life* is long;
For he has gathered many a precious gem;
Enraptured, he has dwelt where master minds
Have poured their own deep musings, and his heart
Has glowed with love to Him who framed us thus,
Who placed within this worthless tegument
The spark of pure Divinity which shines
With light unceasing.

Yes, his life is long,—
Long to the dull and loathsome epicure's,—
Long to the slothful man's—the groveling herds'
Who scarcely know they have a soul within,—
Long to all those who, creeping on to death,
Meet in the grave, the earth-worm's banquet-hall,
And leave behind no monuments for good.

THE TWO ROADS.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God

fervently that time was still his own ; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"

ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND, MARCH 7, 1862.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris cried;
Small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests:
"What thing is that, I say?"
"A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift
Is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris' face;
The strange, dark craft he knew:
"That is the iron Merrimac,
Manned by a rebel crew.

"So shot your guns and point them straight:
Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made."
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this; or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to stern
No sign of life appeared:
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joked—every thing but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang ;
Our heavy pivots roared ;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her side we poured.

God's mercy ! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced ;

Or when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not ; no guns she fired ;
Straight on our bows she bore ;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas ! our beautiful, keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed.

Alas ! alas ! my Cumberland,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-boar !

Once more she backward drew apace ;
Once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foemen lay abeam ;
Her open port-holes maddened us,
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast ;
We knew our time was brief :
" Ho ! man the pumps ! " But they who worked,
And fought not, wept with grief.

" Oh ! keep us but an hour afloat !
Oh ! give us only time
To mete unto yon rebel crew
The measure of their crime ! "

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then :

Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned,
And up from the sick-bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay ;—

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath
To keep their shipmates at the post
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes—
As men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar deck! save yourselves!"
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again!"

We turned: we did not like to go;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood:
"Another turn, men—so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun:
"Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell
Go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
The deck was overflown;
The poor ship staggered, lurching to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves,
 Our gallant vessel rushed ;
 A thousand gurgling watery sounds
 Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more ;
 One look to heaven I gave,
 Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
 Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I cannot say
 Whether I swam or sank ;
 A blue mist closed around my eyes,
 And every thing was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
 All dripping from the sea,
 With two great tears upon his cheeks,
 Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
 The wish I could not speak.
 He turned me. There, thank God ! the flag
 Still fluttered at the peak !

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
 Oh, let that ensign fly !

The noblest constellation set
 Against the northern sky,—

A sign that we who live may claim
 The peerage of the brave ;
 A monument that needs no scroll,
 For those beneath the wave.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath.
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way,
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away !"

COURTIN' IN THE COUNTRY.—H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

Zekiel gets the "chores" done,
 He feeds the hens and pigs,
 Tends to the cows and calves,
 Then he gets on his "rigs."
 Young tow-heads around him
 Shouting to the old 'un,
 Saying they'll bet a cent
 That Zeke's gettin' on his Sunday
 go-to-meetins just to go a holdin'.

Zeke marches to the place;
 He knocks and hears "Come in!"
 They're all glad to see him,
 They take his shawl and pin.
 Zeke, after looking round,
 Squats on the proffered seat;
 He hasn't much to say,
 Consequently he doesn't say much:
 but all the time he keeps a lookin' at his feet.

The old gentleman talks
 Of horses and the crops;
 And the old lady asks
 About his mother's hops.
 She also friendly asks
 What butter they have churned?
 Zekiel gets uneasy,
 And he mentally ejaculates;
 "Hops, butter and things be derned!"

Old folks keep a talkin'
 Crickets keep a buzzin',
 Sally looks at Zekiel,
 Zekiel keeps a fussin';
 Sally thinks it's bedtime,
 And Zekiel thinks so too;
 Old folks seem tickled
 And keep a looking at each other,
 and then at Zekie and Sally, as if they knew a thing
 or two.

The old man pulls his boots
 And travels off to bed,
 The old lady's yawning
 And tying up her head.
 Zekiel's feeling tickled,
 Feeling kinder funny:
 He thinks the time has come
 For him to pop the question, get a wife, and
 commence a layin' up the money.

Now the old folks are gone,
But Sal is still a knittin' ;
Zeke fidgets all around
And steps on a kitten.
She asks him why so mum ?
And Zekiel hems and haws :
He gives an awful cough,—
Then he crosses his legs, than he uncrosses them,
and then he says, " Because ! "

Zekiel clears his throat,
Then hitches up his chair ;
Sally looks slantin' like
As if she didn't care.
Zeke clears his throat again,
Again he hitches near ;
And Sal, the little pet,
After knitting to the " middle of the needle," lays
away her stocking and looks as if she wouldn't " skeer."

Zeke at once " pitched right in,"
Flung his arms around her :
Said that she must be his,
She'd not get a sounder.
Zeke kept a holdin' on
And swore his fate he'd know ;
While Sal could but utter,
" Zeke Jones, I'll tell you what it is, I can't
stand it, and I won't let you hug me so ! "

But Zeke vowed and declared,
By all things good and bad,
He never would " leave go,"
Till an answer he had :
He declared he loved her,
And his love was growin' ;
She modestly replied :
" Zeke Jones, I would like mighty well to be-
lieve you ; but I'm most awfully afraid you're blowin' ! "

" I'll be dogged if I am ! "
Shouts Zekiel, all in joy ;
" Do you think I would lie—
Think I'm a lyin' boy ?
Oh, won't you have me, Sal,
I'll tell you what it is—
If you won't have me, Sal,
I'll go right off to the wars, and some day there
will a big cannon ball come along and take off my
head, cher biz ! "

" Oh, yes, I'll have you Zeke,
Can't let you go away ;

But, Zeke, you'll have to see
What pa and ma will say."
When Zeke this answer got,
He trotted off "to hum,"
And tickled was so much,
He couldn't sleep a wink that night, without
dreaming of the good time to come.

EXTRACT FROM SENATOR BAKER'S SPEECH AT
UNION SQUARE, N. Y., *April 20, 1861.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS, what is this country? Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these, is it power, and might, and majesty alone? No, our country is more, far more than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our heart's blood, is more than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty—above all, freedom forever! These are the watchwords under which we fight; and we will shout them out till the stars appear in the sky, in the stormiest hour of battle. Young men of New York! Young men of the United States! you are told this is not to be a war of aggression. In one sense that is true; in another, not. We have committed aggression upon no man. In all the broad land, in their rebel nest, in their traitor's camp, no truthful man can rise and say that he has ever been disturbed, though it be but for a single moment, in life, liberty, estate, character, or honor. The day they began this unnatural, false, wicked, rebellious warfare, their lives were more secure, their property more secure, by us—not by themselves, but by us—guarded far more securely than any people ever have had their lives and property secured from the beginning of the world. We have committed no oppression, have broken no compact, have exercised no unholy power; have been loyal, moderate, constitutional, and just. We are a majority of the Union, and we will govern our own Union, within our own Constitution, in our own way. We are all democrats. We are all republicans. We acknowledge the sovereignty of the people within the rule of the Constitution; and under that Constitution and beneath that flag, let traitors beware. I would meet them

upon the threshold, and there, in the very State of their power, in the very atmosphere of their treason, I propose that the people of this Union dictate to these rebels the terms of peace. It may take thirty millions; it may take three hundred millions. What then? We have it. It may cost us seven thousand men; it may cost us seventy-five thousand men in battle; it may cost us seven hundred and fifty thousand men. What then? We have them. The blood of every loyal citizen of this government is dear to me. My sons, my kinsmen, the young men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care, they are all dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, government,—written constitutional government, the only hope of a free people—demand it, let them all go.

Let no man underrate the dangers of this controversy. Civil war, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty—always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are yet worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse. Perpetual anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing are worse. Traitors and secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out—to have stripe after stripe obscured—to have glory after glory dimmed—to have our women weep and our men blush for shame throughout generations to come—that and these are infinitely worse than blood. When we march, let us not march for revenge. As yet we have nothing to revenge. It is not much that where that tattered flag waved, guarded by seventy men against ten thousand; it is not much that starvation effected what an enemy could not compel. We have as yet something to punish, but nothing or very little to revenge. The President himself, a hero without knowing it—and I speak from knowledge, having known him from boyhood—the President says: "There are wrongs to be redressed, already long enough endured." And we march to battle and to victory because we do not choose to endure this wrong any longer. They are wrongs not merely against us—not against you, Mr. President—not against me—but against our sons and against our grandsons that surround us. They are wrongs against our Union; they are wrongs against our Constitution; they are wrongs against human hope and human freedom; and thus, if it be avenged, still, as Burke says: "It is a wild justice at last." Only thus we will revenge them. The national banners, leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day, proclaim your affection and

reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions

“Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms;”

and as you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present, capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the works of genius—all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And if, from the far Pacific, a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word, that when, amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for Government, for Constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity; and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established.

THE FAMINE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh the long and dreary winter!
Oh the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness.
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh the famine and the fever!
 Oh the wasting of the famine!
 Oh the blasting of the fever!
 Oh the wailing of the children!
 Oh the anguish of the women!
 All the earth was sick and famished;
 Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests, as silent
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of welcome
 In the seat of Laughing Water;
 Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
 At the face of Laughing Water.
 And the foremost said: "Behold me!
 I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
 And the other said: "Behold me!
 I am Fever, Abkosewin!"
 And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no answer;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness,
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.
 Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting
 With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the mighty!"
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 "Give your children food, O Father!
 Give us food, or we must perish!
 Give me food for Minnehaha,

For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the loving Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha

Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing;
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks.
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted.
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,

Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha;
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave old soldier, no!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled,
old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now:
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white,
and blue,
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them, one by one.
Your Minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief,—
"God bless your loyal heart!"

But younger men are in the field, and claim to have a part;
They'll plant our sacred banner firm, in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
 "I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
 And some you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;
 So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
 Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in my hand:
 No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shell may fly,
 I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me be given,
 Where Washington can look at me, as he looks down from
 Heaven,

And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, General Wayne,—
 'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!"

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the traitors fly,
 When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
 If any shot should pierce through me, and lay me on my face,
 My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

THE GHOST.

'Tis about twenty years since Abel Law,
 A short, round-favored, merry
 Old soldier of the Revolutionary
 War,
 Was wedded to
 A most abominable shrew.
 The temper, sir, of Shakspeare's Catharine
 Could no more be compared with hers,
 Than mine
 With Lucifer's.
 Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
 Face, like a cranberry marsh,
 All spread
 With spots of white and red;
 Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
 And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
 The appellation of this lovely dame
 Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,
 Good-looking chap, and that was all;
 One of your great, big nothings, as we say
 Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
 And cracking them on other folks.
 Well, David undertook one night to play
 The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
 He knew,
 Would be returning from a journey through

A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance,—half a mile or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast,
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed,)
He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "The Revolution."
His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton;
And jovially he went on,
Scaring the whip-poor-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these:—[*Sings.*]

"See the Yankees leave the hill,
With baggernetts declining,
With lopped-down hats and rusty guns,
And leather aprons shining.

See the Yankees—Whoa! Why, what is that?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,

As slowly on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience, what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the powers of gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
"Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit—"

"I suppose you are;
But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you can not deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad,—that's understood,—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil,—
And I don't know but you may be the Devil,—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

OPPORTUNITY FOR WORK.—GEORGE R. RUSSELL.

Examples of greatness and goodness before us bid us work, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. Around us, everywhere, the new crowds aside the old. Improvement steps by seeming perfection. Discovery upsets theories and clouds over established systems. The usages of one generation become matters of tradition, for the amusement of the next. Innovation rises on the site of homes revered for early associations. Science can scarcely keep pace with the names of publications, qualifying or abrogating the past. Machinery becomes old iron, as its upstart successor usurps its place. The new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling banks of the canal, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piecemeal. The astronomer builds up his hypothesis, and is comforting himself among the nebulae, when invention comes to the rescue; the gigantic telescope points upward, and lo! the raw material of which worlds are manufactured becomes the centres of systems blazing in the infinite heavens, and the defeated theorizer retreats into space, with his speculations,

to be again routed, when human ingenuity shall admit us one hair-breadth further into creation.

There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing.

All nature is full of unknown things; earth, air, water, the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky, lie almost untouched before us. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction, has not been more open to others than to us; to no one, past or present, more than to the student going forth from the school-room to-morrow.

Let not, then, the young man sit with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demigod. It was given thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted calling or profession. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the study, office, counting-room, work-shop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed, or not to wed;—that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer
 The slings and sorrows of that blind young archer;
 Or fly to arms against a host of troubles,
 And at the altar end them. To woo—to wed—
 No more; and by this step to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand hopes and fears
 The single suffer—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To woo—to wed;—
 To wed—perchance repent!—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that wedded state, what woes may come
 When we have launched upon that untried sea
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes *celibacy* or *so long* life;
 For who would bear the quips and jeers of friends,
 The husband's pity, and the coquette's scorn,
 The vacant hearth, the solitary cell,
 The unshared sorrow, and the void within,
 When he himself might his redemption gain
 With a fair damsel. Who would beauty shun
 To toil and plod over a barren heath;
 But that the dread of something yet beyond—

The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No bachelor returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus forethought does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And numberless flirtations, long pursued,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of marriage.

COLONEL HALPINE'S POEM, READ AT THE FOUND-
ING OF THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

As men beneath some pang of grief,
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,
Finding no words to give relief
Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief
To thoughts with which their souls expand,
So here to-day those trophies high,
No fitting words our lips can reach;
The hills around, the graves, the sky,
The silent poem of the eye,
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day a nation meets to build
A nation's trophy to the dead,
Who, living, formed her sword and shield,
The arms she sadly learned to wield,
When other hope of peace had fled;
And not alone for those who lie
In honored graves before us blest,
Shall our proud column broad and high,
Climb upward to the blessing sky
But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief as well
For others, as for these, we raise;
For these beneath our feet who dwell,
And all who in the good cause fell,
On other fields in other frays.
To all the self-same love we bear
Which here for marbled memory strives;
No soldier for a wreath would care,
Which all true comrades might not share,—
Brothers in death as in their lives.

On southern hill-sides, parched and brown,
In tangled swamps, on verdant ridge,

Where pines and broadening oaks look down
 And jasmine waves its yellow crown,
 And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge,
 Along the shores of endless sand,
 Beneath the palms of southern plains,
 Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,
 The brothers of the gallant band
 Who here poured life through throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all,
 The same red glories glared and flew ;
 The hurrying flags, the bugle call,
 The whistle of the angry ball,
 'The elbow-touch of comrade true,
 The skirmish fire, a spattering spray,
 The long sharp growl of fire by file,
 The thick'ning fury of the fray
 When opening batteries get in play,
 And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,
 Red flashes through the gathering smoke,
 Swift orders, resonant and clear,
 Blithe cries from comrades, tried and dear.
 The shell-scream and the sabre stroke,
 The volley fire, from left to right,
 From right to left, we hear it swell,
 The headlong charges, swift and bright,
 The thick'ning tumult of the fight,
 And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now closer, denser, grows the strife,
 And here we yield, and there we gain;
 The air with hurtling missiles rife,
 Volley for volley, life for life ;
 No time to heed the cries of pain.
 Panting, as up the hills we charge,
 Or down them as we broken roll,
 Life never felt so high, so large,
 And never o'er so wide a range
 In triumph swept the kindling soul.

New raptures waken in the breast,
 Amid this hell of scene and sound,
 The barking batteries never rest,
 And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,
 Still stubbornly contest their ground ;
 Fresh waves of battle rolling in,
 To take the place of shattered waves ?
 Torn lines that grow more bent and thin,
 A blinding cloud, a maddening din,—
 'Twas then we filled these very graves.

Night falls at length with pitying veil,
 A moonlit silence, deep and fresh.
 These upturned faces, stained and pale,
 Vainly the chill night dews assail;
 Far colder than the dews their flesh.
 And flickering far, through brush and wood,
 Go searching parties, torch in hand.
 "Seize if you can some rest and food,
 At dawn the fight will be renewed,—
 Sleep on arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie
 In line, these rough and weary men.
 "Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;
 "No coffin either?" "Guess will try
 To get those two guns back again."
 "We've five flags to their one, oh!"
 "That bridge! 'Twas not there as we passed.
 "The Colonel dead? It can't be so.
 Wounded, badly, that I know,
 But he kept his saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it, if I fall."
 "Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"
 "A brown-haired, blue-eyed laughing doll."
 "Good-night boys, and God keep you all."
 "What, sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."
 "Aye, just about this hour they pray
 For dad." "Stop talking, pass the word."
 And soon as quiet as the clay
 Which thousands will but be next day,
 The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

Oh! men, to whom this sketch, though rude,
 Calls back some scene of pain and pride;
 Oh! widow, hugging close your brood,
 Oh! wife, with happiness renewed,
 Since he again is at your side;
 This trophy that to-day we raise
 Should be a monument for all,
 And on its side no niggard phrase
 Confine a generous nation's praise
 To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine
 Still other monuments to raise;
 Here for the dead we build a shrine,
 And now to those who crippled pine
 Let us give hope of happier days.
 Let homes of those sad wrecks of war
 Through all the land with speed arise;

They cry from every gaping scar,
 "Let not our brother's tomb debar
 The wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,
 A noble scene in which 'tis done,
 The birth-day of our nationhood,
 And here again the nation stood,
 On this same day its life was won!
 A bloom of banners in the air,
 A double calm of sky and soul,
 Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
 And green fields spreading bright and fair,
 As heavenward our hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,
 The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb!
 Passed as some horror we have dreamed,
 The fiery meteors that here streamed,
 Threat'ning within our homes to come!
 Again our banner floats abroad,
 Gone the one stain that on it fell;
 And bettered by his chast'ning rod,
 With streaming eyes uplift to God,
 We say, "He doeth all things well."

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTOR.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butchery murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces

the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wound of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! the deed is done! He retreats—retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and *it* is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe; “murder will out.” True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself—or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself—it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The

secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master;—it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

ARTEMUS WARD'S TRIP TO RICHMOND.

C. F. BROWNE.

It's putty plane to my mind that we earnt tu have Peas as long as the fite goes on. Not much.

The other day I 'pinted myself a committee ov the Whole to go to Richmond an' see ef I coodent convins J. Davis ov the error of his ways, and persuade him to jine the Young Men's Christian Association. Sumthin' must soon be did to have the War stopt, or by the time it's ended the Northern Sympathizers will have no Southern Brethren, or no Constitution or no Declaration of Injypendence, or no nothing, or anything else. None. Whar cood we procoor G. Washingtons, J. Quincy Jeffersons, Thomas Adamses, and etsettery, to make another Constitution and so 4th—the larst especially? Echo ansers—Whar? That's why the Blacks air taken sich good care ov that instrooment—which reminds me ov a little incident, as A. L. observes.

But, I am goin' to tell you about me trip to the Capitol ov the Southern Conthieveracy. It was a bootiful mornin' that I started; nary a cloud obskewered the Orb ov day, and I rove at the Secesh lines, when a dirty looking Confed. called me "Halt," and pinted a bagonet at me. He arskt me who I was, an' whar I was gone.

"My friendly ruff," sez I, "I've just bin up North stealin things an' sich for Jeff. Me an' him air ole pals."

He left me pars.

After traveling a spell, I obsarved a ole house by the roadside, & feelin' faint and thirsty, I entered. The only family

I found at home was a likely lookin' young femail gal, whose Johnny had gone for a solger. She was a weepin' bitterly.

"Me putty rose-bud," sez I, "why dost thou weep?"

She made nary answer, but weepeded on. I placed me hand onto her hed, brusht back the Snowy ringlets from her pale brow, an kis—an' passyified her.

"What cawsed them tears, fare maid?" I arskt again.

"Why," sez she, "brother John promist 2 bring me home some Yankee boans to make jewelry, but he had to go an' git killyd, & now I won't get ary boan, an'—O it's 2 bad—boo-hoo-oo-o!"

Yes, it was muchly 2 bad—and more too. A woman's tears brings the undersined, an' for the time bein' I was a rebel sympathizer.

"Enny Fathers?"

"Only one. But he's ded. Mother went over to see Unkle Reub."

"Was John a putty good brother?"

"Yes, John was O so kind. His was the only breast I had to repose these weary head onto."

I pitied the maid, and hinted that she might repose her weary head on my Shirt front—an' she reposed. And I was her Brother John for a while, as it were.

Ere we parted, I arskt for a draught of water to squench me thirst, an' the damsel tript gaily out of the door to procure it. As she was gone a considirable period, I lookt out the winder and saw her hoppin' briskly 4th, accompanied by 2 seecesh cusses, who war armed to the teeth. I begin to smell as many as two mouses. The "putty dear" had discovered I was a Yankee, an' was goin' to hev me taken prisoner. I frustrated her plans a few—I leapt out the back winder as quick as a Prestidiguretaterandisch, an' when she entered the domicil, she found "brother John" non ester, (which is Latin or somethin'), and be4 I had proceeded much I found me Timerepeter non ester too. The fair maid, who was Floyd's Neace, had hookt it while reposin' on me weskit. It was a hunky watch—a family hair-loom, an' I woodn't have parted with it fer a dollar & sixty-nine cents (\$1.69).

In doo corse ov mail I arrov in Richmond. I unfolded me mission, and was ushered into J. Davis's orgust presents. But the result was not as soothing to weak nerves as my hart could wish, and I returned to Washington, disgusted with all peas measures. The sympathizers may do their own dirt-eatin' in the footer, as they hev done in the parst. Good-by! Adoo! Farewell!

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.—CAROLINE E. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of wo-
man's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around

To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars:

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take what'er they would but kept my father's sword
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,

On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine,)

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—

Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heavi-
est mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to
 hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
 still;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friend-
 ly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered
 walk,
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
 But we’ll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the
 Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish
 weak,—
 His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
 The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to
 shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

OUR DEFENDERS.—T. BUCHANAN READ.

Our flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,
 An angel of peace wheresoever it goes:
 Nobly sustained by Columbia’s devotion,
 The angel of death it shall be to our foes!
 True to its native sky
 Still shall our eagle fly,
 Casting his sentinel glances afar;
 Though bearing the olive-branch,
 Still in his talons staunch
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!
 Hark to the sound! There’s a foe on our border,—
 A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;
 Freemen are rising and marching in order,
 Leaving the plough and the anvil and loom.
 Rust dims the harvest-sheen
 Of scythe and of sickle keen;

The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar;
 Veteran and youth are out,
 Swelling the battle-shout,
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop from their eyrie,
 Our lithe panthers leap from forest and plain;
 Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie,
 Out of the East roll the waves of the main.
 Down from their Northern shores,
 Swift as Niagara pours,
 They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar;
 Under the Stripes and Stars,
 Each, with the soul of Mars,
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,
 While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,
 The oak of the North, or the Southern palmetto,
 Shall shelter no foe except in the grave!
 While the Gulf billow breaks,
 Echoing the Northern lakes,
 And ocean replies unto ocean afar,
 Yield we no inch of land
 While there's a patriot hand
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war!

HEZEKIAH STUBBINS' ORATION, JULY FOURTH.

Feller-Citizens of Pine Holler: Fourth of July's come, and we've come to meet him. Here we are, with our cannon, and muskets, and fire-crackers, and squibs, ready to kick up a rusty, or pitch slam-bang into any feller that's got a word to say agin our forefathers, that fit, bled, and died for liberty. (Why don't you cheer me?)

Feller-Citizens: In the name of the martyrs of liberty, who fell supportin' the declaration on the bloody fields of Trafalgar; in the names of Franklin, Washington, and Bonyparte, who, hand in hand, fit the bloody British lion at Monterey; in the name of the mighty eagle himself, who now flaps his wings on the top-rail of creation, I tell you something's got to be did. (Cheer me agin.)

You've got to look at the clock-work of this glorious Union, and see if there ain't a peg out—a jint loose, or the cogs don't want greasin'. You've got to overhaul the conductors you've put on the Union Smoky-lotive, and see if they hain't been

playin' hob with the machinery, or cabbagin' the funds. You've got to git rid of them pesky fellers who don't know nothin', and yit go round makin' election speeches, and tryin' to bust this glorious Union; and you've got to elect us fellers that have got larnin' and know how to protect your rights. (That's the place to cheer me agin.)

Feller-Citizens: If we've got to stan every thing these lyin' scamps keep tellin' us 'bout how uncommon patriotic they are, and what big hearts they have, and how they love liberty, and what a splurge they'll make, and what a rumpus they'll kick up when they get to Congress, and what partikular fits they'll give the rich monopolers who won't vote for 'em; and what nice things they'll do for us honest, hard-fisted fellows if we'll only elect 'em; and then, when we put 'em through, can't see us over their shirt collars, and don't even know that such beings as Hezekiah Stubbins, or Enoch Grimes, or Jedediah Spewkins, or ——, live upon the face of the airth; if such things are going to be did, what's the use of having Fourth of July's. (Cheer me agin.)

What's the use of firin' cannon,
Shooting crackers, burnin' squibs,
If there has to be a man on
Every stump a tellin' fibs.

Must the heroes of Pine Holler
Hear to all the pizen snakes
Try their best to make 'em swaller
'Bout the value of the stakes?

Louder than the rattlin' thunder,
Swifter than the lightning's flash,
Say, We'll never knuckle under,
Or believe their pesky trash.

Yes, sir! Tell them nation fellers,
Preachin' 'bout the Union dear,
If they want to keep their smellers
Out of danger, keep frou here.

(Cheer agin.)

Feller Citizens: Such doins ain't to be stood, and if you don't want them mean, chicken-hearted fellers to bring this country to perdition, let every man, boy, and yelper, give a shout for Stubbins, liberty, and the dear Union, that shall rouse the bloody British lion from his lair, and send him howlin' o'er the sandy plains of Popocatepete; while the Russian bear shall be so skeered, that, sneakin like a whipped spaniel, he shall throw himself kerwhollop into the gulf of 'blivion; and the glorious American Eagle, hearin' the rumpus, and flappin' his wings o'er the universal Yankee nation, that stretches from the Bay of Biscay to Californy, shall thunder out Stubbins! Fourth of July! and Yankee Doodiedum forever! (*Scene closes with three cheers.*)

SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.—THEODORE TILTON.

Toll! Roland, toll!
 In old St. Bavon's tower,
 At midnight hour,
 The great bell Roland spoke!
 All souls that slept in Ghent awoke!
 What meant the thunder-stroke?
 Why trembled wife and maid?
 Why caught each man his blade?
 Why echoed every street
 With tramp of thronging feet—
 All flying to the city's wall?
 It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
 And even timid hearts grew bold
 Whenever Roland tolled,
 And every hand a sword could hold!
 So acted men
 Like patriots then
 Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
 Bell never yet was hung,
 Between whose lips there swung
 So grand a tongue,
 If men be patriots still,
 At thy first sound
 True hearts will bound,
 Great souls will thrill!
Then toll, and strike the test
 Through each man's breast,
 Till loyal hearts shall stand confessed,—
And may God's wrath smite all the rest!

Toll! Roland, toll!
 Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
 Not now at midnight hour—
 Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee—
 But here,—this side the sea!—
 And here, in broad bright day!—
 For not by night awaits
 A noble foe without the gates,
 But perjured friends within betray,
 And do the deed at noon!
 Toll! Roland, toll!
 Thy sound is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the leader's call!
 Re-echo it from east to west

Till every hero's breast
Shall swell beneath a soldier's crest!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall!

Toll! Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and hall
Shall lie the soldier's pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled
Amen! so God hath willed!
And may His grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom so stands safe in Ghent,
And merrier bells now ring,
And in the land's serene content,
Men shout, "God save the King!"
Until the skies are rent!

So let it be!
A kingly king is he
Who keeps his people free.

Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Nor ever let thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!

Toll! Roland, toll!
From northern lake to southern strand!
Toll! Roland, toll!

Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Once more shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!"
And love the land that God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.—ADDISON.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well !
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue ;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when ? or where ? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.—D. JERROLD.

Bah ! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas.
What were you to do ? Why, let him go home in the rain, to
 be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that
 could spoil. *Take cold ?* Indeed ! He doesn't look like one of
 the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold

than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I am alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it? Well that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He return the umbrella?* Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks,—and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And, when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that,—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence?—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will, and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But, what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes, I shall get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled, quite. *Needn't I wear 'em then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't *borrow* an umbrella. No; and you shan't *buy* one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep! You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!

You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too! (dear things!) they'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they *shouldn't*; (you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel!) they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: I DIDN'T LEND THE UMBRELLA. Caudle, are you asleep? [*A loud snore is heard.*] Oh, what a brute a man is! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!

ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS.—JACOB M. MANNING.

Soldiers from the army and navy, once soldiers but now again citizens, we hail you to-day as our benefactors and deliverers. We welcome you home from the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, and the awful ecstasy of battle. Through four terrible years you have looked without quailing on the ghastly visage of war. You have patiently borne the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. You have cheerfully exchanged the delights of home for the hardships of the campaign or blockade. Not only the armed foe, but the wasting malaria has lurked along your resistless advance. You know the agony and the transport of the deadly encounter. How many times, standing each man at his post in the long line of gleaming sabres and bayonets, every hand clenched and every eye distended, you have caught the peal of your leader's clarion, and sprung through the iron storm to the embrace of victory! But all that has passed away. The mangled forests are putting on an unwonted verdure, the fields once blackened by the fiery breath of war are now covered with their softest bloom, and the vessels of commerce are riding on all the national waters.

The carnage, the groans, the cries for succor, the fierce onset, and sullen recoil, the thunders of the artillery, and the missiles screaming like demons in the air, have given way to pæans, civic processions and songs of thanksgiving. The flag of your country, so often rent and torn in your grasp, and which you have borne to triumph again and again, over the quaking earth or through the hurricane of death in river and bay, rolls out its peaceful folds above you, every star blazing with the glory of your deeds, in token of a nation's gratitude. We come forth to greet you—sires and matrons, young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age; to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, we thank you,—God bless you!

But while we thus address you, you are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity you wish they could be here to share in the hard-earned welcome. Possibly they are here from many a grave in which you laid them after the strife; pleased with these festivities, and with the return of joy to the nation, but far above any ability of ours either to bless or to injure. You may tarnish your laurels, or an envious hand may pluck them from you. But your fallen comrades are exposed to no such accident. They are doubly

fortunate, for the same event which crowned them with honor has placed them beyond the possibility of losing their crown. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the republic; others in the early dawn of peace, while the morning stars were singing together. But victory and defeat make no difference to them now. They have all conquered in the final triumph. Their names will thrill the coming ages, as they are spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels. They were together "brave men, who repose in the public monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honor, the country buried, not alone the successful or victorious; and justly, for the duty of brave men done by all, their fortune being such as God assigned to each."

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—HOWARD GLYNDON

The days of June were nearly done;
The fields, with plenty overrun,
Were ripening 'neath the harvest sun,
In fruitful Pennsylvania!

Sang birds and children, "All is well!"
When, sudden, over hill and dell,
The gloom of coming battle fell
On peaceful Pennsylvania!

Through Maryland's historic land,
With boastful tongue, and spoiling hand,
They burst—a fierce and famished band—
Right into Pennsylvania!

In Cumberland's romantic vale
Was heard the plundered farmer's wail,
And every mother's cheek was pale,
In blooming Pennsylvania!

With taunt and jeer, and shout and song,
Through rustic towns they passed along—
A confident and braggart throng—
Through frightened Pennsylvania!

The tidings startled hill and glen;
Up sprang our hardy Northern men,

And there was speedy travel then,
All into Pennsylvania!
The foe laughed out in open scorn;
For "Union men were coward-born,"
And then—they wanted all the corn
That grew in Pennsylvania!

It was the languid hour of noon,
When all the birds were out of tune,
And nature in a sultry swoon,
In pleasant Pennsylvania;

When, sudden o'er the slumbering plain,
Red flashed the battle's fiery rain;
The volleying cannon shook again
The hills of Pennsylvania!

Beneath that curse of iron hail,
That threshed the plain with flashing flail,
Well might the stoutest soldier quail,
In echoing Pennsylvania!

Then, like a sudden summer rain,
Storm-driven o'er the darkened plain,
They burst upon our ranks and main,
In startled Pennsylvania;

We felt the old ancestral thrill,
From sire to son transmitted still,
And fought for Freedom with a will,
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

The breathless shock—the maddened toil—
The sudden clinch—the sharp recoil—
And we were masters of the soil,
In bloody Pennsylvania!

To westward fell the beaten foe;
The growl of battle, hoarse and low,
Was heard anon, but dying slow,
In ransomed Pennsylvania!

Sou'-westward, with the sinking sun,
The cloud of battle, dense and dun,
Flashed into fire—and all was won
In joyful Pennsylvania!

But ah, the heaps of loyal slain!
The bloody toil! the bitter pain!
For those who shall not stand again
In pleasant Pennsylvania!

Back, through the verdant valley lands,
Fast fled the foe, in frightened bands,
With broken swords and empty hands.
Out of fair Pennsylvania!

SOLILOQUY OF ARNOLD.—EDWARD C. JONES.

When he was invested with the command of West Point by Washington, General Arnold entered into a secret correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, and agreed that he would make a disposition of his forces which would enable the British General to surprise the post under such circumstances that the garrison must either lay down their arms, or be cut to pieces.

The plan is fixed; I fluctuate no more
Betwixt despair and hope. As leaves the shore
The hardy mariner, though adverse fate
May merge his bark, or cast him desolate
Upon a savage coast, so, wrought at last
Up to a frenzied purpose, I have passed
The Rubicon. Farewell my old renown!
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown;
Here honor parts from me, and base deceit
Steps to the usurper's throne; I cannot meet
The withering censure of the rebel band,
And, therefore, to the strong I yield this heart and hand.

What else befits me? I have misapplied
The nation's funds, and ever gratified
Each vaulting wish, though justice wept the deed;
And here, beneath the load of pressing need,
I must have gold. How else the clamorous cry
Of creditors appease, and satisfy
Demands which haunt me more than dreams of blood
And claims which chill more than Canadian flood?
Stay? My accounts betray the swindler's mark.
Go? And my path, though smooth, like Tartarus is dark.

These rocky ridges, how they shelve on high,
Each a stern sentinel in majesty.
Yes, 'tis your own Gibraltar, Washington!
And must the strong hold of his hope be won?
Won? Twenty thousand scarcely could invest
That sure defence, which o'er the river's breast
Casts a giant shadow; but my plan
Dispenses with the formidable van,
And Clinton may my garrison surprise,
With few sulphureous clouds to blot these azure skies.

And yet a pang comes over me—I see
Myself at Saratoga; full and free
Goes up the peal of noble-hearted men;
Among the wounded am I numbered then,
And my outgushing feelings cling to those
Who periled all to face their country's foes.
Ah! when that wound a soldier's pride increased,
And gratulation scarce its pain ceased,
I thought not then, oh, God! the stamp of shame
Would stand imprinted thus upon my hard-earned fame.

Avaunt, compunction! Conscience, to the wind!
Gold, gold I need—gold must Sir Henry find!

A rankling grudge is mine, for why not I
 Commander of their forces? To the sky
 Ever goes up the peal for Washington.
 Is he a god, Virginia's favored son?
 Why should the incense fume for evermore?
 Must he my skill, my prowess shadow o'er?
 Ere this autumnal moon has filled its horn,
 His honors must be nipped, his rising glories shorn.

Ah! he securely rests upon my faith—
 Securely, when the spectre dims his path!
 How unsuspecting has he ever been;
 Above the false, the sinister, the mean!
 But hold such eulogy—I will not praise;
 Mine is the task to tarnish all his bays.
 West Point, thy rocky ridges seem to say,
 Be firm as granite, crown the work to-day,
 Blot Saratoga, hearth and home abjure,
 Andre I meet again—the gold I must secure.

ODE TO MY LITTLE SON.—THOMAS HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf!
 (But stop—first let me kiss away that tear,)
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
 (Dear me! the child is swallowing a pin!)
 Thou little, tricky duck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents!—(Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)
 Thou cherub—but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
 Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
 Thy father's pride and hope!

(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
 With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,—
 (Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)
 Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table—that's his plan!)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
 (He's got a knife!)
 Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
 Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
 (I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.—THOS. CORWIN.

Mr. President, the uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains, as eternal, the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor anything which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations,—Russia, Austria, and Prussia,—united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of

these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named “armed soldier of Democracy,” Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland’s wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation, spread abroad over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution: she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing, in characters of flame, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small,—Europe he thought should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he too becomes powerless. His terminus must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the north, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled,—they froze,—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, *he* too is summoned to answer for the vio-

lation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and, now, finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena,—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, *there* is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his *annexations* have come to that! His last hour is now at hand; and he, the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still,—even as the beggar, so he died.

On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last. And France, she too has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home to their old *aërie* between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with insolent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them: but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

THE RAVEN.—EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide
the door:

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wonder-
ing, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream
before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
“Lenore!”
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
“LENORE!”

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flut-
ter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or
stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-
door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art
sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly
shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian
shore?”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before,
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust
and door,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an un-
seen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
 devil!"

By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Le-
 nore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
 upstarting,—

Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
 spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
 off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dream-
 ing,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
 on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

NO GOD.—N. K. RICHARDSON.

Is there no God? The white rose made reply,
 My ermine robe was woven in the sky.
 The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower,
 My plumage fell from hands that made the flower.

Is there no God? The silvery ocean spray
 At the vile question startles in dismay;
 And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,
 Impatient thunders—yes, there is a God!

Is there no God? The greedy worm that raves
 In sportive glee amid the gloom of graves,
 Proves a Divinity supremely good,
 For daily morsels sent of flesh and blood.

Is there no God? The dying Christian's hand,
Pale with disease, points to a better land;
And ere his body mingles with the sod,
He, sweetly smiling, faintly murmurs—God.

No God! Who broke the shackles from the slave?
Who gave this bleeding nation power to save
Its Flag and Union in the hour of gloom,
And lay rebellion's spirit in the tomb?

We publish God!—The towering mountains cry.
Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky,
The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,
The lightning gleam, the thunder, and the rain,

The dew-drop diamond on the lily's breast,
The tender leaf by every breeze caressed,
The shell, whose pearly bosom ocean laves,
And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves;

The glow of Venus and the glare of Mars,
The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars;
The eagle, soaring in majestic flight,
The morning bursting from the clouds of night,

The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,
Angelic voices floating on the air,
Mind, heart, and soul, the ever-restless breath,
And all the myriad-mysteries of death.

Beware ye doubting disbelieving throng,
Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong;
There is a God; remember while ye can,
"His Spirit will not always strive with man."

MY LORD TOMNODDY.—R. H. BARHAM.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he asked as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
 And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
 "Malibran's dead,
 Duvernay's fled,
 Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
 Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
 What may a nobleman find to do?"

Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
 He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
 And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown,
 He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
 He let go the handle, and thus he said,
 As the door, released, behind him banged:
 "An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
 "Run to M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
 Rope-dancers a score
 I've seen before—

Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:
 But to see a man swing
 At the end of a string,
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab—
 Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
 Through street, and through square,
 His high-trotting mare,
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
 She produced some alarm,
 But did no great harm,
 Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay
 Two urchins at play,
 Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
 And upsetting a stall
 Near Exeter Hall,
 Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall;
 But eastward afar,
 Through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
 Never heeding their squalls,
 Or their calls, or their bawls,
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey,
 Where in front of the gaol, he

Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
 Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

* * * * *

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met;

The tables are set;

There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *within*," "heavy wet,"

Ale-glasses and jugs,

And rummers and mugs,

And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,

Cold fowl and cigars,

Pickled onions in jars,

Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws,—

And very large lobsters, with very large claws;

And there is M'Fuze,

And Lieutenant Tregooze,

And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,

All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!

Supper is done,

And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,

Singing "Jolly companions every one!"

My Lord Tomnoddy

Is drinking gin-toddy,

And laughing at every thing, and every body.

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!

—"Who so merry, so merry as we?"

Save Captain M'Fuze,

Who is taking a snooze,

While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,

Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!

Round the debtor's door

Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;

As many await

At the press-yard gate,

Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight

The mob divides, and between their ranks

A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!

The Sheriff's arrive,

And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;

But Sir Carnaby Jenks

Blinks, and winks,

A candle burns down in the socket, and sinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze

Is dreaming of Jews,

And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;

My Lord Tomnoddy

Has drunk all his toddy,

And just as dawn is beginning to peep,

The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,

With roseate streaks,

Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;

It seemed that the mild and clear blue sky

Smiled upon all things far and nigh,

On all—save the wretch condemned to die.

Alack! that ever so fair a sun

As that which its course has now begun,

Should rise on such a scene of misery—

Should gild with rays so light and free

That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;

The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—

List to that low funereal bell:

It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell—

And see,—from forth that opening door

They come!—He steps that threshold o'er

Who never shall tread upon threshold more.

—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see

That pale, wan man's mute agony,

The glare of that wild, despairing eye,

Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,

As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,

The path of the Spirit's unknown career;

Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er

Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer;

That heaving chest!—Enough,—'tis done!

The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—

For weal or for woe is known but to One!—

—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!

A deed to shudder at, not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!

The hour is past;—with its earliest chime

The chord is severed, its lifeless clay

By "dungeon villains" is borne away:

Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!

And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!

And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,

And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:

And they stared at each other, as much as to say

"Hollo! Hollo!

Here's a rum Go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!

The fellow's been cut down and taken away!—

What's to be done?

We've missed all the fun!—

Why they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again.
What *was* to be done!—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

—*Ingoldsbys Legends.*

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.—RUFUS CHOATE.

The birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many

admired by all ;—but him we love ; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes ; when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated :

“ Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the great ;
 Where neither guilty glory glows
 Nor despicable state ?
 Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make man blush there was but one.”

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—THOMAS HOOD.

One more unfortunate
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !
 Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashioned so slenderly—
 Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments,
 Clinging like cerements,
 Whilst the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing !

Touch her not scornfully !
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly—
 Not of the stains of her ;
 Ail that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
 Into her mutiny,
 Rash and undutiful ;

Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
 One of Eve's family,—
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammyly.
 Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,—
 Her fair auburn tresses,—
 Whilst wonderment guesses,
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?
 Who was her mother?
 Had she a sister?
 Had she a brother?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh, it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full,
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
 Fatherly, motherly
 Feelings had changed,—
 Love, by harsh evidence,
 Thrown from its eminence;
 Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and easement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black, flowing river;
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled—
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it!
 Picture it,—think of it
 Dissolute man!
 Lave in it, drink of it
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!
 Ere her limbs, frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!—
 Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest!
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness
 Her sins to her Saviour!

THE WOOD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

DELIA R. GERMAN.

The ripe, red berries of the wintergreen
 Lure me to pause awhile
 In this deep, tangled wood. I stop and lean
 Down where these wild flowers smile,
 And rest me in this shade; for many a mile
 Through lane and dusty street,
 I've walked with weary, weary feet;
 And now I tarry mid this woodland scene,
 'Mong ferns and mosses sweet.

Here all around me blows
The pale primrose.
I wonder if the gentle blossom knows
The feeling at my heart—the solemn grief
So overwhelming and so deep
That it disdains relief,
And will not let me weep.
I wonder that the woodbine thrives and grows,
And is indifferent to the nation's woes ;
For while these mornings shine, these blossoms bloom,
Impious rebellion wraps the land in gloom.

Nature, thou art unkind,
Unsympathizing, blind !
You lichen, clinging to th' o'erhanging rock,
Is happy, and each blade of grass
O'er which unconsciously I pass,
Smiles in my face and seems to mock
Me with its joy. Alas ! I cannot find
One charm in bounteous nature, while the wind
That blows upon my cheek bears on each gust
The groans of my poor country, bleeding in the dust.
The air is musical with notes
That gush from wingéd warblers' throats,
And in the leafy trees
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.
Prone from the blinding sky
Dance rainbow-tinted sunbeams, thick with motes,
Daisies are shining, and the butterfly
Wavers from flower to flower ; yet in this wood
The ruthless foeman stood,
And every turf is drenched with human blood.

O heartless flowers !
O trees, clad in your robes of glistening sheen,
Put off this canopy of gorgeous green !
These are the hours
For mourning, not for gladness. While this smart
Of treason dire gashes the Nation's heart,
Let birds refuse to sing,
And flowers to bloom upon the lap of spring !
Let Nature's face itself with tears o'erflow,
In deepest anguish for a people's woe.
While rank rebellion stands
With blood of martyrs on his impious hands ;
While slavery, and chains,
And cruelty, and direst hate,
Uplift their heads, within th' afflicted state,
And freeze the blood in every patriot's veins,—
Let these old woodlands fair
Grow black with gloom, and from its thunder-lair
Let lightning leap, and scorch the accursed air,

Until the suffering earth,
 Of treason sick, shall spew the monster forth,
 And each regenerate sod
 Be consecrate anew to Freedom and to God!

✓ THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.—W. P. PALMER.

A district school, not far away,
 'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of three-score mingled girls and boys.
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on furtive mischief bent.
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book;
 When suddenly, behind his back,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
 As 'twere a battery of bliss
 Let off in one tremendous kiss!
 "What's that?" the startled master cries;
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
 I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to the awful presence came,—
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
 That you my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude!
 Before the whole set school to boov—
 What evil genius put you to't?"
 "'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
 "I did not mean to be so bad;
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot!
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

EXTRACT FROM HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON'S
SPEECH AT UNION SQUARE, N. Y., *April 20, 1861.*

We are called upon to act. There is no time for hesitation or indecision—no time for haste or excitement. It is a time when the people should rise in the majesty of their might, stretch forth their strong arm and silence the angry waves of tumult. It is time the people should command peace. It is a question between union and anarchy—between law and disorder. All politics for the time being are and should be committed to the resurrection of the grave. The question should be, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but the country."

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

We should go forward in a manner becoming a great people. But six months since, the material elements of our country were never greater. To-day, by the fiat of madness, we are plunged in distress and threatened with political ruin, anarchy and annihilation. It becomes us to stay the hand of this spirit of disunion. While I would prosecute this war in a manner becoming a civilized and a Christian people, I would do so in no vindictive spirit. I would do it as Brutus set the signet to the death-warrant of his son—"Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free." I love my country; I love this Union. It was the first vision of my early years; it is the last ambition of my public life. Upon its altar I have surrendered my choicest hopes. I had fondly hoped that in approaching age it was to beguile my solitary hours, and I will stand by it as long as there is a Union to stand by; and when the ship of the Union shall crack and groan, when the skies lower and threaten, when the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, the storms beat and the waves run mountain-high, if the ship of state goes down, and the Union perishes, I would rather perish with it than survive its destruction.

THE BELLS.—EDGAR A. POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
 Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
 Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!
 Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

WOUNDED.—WILLIAM E. MILLER.

Let me lie down
 Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
 Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
 The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
 The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer :
 Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand !
 Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share ;
 The tempest,—its fury and thunder were there :
 On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
 With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead :
 Oh, it was grand !

Weary and faint,
 Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest,
 With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast ?
 Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,
 Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
 Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge !
 Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
 Through without faltering,—clear through with a yell !
 Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
 Like heroes we dashed, at the mandate of doom !
 Oh, that last charge !

It was duty !
 Some things are worthless, and some others so good
 That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
 For Freedom and Union each man owes his part ;
 And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart :
 It is duty.

Dying at last !
 My mother, dear mother ! with meek tearful eye,
 Farewell ! and God bless you, for ever and aye !
 Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
 To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest !
 Dying at last !

I am no saint;
 But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,
 "Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins:"
 Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
 I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, "Amen!"
 Ah! I'm no saint.

Hark! there's a shout.
 Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!—
 Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
 Ah! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
 The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
 Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out.
 O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
 And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong!
 O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod,
 I die for the nation, the Union, and God!
 I'm mustered out.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A farmer once to London went,
 To pay the worthy squire his rent.
 He comes, he knocks; soon entrance gains,—
 Who at the door such guest detains?
 Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart—
 "Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;
 You've brought my rent, then, to a hair!
 The best of tenants, I declare!"
 The steward's called, the accounts made even,—
 The money paid, the receipt was given.
 "Well," said the squire, "now, you shall stay,
 And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
 I've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,
 And pleasant sparks, too, who will fit ye."
 Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat,
 And said—"No, zur; two words to that;
 For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
 With gentlefolks, zo cruel fine,
 I'ze use to make,—and 'tis no wonder,—
 In word or deed, some plaguy blunder.
 Zo, if your honor will permit,
 I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."
 "Poh!" says the squire, "it shan't be done;"
 And to the parlor pushed him on.
 To all around he nods and scrapes;
 Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes;

With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at a distance mighty great.
 Though often asked to draw his chair,
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
 By madam served, with body bended,
 With knife and fork and arms extended,
 He reached as far as he was able
 To plate, that overhangs the table;
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage some he drops.
 To show where most his heart inclined,
 He talked and drank to John, behind.
 When drank to, in a modish way,
 "Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say:
 And, to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honors.
 "Tush!" says the squire; "pray keep your sitting!"
 "No, no," he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting:
 Though I'm no scholar, versed in letters,
 I knows my duty to my betters."
 Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs go round the board.
 Thus, the first course was ended well,
 But at the next—ah! what befell?
 The dishes were now timely placed,
 And table with fresh luxury graced.
 When drank to by a neighboring charmer,
 Up, as usual, starts the farmer.
 A wag, to carry on the joke,
 Thus to his servant softly spoke:—
 "Come hither, Dick; step gently there,
 And pull away the farmer's chair."
 'Tis done; his conge made, the clown
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
 But, by posteriors overweighed,
 And of his trusty seat betrayed,
 As men, at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
 He caught the cloth to save his falling;
 In vain!—sad fortune! down he wallowed,
 And, rattling, all the dishes followed:
 The fops soon lost their little wits;
 The ladies squalled—some fell in fits;
 Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
 And there, minced pies, and geese, and pigeons;
 Lord! what a do 'twixt belles and beaux!—
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes!
 This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spattered gown.
 One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat,
 One—"Rot him! he has spoiled my laced-coat!"
 Amidst the rout, the farmer long

Some pudding sucked, and held his tongue;
 At length, rubs his eyes, nostrils twang,
 Then snaps his fingers, and thus began :
 "Plague tak't! I'ze tell you how'd 'twould be;
 Look! here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see."
 "Peace, brute, begone!" the ladies cry;
 The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"
 "I'll tear his eyes out!" squeaks Miss Dolly;
 "I'll pink his soul out!" roars a bully.
 At this the farmer shrinks with fear,
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
 Runs off, and cries, "Ay, kill me, then,
 Whene'er you catch me here again!"

THE OATH.—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"Hamlet.—Swear on my sword.

Ghost (below).—Swear."—SHAKESPEARE.

Ye freemen, how long will ye stifle
 The vengeance that justice inspires?
 With treason how long will ye trifle
 And shame the proud names of your sires?
 Out, out with the sword and the rifle,
 In defence of your homes and your fires!
 The flag of the old Revolution
 Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
 That no treasonous breath of pollution
 Shall tarnish one star on its fold.
 Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are lying,
 "Swear! Oh, swear!"

In this moment, who hesitates, barter
 The rights which his forefathers won;
 He forfeits all claim to the charters
 Transmitted from sire to son.
 Kneel, kneel at the graves of our martyrs,
 And swear on your sword and your gun;
 Lay up your great oath on an altar
 As huge and as strong as Stonehenge,
 And then, with sword, fire, and halter,
 Sweep down to the field of revenge,
 Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are lying,
 "Swear! Oh, swear!"

By the tombs of your sires and brothers,
 The host which the traitors have slain,
 By the tears of your sisters and mothers,
 In secret concealing their pain ;
 The grief which the heroine smothers
 Consuming the heart and the brain ;
 By the sigh of the penniless widow,
 By the sob of our orphans' despair,
 Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow,
 Kneel, kneel, every freeman, and swear !
 Swear !

And hark ! the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are lying,
 "Swear ! Oh, swear !"

On mounds which are wet with the weeping
 Where a nation has bowed to the sod,
 Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping,
 Let the wind bear your vengeance abroad,
 And your firm oaths be held in the keeping
 Of your patriot hearts, and your God ;
 Over Ellsworth, for whom the first tear rose,
 While to Baker and Lyon you look,
 By Winthrop, a star among heroes,
 By the blood of our murdered McCook,
 Swear !

And hark ! the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are lying,
 "Swear ! Oh, swear !"

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.—COLTON.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
 In the harbor of Mahon ;
 A dead calm rested on the bay,—
 The waves to sleep had gone ;
 When little Hal, the Captain's son
 A lad both brave and good,
 In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
 And on the main truck stood !
 A shudder shot through every vein,—
 All eyes were turned on high !
 There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
 Between the sea and sky ;
 No hold had he above, below ;
 Alone he stood in air :
 'T' that far height none dared to go,—
 No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak,—
With horror all aghast,—
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck :—he gasped,
“Oh, God ; thy will be done !”
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
“Jump, far out, boy, into the wave !
Jump, or I fire,” he said ;
“That only chance your life can save ;
Jump, jump, boy !” He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out.
On board we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy,—
Then fainted on the deck.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.—KATE P. OSGOOD.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane ;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace ;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go :
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale; from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew;—

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

THE CONFESSION.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The live-long day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest;
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so,
A weary weight oppresses me,—
The weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear:

My lands are broad and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear;
 My kin are leal and true, father,
 They mourn to see my grief,
 But; oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind;
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not the coldness of her heart
 That chills my laboring breast,—
'Tis that confounded cucumber
I ate and can't digest!

DAMON AND PYTHIAS; OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WILLIAM PETER.

"Here, guards!" pace with fear, Dionysius cries,
 "Here, guards, yon intruder arrest!"
 'Tis Damon—but ha! speak, what means this disguise?
 And the dagger which gleams in thy vest?"
 "'Twas to free," says the youth, "this dear land from its chains!"
 "Free the land! wretched fool, thou shalt die for thy pains."
 "I am ready to die—I ask not to live—
 Yet three days of respite, perhaps thou mayst give,
 For to-morrow, my sister will wed,
 And 'twould damp all her joy, were her brother not there;
 Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
 While a friend remains here in my stead."

With a sneer on his brow, and a curse in his breast,
 "Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant, "shalt have thy request
 To thy sister repair, and her nuptials attend,
 Enjoy thy three days, but—mark well what I say—
 Return on the third; if, beyond that fixed day,
 There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,
 That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

Then to Pythias he went, and he told him his case,
 That true friend answered not, but, with instant embrace
 Consenting, rushed forth to be bound in his room:
 And now, as if winged with new life from above,
 To his sister he flew, did his errand of love,
 And, ere a third morning had brightened the grove,
 Was returning with joy to his doom.

But the heavens interpose,
 Stern the tempest arose,

And when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,
 Swollen to torrents, the rills
 Rushed in foam from the hills,
 And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild roar.

Wildly gazing, despairing, half frenzied he stood ;
 Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood,
 And still darker his lorn heart's emotion ;
 And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,
 No boat ventured forth from the surf-ridden strand,
 And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening land,
 And the stream was becoming an ocean.

Now with knees low to earth, and with hands to the skies,
 "Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy!" he cries—
 "Oh, hush with Thy breath this loud sea ;
 The hours hurry by,—the sun glows on high ;
 And should he go down, and I reach not yon town,
 My friend—he must perish for me!"

Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,
 And waves upon waves still dissolved without ceasing,
 And hour after hour hurried on ;
 Then by anguish impelled, hope and fear alike o'er,
 He, reckless, rushed into the waters deep roar ;
 Rose—sunk—struggled on—till, at length the wished shore,—
 Thanks to Heaven's outstretched hand— it is won !

But new perils await him ; scarce 'scaped from the flood
 And intent on redeeming each moment's delay,
 As onward he sped, lo ! from out a dark wood,
 A band of fierce robbers encompassed his way.
 "What would ye ?" he cried, "save my life, I have nought ;
 Nay, that is the king's."—Then swift having caught
 A club from the nearest, and swinging it round
 With might more than man's, he laid three on the ground,
 While the rest hurried off in dismay.

But the noon's scorching flame
 Soon shoots through his frame,
 And he turns, faint and way-worn, to Heaven with a sigh—
 "From the flood and the foe,
 Thou'st redeemed me, and oh !
 Thus, by thirst overcome, must I effortless lie,
 And leave him, the beloved of my bosom to die ?"

Scarce uttered the word,
 When startled he heard
 Purling sounds, sweet as silver's, fall fresh on his ear ;
 And lo ! a small rill
 Trickled down from the hill !
 He heard, and he saw, and, with joy drawing near,
 Laved his limbs, slaked his thirst, and renewed his career.

And now the sun's beams through the deep boughs are glowing,
And rock, tree, and mountain, their shadows are throwing,
Huge and grim, o'er the meadow's bright bloom ;
And two travelers are seen coming forth on their way,
And just as they pass, he hears one of them say—
" 'Tis the hour that was fixed for his doom ! "

Still anguish gives strength to his wavering flight ;
On he speeds ; and lo ! now in eve's reddening light
The domes of far Syracuse blend ;—
There Philostratus meets him, (a servant grown gray
In his house,) crying, " Back ! not a moment's delay ;
No cares can avail for thy friend.

" No ; nothing can save his dear head from the tomb ;
So think of preserving thy own.
Myself, I beheld him led forth to his doom ;
Ere this his brave spirit has flown !
With confident soul he stood, hour after hour,
Thy return never doubting to see ;
No sneers of the tyrant that faith could o'erpower,
Or shake his assurance in thee ! "

" And is it too late ? and can I not save
His dear life ? then, at least, let me share in his grave.
Yes, death shall unite us ! no tyrant shall say,
That friend to his friend proved untrue ; he may slay,—
May torture,—may mock at all mercy and ruth,
But ne'er shall he doubt of our friendship and truth."

'Tis sunset : and Damon arrives at the gate,
Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below ;
Already the victim is bared for his fate,
Already the deathsmen stand armed for the blow ;
When hark ! a wild voice which is echoed around,
" Stay !—'tis I—it is Damon, for whom he was bound ! "

And now they sink in each other's embrace,
And are weeping for joy and despair ;
Not a soul, among thousands, but melts at their case,
Which swift to the monarch they bear ;
Even he, too, is moved—feels for once as he ought—
And commands, that they both to his throne shall be brought.

Then,—alternately gazing on each gallant youth,
With looks of awe, wonder, and shame ;—
" Ye have conquered ! " he cries, " yes, I see now that truth,—
That friendship is not a mere name.
Go ;—you're free ; but, while life's dearest blessings you prove,
Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,
That—his past sins forgot—in this union of love
And of virtue—you make *him* the third."

ADVICE TO A FIRE COMPANY.

It having been announced to me, my young friends, that you were about forming a fire-company, I have called you together to give you such directions as long experience in a first-quality engine company qualifies me to communicate. The moment you hear an alarm of fire, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way, except the right way,—for the furthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better, you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, “break” for it immediately; but be sure you don’t jump into a bow window. Keep yelling, all the time; and, if you can’t make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling, too; ’twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a “powerful auxiliary.” When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it’s a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or, if you can’t do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. Don’t forget to yell, all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. The louder the better, of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity for “doing it brown.” Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man “smoke” that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit-trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. *Don’t forget to yell!* Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse,—he’ll be alive and kicking; and if his legs don’t do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs;—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next, cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and, if that don’t stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the “devouring element” still pursue the “even tenor of its way,” you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, and tumble out the tumblers. *Yell all the time!*

If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way; but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers, and empty their contents out of the back window; telling

somebody below to upset the slop-barrel and rain-water hogs-head at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will be made. If anybody objects, smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story; the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes carefully on the floor, and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed; and, of course, you require no further directions.

GLORIOUS NEW ENGLAND.—S. S. PRENTISS.

Glorious New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and, far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birth-place, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our home-sick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic! In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood; how shall it be separated?—Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption: so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

But no! the Union cannot be dissolved. Its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns;—when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen;—when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade; then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the north, stand up on the banks of the Great River, and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder,—“Lo! this is our country;—when did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city—so great and glorious a republic!”

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.—GEORGE COLMAN.

A member of the *Æsculapian* line lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister; or draw a tooth out of your head; or chatter scandal by your bed; or spread a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country ran; in short, in reputation he was *solus*: all the old women called him “a fine man!” His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade (which oftentimes will genius fetter), read works of fancy, it is said, and cultivated the “*belles lettres*.” Bolus loved verse; and took so much delight in’t, all his prescriptions he resolved to write in’t. No opportunity he e’er let pass of writing the directions on his labels in dapper couplets, like Gay’s Fables, or rather like the lines in *Hudibras*.

He had a patient lying at death’s door, some three miles from the town,—it might be four,—to whom, one evening

Bolus sent an article—in pharmacy that's called cathartical: and on the label of the stuff he wrote this verse, which one would think was clear enough, and terse,—

“When taken,
To be well shaken.”

Next morning early Bolus rose, and to the patient's house he goes, upon his pad, who a vile trick of stumbling had; but he arrived, and gave a tap, between a single and a double rap. The servant lets him in, with dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place,—portending some disaster. John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master.

“Well, how's the patient?” Bolus said. John shook his head. “Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!—He took the draught?”—John gave a nod.—“Well? how? what then?—speak out, you dunce!” “Why then,” says John, “we shook him once.”—“Shook him! how? how?” friend Bolus stammered out.—“We jolted him about.”

“What! shake the patient, man!—why that won't do.” “No, sir,” quoth John, “and so we gave him two.” “Two shakes! O luckless verse! 'T would make the patient worse!” “It did so, sir, and so a third we tried.”—“Well, and what then?”—“Then, sir, my master died!”

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street;

The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom,—
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight in the room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whispers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!

Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,
Asladen boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.
And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way ;
There's no one looketh out at her, there's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate ; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet ;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's twilight fell ;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild ;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone ;
And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own ;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his,—
“ How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this ! ”

Colder it grows, and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart, and the weight upon her brow ;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there.
The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two ;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they
did say,

Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away.
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden, she saw them with her eyes,
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the wel-
come shout,

When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she had tried—they will not light ;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might :
And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in
his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide :

And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come
with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's
hymn:

And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from
that bright board,

And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee, with thee,
O Lord!"

The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against the
wall,

She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.

They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,

"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting for one more redeem'd from sin;

Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"

And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They
could not see

How much of happiness there was after that misery.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.—E. L. BEERS.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,

In the sunshine bright and strong,

For this world is fading, Pompey—

Massa won't be with you long;

And I fain would hear the south wind

Bring once more the sound to me

Of the wavelets softly breaking

On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,

As they still the story tell,

How no vessels float the banner

That I've loved so long and well,

I shall listen to their music,

Dreaming that again I see

Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop,

Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting

For death's last despatch to come,

That exiled starry banner

Should come proudly sailing home.

You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shouts and points to Union colors,
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But ole darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For 'ese many a long-gone year.
Over yonder Missis's sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching Massa,
If Pompey should beside him stay;
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee;—

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair;
Still the bondman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old arm-chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.

Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you;
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river,
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

E. KELLOGG.

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my

cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse,—the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Ther-

mopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

A MODEST WIT.

A supercilious nabob of the East—
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which—
 Had in his family a humble youth,
 Who went from England in his patron's suite,
 An unassuming boy, and in truth
 A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
 But yet, with all his sense,
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
 "He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
 "And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew!
 Pray, why did not your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
 At length Modestus, bowing low,
 Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
 "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! Bless me, that's too bad!
 My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
 My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
 He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
 Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
 "Pray, why did not your father make
 A gentleman of you?"

HAIL! TO THE VETERANS.—N. K. RICHARDSON.

Written on the reception of General Meade and his brave soldiers of the Army
 of the Potomac, in Philadelphia, June, 1865.

Welcome them, cheer them, crown them with flowers!
 Flags flutter out from your lofty towers!
 Maidens throw smiles to them, skies look bright,
 They are tramping home from a gory fight!
 Be frantic, O earth, with tumultuous glee,
 Till your joyous notes strike the distant sea,
 Then ocean will tremble, his billows arise,
 In crystal and foam to the glad blue skies,
 And from martyr-spirits enshrined above
 Waft to heroes below, consolation and love!
 Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,
 And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,
 As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

Fragrant breath of the leafy June,
 Carol of birds in their sweetest tune;
 Branches swaying and bending low,
 Glistening waters in jubilant flow,
 Heaven and earth, ocean and air,
 All things beautiful, all things fair,
 Join us to day in happy accord,
 At the homeward march of the hosts of the Lord!
 Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,
 And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,
 As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

Thundering cannon with heated throats,
 Shall greet your companions in swelling notes!
 Belching and booming o'er land and sea,
 Proclaiming to tyrants the home of the Free!
 Oh! Glory to God for this blissful hour!
 For the steady rise of the nation's power!
 Having met the foe, it was not well
 They should come until slavery writhed in hell!
 Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,
 And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,
 As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

Beautiful children, your dimpled hands,
 Must throw kisses to those at whose commands
 Your country, cemented in blood, shall be
 The temple of ALL who delight to be free!

Spring arches triumphal o'er every street;
 Place the rose-leaf and laurel 'neath weary feet!
 Oh! be kind to them, cherish them, nurse them with care,
 With din of a welcome blend music of prayer;
 That souls-ripe for heaven in glad review,
 May pass us to-day in the Union blue!
 Trumpets of brass with a constant bray,
 And ringing bells, shall be merry to-day,
 As they peal and roar,—welcome home from the fray!

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;—to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which *one* must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.—SHAKESPEARE.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question :—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ; —
 To sleep! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

"ALL WE ASK IS TO BE LET ALONE."—H. H. BROWNELL.

As vonce I valked by a dismal swamp,
 There sot an old cove in the dark and damp,
 And at everybody as passed that road
 A stick or a stone this old cove throwed.
 And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
 He'd set up a song of " Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
 These bits of things at the passers-by ;

Let me alone, for I've got your tin,
 And lots of other traps snugly in ;
 Let me alone—I am rigging a boat
 To grab votever you've got afloat ;
 In a week or so I expects to come,
 And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome ;
 I'm a quiet old cove," says he, with a groan ;
 "All I axes is, Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay
 Another old cove, and began for to say :
 "Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!
 You've been let alone—a blamed sight too long!
 Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!
 Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)
 Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
 I'll knock you higher than any kite."

"You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
 And cure you of shying them stones and sticks ;
 And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,
 And knock your scow into tarnal smash ;
 And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
 I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
 The best you can do is to go to bed,
 And keep a decent tongue in your head ;
 For I reckon, before you and I are done,
 You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The old cove stopped, and t' other old cove,
 He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
 And he looked at his stick, revolv'in' slow,
 Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no ;
 And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
 "All I axed vos, Let me alone."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—MYRA TOWNSEND.

What! would ye swing your brother's form
 High up in Heaven's free air,
 And place the image of your God
 A dangling victim there?
 Who gave you power to read his heart,
 Or know how deep his guilt,
 Or judge what provocation came
 Ere blood by him was spilt?
 Can ye retrace the length of years
 Since he commenced this life,
 And mark the coursing of events,
 His wrongs, his woes, his strife?

His battles with untoward fate,
 His blasted hopes and schemes,
 His longings for the pure and right,
 His visionary dreams?
 Perhaps, from life's first early dawn
 LIL nestled by his side,
 His teachings may have been in wrong,
 And sin his childhood's guide;
 No mother's voice, perhaps, for him
 Sent up an earnest prayer,
 No father at the mercy seat
 Asked his acceptance there;
 No sister twined around his heart
 A soft and gentle spell,
 Which made an atmosphere of love
 Wherever he might dwell;
 Virtue, perhaps, to him was known
 But as an empty name,
 And truth and justice but the guise
 Of cowardice and shame;
 Religion's winning, earnest tones
 May ne'er within his soul
 Have spread their influence divine,
 To purify the whole.
 Then would ye swing your brother's form
 High up in Heaven's free air,
 And place the image of your God
 A dying victim there?
 With all his sins upon his head
 Before his destined hour;
 Is your's the fiat of his days,
 Your's the avenging power?
 Did not THAT EYE that saw his deed
 Take note when it was done,
 And read the thought that caused the act
 Ere yet it was begun?
 And could He not with vengeance swift,
 Have laid the culprit low,
 If, in His wisdom, he had seen
 It meet to deal the blow?
 Think you His hand less strong than yours?
 Are you more just, more wise,
 That ye with daring hands unrobe
 The soul that never dies?
 He whom your God in mercy spared
 No mercy meets in you,
 And yet we pray—"Forgive us, Lord
 As we all others do."
 Perhaps no guilt your prisoner knows
 Although for crime arraigned,

And proofs may cluster thickly round
By circumstance maintained ;
He may be innocent and stand
Before his Maker's sight
A spotless one, more pure than you,
Who THINK you act the right.
And can ye give him life again,
Or mete him right for wrong.
If future time should prove the guilt
May somewhere else belong?
Then DARE ye swing your brother's form
High up in Heaven's free air,
When time may tell an innocent
Has been suspended there ?

Suppose he did it—and suppose
Your priests around him placed,
Teaching repentance may atone,
And sinners may be graced—
Suppose he does repent, and lies
Washed clean before the throne,
Becomes a saint, and purified,
And Heaven he feels his own ;
With anxious zeal his spirit craves
To fill life's little span
With calling all to turn, and see
God's love to guilty man.
And who, than he once sunk in sin,
Can more that love portray?
Who preach more truly—sinners turn,
Crime may be washed away ?
Then could ye hang that saint redeemed
High up in Heaven's free air?
Is earth so full of righteous ones
That ye have some to spare?
And where your Father mercy showed,
Can ye no mercy show?
Have ye ne'er sinned, that ye must thus
Deal the avenging blow?
But if repentance should not come
Before his hour of doom,
If unregenerate you should send
Your brother to the tomb,
Think you that ye will guiltless stand
Before your Father's eye?
Did ye not MURDER when ye said
Your prisoner should die?
Or are your prison-houses full?
Have ye no room for one?
Is bread so scant ye cannot feed
'Till life's short course is run ?

Have ye not bolts and bars enough
 To hold the victim fast,
 When burglars with their thousand wiles
 Are there securely cast?
 And are ye sure, no changing fate
 May give to you HIS place?
 Are you so sanctified in good
 Ye cannot fall from grace?
 Can no temptation have the power
 To urge the hasty blow?
 Have ye so conquered evil thoughts
 That sin no more ye know?
 Or may not circumstances charge
 Your innocence with crime?
 Full oft we know it has been thus
 From immemorial time.
 Then, by the danger all must share
 That his may be our lot,
 By all the bonds of human kind
 Aid to wipe out this blot!
 Cease not from striving, till our law
 Is clear from bloody stain,
 And REFORMATION,—NOT REVENGE,—
 In principle sustain!

MAUD MULLER.—J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
 Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
 The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
 White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
 And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
 For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
 Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
 Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away,

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned ;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THANATOPSIS.—W. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—Yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

OPPOSITE EXAMPLES.—HORACE MANN.

I ask the young man who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples, whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here, behold a patriarch whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus to abuse; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of dissolute man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish

others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST!" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "upper ten;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on this picture, and on this, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

DRIFTING.—T. BUCHANAN READ.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid mists.

And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
 Where traffic blows,
 From lands of sun to lands of snows;—
 This happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
 With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

THE HEART OF THE WAR.—J. G. HOLLAND.

Peace in the clover-scented air,
 And stars within the dome;
 And, underneath, in dim repose,
 A plain New England home.
 Within, a murmur of low tones
 And sighs from hearts oppressed,
 Merging in prayer at last, that brings
 The balm of silent rest.

I've closed a hard day's work, Marty—
 The evening chores are done;
 And you are weary with the house,
 And with the little one.
 But he is sleeping sweetly now,
 With all our pretty brood;
 So come and sit upon my knee,
 And it will do me good.

O Marty! I must tell you ail
 The trouble in my heart,
 And you must do the best you can
 To take and bear your part.
 You've seen the shadow on my face,
 You've felt it day and night;
 For it has filled our little home,
 And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,
And yet I might have known
That hearts that live as close as ours
Can never keep their own.
But we are fallen on evil times
And, do whate'er I may,
My heart grows sad about the war,
And sadder every day.

I think about it when I work,
And when I try to rest,
And never more than when your head
Is pillowed on my breast;
For then I see the camp-fires blaze,
And sleeping men around,
Who turn their faces towards their homes,
And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,
My mates in other years,
Who pine for home and those they love,
Till I am choked with tears.
With shouts and cheers they marched away
On glory's shining track,
But, ah! how long, how long they stay!
How few of them come back!

One sleeps beside the Tennessee,
And one beside the James,
And one fought on a gallant ship,
And perished in its flames.
And some, struck down by fell disease,
Are breathing out their life;
And others, maimed by cruel wounds,
Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty! Marty! only think
Of all the boys have done
And suffered in this weary war!
Brave heroes, every one!
Oh, often, often in the night,
I hear their voices call:
"Come on and help us! Is it right
That we should bear it all?"

And when I kneel and try to pray,
My thoughts are never free,
But cling to those who toil and fight
And die for you and me.
And when I pray for victory,
It seems almost a sin
To fold my hands and ask for what
I will not help to win.

Oh, do not cling to me and cry,
 For it will break my heart ;
 I'm sure you'd rather have me die
 Than not to bear my part!
 You think that some should stay at home
 To care for those away ;
 But still I'm helpless to decide
 If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love,
 And all are loved again ;
 And I am loved, and love perhaps,
 No more than other men.
 I cannot tell—I do not know—
 Which way my duty lies,
 Or where the Lord would have me build
 My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean ;
 And though I seem to boast,
 I'm sure that I would give my life
 To those who need it most.
 Perhaps the Spirit will reveal
 That which is fair and right ;
 So, Marty, let us humbly kneel
 And pray to Heaven for light.

Peace in the clover-scented air,
 And stars within the dome ;
 And, underneath, in dim repose,
 A plain New England home.
 Within, a widow in her weeds,
 From whom all joy is flown,
 Who kneels among her sleeping babes,
 And weeps and prays alone!

THE CLOSING YEAR.—GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past ; yet, on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
 Like a pale spotless shroud ; the air is stirred
 As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud

That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe
 In mournful cadences that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the Earth forever.

'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of time
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
 The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
 It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,—
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
 Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar

Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag,—but time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns,—mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain,—new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void,—yet, time,
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

TELL ON SWITZERLAND.—J. S. KNOWLES.

Once Switzerland was free! With what a pride
 I used to walk these hills,—look up to Heaven,
 And bless God that it was so! It was free
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
 In very presence of the regal sun!
 How happy was I in it, then! I loved
 Its very storms. Ay, often have I sat
 In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring,—I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,

And think I had no master save his own.—
 You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wished me there;—the thought that mine was free
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 BLOW ON! THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

SONNET.

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
 The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
 To gather in his fragrant winter store,
 Humming in calm content his quiet song,
 Sucks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
 The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,
 But from all rank and noisome weeds he sips
 The single drop of sweetness ever pressed
 Within the poison chalice. Thus, if we
 Seek only to draw forth the hidden sweet
 In all the varied human flowers we meet,
 In the wide garden of humanity,
 And, like the bee, if home the spoil we bear,
 Hived in our hearts it turns to nectar there.

SEEING AND NOT SEEING.—*Trans. by C. T. BROOKS.*

Two travelers through the gateway went
 To the glorious Alpine world's ascent;
 The one, he followed fashion's behest,
 The other felt the glow in his breast.
 And when the two came home again,
 Their kin all clustered round the men:
 'Twas a buzz of questions on every side,
 "And what have you seen? do tell!" they cried.
 The one with yawning made reply:
 "What have we seen?—Not much have I!
 Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,
 Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."
 The other, smiling, said the same;
 But with face transfigured and eye of flame:
 "Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams!
 Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams!"

TIME NOT TO BE RECALLED.

Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,—
 How it out-runs the following eye!
 Use all persuasions now, and try
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
 That way it went, but thou shalt find
 No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
 Of all the time thou 'st shot away
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.
 Besides repentance, what canst find
 That it hath left behind?

REASONS FOR HUMILITY.—BEATTIE.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream,
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem;
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem.
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise:
 Oh! then renounce that impious self-esteem
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
 For thou art but of dust,—be humble and be wise

DIFFERENT TASTES.

A Boston publisher has issued an illustrated edition of the beautiful poem, *in* the beginning of this book, entitled, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and also a companion volume, of the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A lady, on a Christmas day, sent to her friend a copy of the first-named book, and, on New Year's day, received from her friend a copy of the last-named, with the following explanatory lines:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
 It shouldn't if always kept under a cloud
 Like that which hangs over and in and around
 Your volume of verse of lugubrious sound,
 That I've carefully placed in a cold, clammy nook,
 Just fitted to hold such a dolorous book;
 And out of a sweet, sunny corner I've brought
 A volume for you, full of crystalline thought.
 Cast away the dull dogmas of fear and distress,
 And behold the bright world in its holiday dress;
 Enjoy the grand life by Omnipotence given,—
 And, with faith, hope, and charity, drawn nearer heaven,—
 As your days of earth's sojourn in cheerfulness flee,
 Live "nearer, oh, nearer, my God, unto Thee."

THE DYING GLADIATOR.—LORD BYRON.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who
won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was his Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire.

A LECTURE ON PATENT MEDICINES.—DR. PUFF STUFF

Ladies and Gentlemen:—My name is Puff Stuff, the physician to that great and mighty Han Kann, Emperor of all the Chinas; I was converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late Lord Macartney, and left that there country, and came to this here, which may be reckoned the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-to-be matched medicines: the first is called the great Parry Mandyron Rapskianum, from Whandy Whang Whang—one drop of which, poured into any of your gums, if you should have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out, like mushrooms from a hot-bed; and if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance, called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops.

I'm also very celebrated in the cure of eyes; the late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a cataract. I very dexterously took out the eyes of his Majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a particular glutinous application. I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his Majesty's vision, but made him

dreadful to all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say, that I have hyes from different hannimals, and to suit all your different faces and professions. This here bottle which I holds in my 'and, is called the great-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, which cures all the diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the man that talks of himself is a Hegotist; but this I will venture to say, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—but you know I don't like to talk of myself: you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me; if you knew the benefits so many people have received from my grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick at all. I'll just read one or two. (*Reads several letters.*) "Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linseed-oil mill; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was cut in half in a saw-pit; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap-manufactory; cured with half a bottle." Now comes the most wonderful of all.

"Sir, venturing too near a powder-mill at Faversham, I was, by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident, I was rendered unfit for my business, (a banker's clerk); but, hearing of your grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof; the first bottle united my strayed particles; the second animated my shattered frame; the third effected a radical cure; the fourth sent me home to Lombardy street, to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand-elliptical-asiatical panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity."

KNEEL AT NO HUMAN SHRINE.—A. F. KENT.

"Must then that peerless form,
Which love and admiration cannot view,
Without a beating of the heart; those veins
That steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline that is fair
As breathing marble, perish?"

SHELLEY.

Kneel not, oh! friend of mine, before a shrine,
That bears the impress of humanity;

Have thou no idol; lest those hopes of thine,
 Prove but false lights upon a treacherous sea
 Know'st thou that clouds freighted with storm and rain,
 Will overspread with darkest gloom again,
 Yon azure sky?
 Know'st thou that rose that blooms beside thy door,
 Will waste upon the gale its fragrant store,
 And fade and die?
 Know also that the loved and tried for years,
 The cynosure of all thy hopes and fears,
 May pass thee by.

Maiden! upon whose fair unclouded brow,
 Half hid by many a curl of clustering hair,
 I mark the buds of promise bursting now,
 Unmingled with a thought of future care,—
 Thou, for whose sake the bridal wreath is made,
 For whom the rose, in spotless white arrayed,
 Expands its leaf,—
 Oh! let me teach thee, as a sister may,
 A lesson thou should'st bear in mind alway,
 That life is brief;
 That bridal flowers have decked the silent bier,
 And smiles of joy been melted with the tear
 Of burning grief.

Mother! who gazeth with a mother's joy,
 And all a mother's changeless love and pride,
 Upon the noble forehead of thy boy,
 Who stands in childish beauty by thy side,
 And gazing through the mists of coming time,
 Beholds him standing in the verdant prime
 Of manhood's day;
 I warn thee! build no castles in the air,
 That form, so full of life—so matchless fair,
 Is only clay!
 That bud just bursting to a perfect flower,
 May, like the treasures of thy garden bower
 Soon pass away.

Father! whose days though in "the yellow leaf,"
 Have golden tints from life's rich sunset thrown,
 Whose heart, a stranger to the pangs of grief,
 Still suns itself within the loves of home,
 Who with thy dear companion by thy side,
 Hast felt thy barque adown life's current glide
 With peaceful breeze,
 Burn thou no incense here! hast thou not seen
 The forest change its summer robe of green,
 For leafless trees?
 Believe me, all who breathe the vital breath

Are subject to the laws of life and death,
And so are these.

Ah, yes! beneath the church-yard's grassy mound,

Too many an early smitten idol lies,
Too many a star of promise has gone down

The soul's horizon, never more to rise,
For thou to safely rear thy temple here,
And fancy while the storm-cloud hovers near,
It stands secure—

Oh, trust it not! That flash of brilliant light,
Will only from the thorny path of night,
Thy steps allure.

One arm that never fails, that never tires,
That moves in harmony the Heavenly choirs,
Alone is sure.

Be this thy spirit's anchor; that when all

Most near and dear to thee shall pass away,
When pride, and power, and human hope shall fall,

A faith in God shall be thy shield and stay.
Lay up thy treasures, where the hand of time,
The storms and changes of this fickle clime,

Shall seek in vain;
Where the bright dreams of youth shall know no blight,
The days of love and joy, no starless night,
And life no pain,—

And where thou yet shalt find, when cares are o'er,
The loved and lost ones who have "gone before,"
Are thine again.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.—LADY DUFFERIN

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,

Where we sat side by side
On a bright May morning, long ago,

When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;

And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,

The day as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listening for the words

You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, Oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Tho' you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you did it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you darling,
In the land I'm going to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn
When first you were my bride.

ABSALOM.—N. P. WILLIS.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream : the willow leaves
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds : and the long stems
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
 From far Jerusalem : and now he stood
 With his faint people, for a little space,
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
 To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank —
 And spoke their kindly words : and as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
 Oh ! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy,
 Are such a very mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !
 He prayed for Israel : and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
 Whose love had been his shield : and his deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But, oh ! for Absalom,—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
 The proud bright being who had burst away
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherished him—for him he poured
 In agony that would not be controlled
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath,
 Was straightened for the grave : and as the folds
 Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls

Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jeweled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The King stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet '*My father*,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
 And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
 A moment on his child: then giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
 And as if strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly and composed the pall
 Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

A RACY STUMP SPEECH.

Friends and fellow-citizens, of this conflictuous community:—I'se riz to give you warnin', and make a political speech, and tell you what I'se goin' to talk about and allude to—"now, I'd like to have you pay particular attention;" (as the preacher says, when the boys are pitchin' beans at his nose,) I say a crisis has arrived;—the wheels of government is stopped;—the rudder's unshipped;—the biler busted;—and we're afloat and the river risin;—our glorious Ship of State, that like a bobtailed gander has so peacefully glided adown the current of time, has had its harmony disturbed; and is now driftin' with fearful rapidity towards the shoals and quicksands of disunion, threatenin' to bust everything into flinders, and pick itself up in the end, "a gone goslin." Hearken no longer ye worthy denizens of Goose Hollow, Terrapin Neck, Possum Swamp, and adjacent regions, to the siren voice that whispers in your ear the too delusive sound of peace, peace;—for peace has sloped, and flowed to other lands:—or div to the depths of the mighty deep;—or in the emphatic language of Tecumphsorum:

"Gone flickerin' through the frogs of other climes,
 To aid the miser watcher in his dimes."

or like the great Alexander, who at the battle of Hunker's Bill, in the agony of despair frantically shrieked out:—"O. gravy! peace has gone like my skule-boy days, and I don't care a ——." (He was a whole hoss and team, sure.)

Ladies and gentlemen: The great bird of American liberty has flown aloft, and soarin' on the wings of the aurore-bore

alis, is now hoverin' high o'er the cloud-capped peaks of the Rockagany mountains:—and when he shall have penetrated into the “unknown regions of unlimited space,” and then shall have stooped down, and lit on daddy's wood-pile, I shall be led to exclaim in the language of Paul, the hosler, “root pork, or die.”

Fellow-citizens, and gals too: In our halls of legislation, confusion runs riot and anarchy reigns supremest; rise up, then, like pokers in a tater-patch, and fall into ranks; sound the tocsin, blow the drum, and beat the tin-horn—till the startled echoes, reverberatin' from hill-top to hill-top, and from gopher-hill to gopher-hill, shall reach the adamantine hills of New England, and the ferruginous dispositions of Missouri, and the auriferous particles of California, to pick up their ears, and in whispered accents, inquire of her valors, “what's out?”

Fellow-citizens and the wimmin: I repeat it, to your posts, and from the topmost peak of the Ozark Mountains bid defiance to the hull earth, by hollerin “who's afeard,” in such thunderin' tones, that quakin' with fear, you'll forget what danger is. Don your rusty regimentals, and wipe the flints of your old guns; beat up your scythes and make swords of them, put on your huntin' shirts, mount your hosses, and “save the nation, or bust.”

My dear hearers, and the rest of the boys: time's critical—and every man that's got a soul as big as the white of a “culled pusson's” eye, will fight, bleed, and die for his country. Them's the times you want men in the council of the nation you can depend on—that's me—elect me to Congress, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin, like a lean tick to a nigger's shin. You all know me, I've been fotched up among ye;—already, on the wings of top-lifted imagination, I fancy I can see you marching up to the polls in solid phalanx, and with shouts that make the earth ring, Hurrah! for Jim Smith;—come down on my opponent like a thousand of brick on a rotten pumpkin.

But, my devoted constituency, I'm not going to make an electioneerin' speech. I'd scorn the act from the lowest depths of my watch fob,—words are inadequate to fully portray my feelings towards you, and my love of office. All I ask is your votes, and leave everything else with the people—concluding in the touchin' words of that glorious old martyr in the wax figger bizness:—“Be virtuous and you'll be happy.”

GENERAL JOSEPH REED; OR, THE INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT.—EDWARD C. JONES.

Governor Johnstone is said to have offered Gen. Joseph Reed £10,000 sterling, if he would try to re-unite the colonies to the mother country. Said he, "I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

I spurn your gilded bait, oh, King! my faith you cannot buy;
Go, tamper with some craven heart, and dream of victory;
My honor never shall be dimmed by taking such a bribe;
The honest man can look above the mercenary tribe.

Carlisle and Eden may consort to bring about a peace;
Our year of jubilee will be the year of our release.
Until your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

What said our noble Laurens? What answer did he make?
Did he accept your overtures, and thus our cause forsake?
No! as his country's mouth-piece, he spoke the burning words,
"Off with conciliation's terms—the battle is the Lord's!"

Are ye afraid of Bourbon's house? And do ye now despair,
Because to shield the perishing the arm of France is bare?
That treaty of alliance, which makes a double strife,
Has, like the sun, but warmed afresh your viper brood to life.

And art thou, Johnstone, art thou, pray, upon this mission sent,
To keep at distance, by thy craft, the throne's dismemberment?
Dismemberment!—ah, come it must, for union is a sin,
When parents' hands the furnace heat, and thrust the children in.

Why, English hearts there are at home, that pulsate with
our own;

Voices beyond Atlantic's waves send forth a loving tone;
Within the Cabinet are men who would not offer gold,
To see our country's liberty, like chattel, bought and sold.

You say that office shall be mine if I the traitor play;
Can office ever compensate for honesty's decay?
Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds! Shall I an Esau
prove,

And for a mess of pottage sell the heritage I love?

If you can blot out Bunker Hill, or Brandywine ignore,
Or Valley Forge annihilate, and wipe away its gore;
If you can make the orphans' tears forget to plead with God,
Then you may find a patriot's soul that owns a monarch's nod.

The King of England cannot buy the faith which fills my heart:
My truth and virtue cannot stand in traffic's servile mart;
For till your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

LIBERTY AND UNION, 1830.—WEBSTER.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dis-severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or pol-

luted, not a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.—G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze, with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the knee!
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
 I've mailed it with the thunder,
 When the tempest muttered low;
 And where it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
 I've scalped ye on the plain;
 Go, count your chosen, where they fell
 Beneath my leaden rain!
 I scorn your proffered treaty!
 The pale-face I defy!
 Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
 And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
 Some to defend their all,—
 I battle for the joy I have
 To see the white man fall:
 I love, among the wounded,
 To hear his dying moan,
 And catch, while chanting at his side,
 The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
 Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
 And struggling through the everglade,
 Your bristling bayonets gleam;
 But I stand as should the warrior,
 With his rifle and his spear;
 The scalp of vengeance still is red,
 And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
 I scorn ye with mine eye,

And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath.
 And fight ye till I die!
 I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
 And I ne'er will be your slave;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
 Till I sink beneath its wave!

THE VAGABONDS.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
 Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye!
 Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
 The rogue is growing a little old;
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved together.
 We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
 A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
 A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
 Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
 (This out-door business is bad for strings,)
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings!
 No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
 Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
 Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
 Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
 He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
 What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
 He understands every word that's said,—
 And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.
 The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.
 There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable, thankless master!
 No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
 By George! it makes my old eyes water!

That is, there 's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!—
Some brandy!—thank you!—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped:

But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!

What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it amusing? you find it strange?

I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before—— Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,

No doubt, remembering things that were,—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,

And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,—

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—

The sooner, the better for Roger and me!

CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY KING HENRY VIII.—SHAKSPEARE.

Nay, then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth

The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms.

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

And, when he thinks—good, easy man—full surely

His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,

These many summers in a sea of glory:

But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again !

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of,—say, then, I taught thee,—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me !
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !
By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee,—
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st. O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And,—Prithee, lead me in :
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.—I. E. HOLMES.

Mr. Speaker : The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice
of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state—Mas-
sachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The state I have

the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet, that in this the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death. Yes, my friends, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since is now cold in death!

But the last Sabbath, and in this hall, he worshiped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever! The sun that shines in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.—BYRON.

Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust;
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below;
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.

As the ground was before, thus let it be.
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields, king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!—
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amid the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear:
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star;

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! they come! they
come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve, in beauty's circle, proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it; which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTING.

Courting is a luxury, it is sallad, it is ise water, it is a bev-
eridge, it is the pla spell ov the soul. The man who has
never courted haz lived in vain: he haz bin a blind man
among landskapes and waterskapes; he has bin a deff man
in the land ov hand organs, and by the side ov murmuring
canals. Courting iz like 2 little springs ov soft water that
steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain and run
down the hill side by side singing and dansing and spatering
each uther, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding
under bank, now full ov sun, and now full of shadder, till
bimeby tha jine and then tha go slow. I am in faver ov long
courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uth-
er's trump kards, it is good exercise, and is jist as innerst
as 2 merino lambs. Courting is like strawberries and cream,
wants to be did slow, then yu git the flaver. I hav saw folks
git acquainted, fall in luv, git married, settel down and git tew
wurk, in three weeks from date. This is jist the wa sum folks
larn a trade, and akounts for the grate number ov almitey
mean mechanicks we hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out.

Perhaps it is best i shud state sum good advise tew yung
men, who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony,
az it waz. In the first plase, yung man, yu want to git yure
system awl rite, and then find a yung woman who iz willing
tew be courted on the square. The nex thing is tew find out
how old she is, which yu kan dew bi asking her and she will
sa that she is 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far
from out ov the wa. The next best thing iz tew begin mod-
erate; say onse every nite in the week for the fust six months,
increasing the dose as the pasheint seems to require it. It is
a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leetle on the

start, for there iz one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz, a leettle good courting, if it is dun strikly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin to be well ackquainted and will begin tew like the bizzness. Thare is one thing I alwus advise, and that iz not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forgit how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry and draw in yure wind az tho yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teasing yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing tu tend, it will keep your religgion in tune; and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi acksident, she kan ask yu tew go hum with her.

As a ginral thing i wouldn't brag on uther gals mutch when i waz courting, it mite look az tho yu knu tew mutch. If yu will court 3 years in this wa, awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a leettle the slikest time in your life, yu kan git measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor velashuns, theze things are jist about az onsartin as the kerosene ile refining bissness, liabel tew git out ov repair and bust at enny minnit.

Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bear her, for the vartue and bissness thare is in her; court her for a wife and for a mother, court her as yu wud court a farm—for the strength ov the sile and the parfektshun ov the title; court her as tho she wasn't a fule, and yu a nuther; court her in the kitchen, in the parlor, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner; court this wa, yung man, and if yu don't git a good wife and she don't git a good hustband, the falt won't be in the courting.

Yung man, yu kan rely upon Josh Billings, and if you kant make these rules wurk jist send for him and he will sho yu how the thing is did, and it shant kost yu a cent.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,

Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis;
“Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor’s homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!”

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
“In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker’s daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight.
Be the sunlight of my people!”

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
“Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!”

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
“For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!”

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;

Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,

Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,

But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs:"
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely

At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peered the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peeping, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
 All the birds sang loud and sweetly
 Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
 Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha,
 Having such a wife to love you!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 "Happy are you, Laughing Water,
 Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the branches,
 Saying to them, "O my children,
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
 Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
 Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
 Whispered to them, "O my children,
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble;
 Half is mine, although I follow;
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward
 Thus it was that Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
 Brought the sunshine of his people,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Handsomest of all the women
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 In the land of handsome women.

EXCELSIOR.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:

Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler,—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

THE SONG OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.—C. G. HALPINE.

A pillar of fire by night,
A pillar of smoke by day,
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,
And so we hold our way;
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,
As on we hold our way.

Over mountain and plain and stream,
To some bright Atlantic bay,
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,
We hold our festal way;
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,
We hold our checkless way!

There is terror wherever we come,
 There is terror and wild dismay
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum
 Announce us on the way ;
 When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum
 Beating time to our onward way ;

Never unlimber a gun
 For those villanous lines in gray,
Draw sabres! and at 'em upon the run!
 'Tis thus we clear our way,
 Draw sabres, and scone you will see them run,
 As we hold our conquering way.

The loyal, who long have been dumb,
 Are loud in their cheers to-day ;
And the old men out on their crutches come,
 To see us hold our way ;
And the old men out on their crutches come,
 To bless us on our way.

Around us in rear and flanks,
 Their futile squadrons play,
With a sixty-mile front of steady ranks,
 We hold our checkless way ;
With a sixty-mile front of serried ranks,
 Our banner clears the way.

Hear the spattering fire that starts
 From the woods and copses gray,
There is just enough fighting to quicken our hearts
 As we frolic along the way!
There is just enough fighting to warm our hearts,
 As we rattle along the way.

Upon different roads abreast
 The heads of our columns gay,
With fluttering flags, all forward pressed,
 Hold on their conquering way.
With fluttering flags to victory pressed,
 We hold our glorious way.

Ah, traitors! who bragged so bold
 In the sad war's early day,
Did nothing predict you should ever behold
 The Old Flag come this way?
Did nothing predict you should yet behold
 Our banner come back this way?

By heaven! 'tis a gala march,
 'Tis a pic-nic or a play ;
Of all our long war 'tis the crowning arch,
 Hip, hip! for Sherman's way!
Of all our long war this crowns the arch—
 For Sherman and Grant, hurrah!

GETTING IN THE WRONG ROOM.—CHARLES DICKENS.

"Dear me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick!"

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hat-box, and the brown-paper parcel, having been conveyed to his bed-room, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings, to another.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good-night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell; and from that lady it wandered by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very centre of the history of the queer client: and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep; so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down stairs.

Now this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state, at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain.

So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bed-room door, which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within, of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a marvelous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in—right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the drafts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood, one on each side of the door: and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth, and slowly drawing on his tasseled night-cap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin, the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was

at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the night-cap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night-cap strings—"It is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption: to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features, was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and night-cap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "how very dreadful!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this,"—thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his night-cap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming"—reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite necessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his night-cap to a lady, overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:—

"Ha—hum."

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rush-light shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha—hum."

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that!"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man," shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am"—said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, "Ma'am."

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so, by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's night-cap driven her back, into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch,"—said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, Ma'am—nothing whatever, Ma'am;" said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, Ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically, that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, Ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap (here the lady hastily snatched off her's), but I can't get it off, Ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). It is evident to me, Ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bed-room for my own. I had not been here five minutes, Ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir,"—said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, Ma'am, with the greatest pleasure"—replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, Ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, Ma'am. I—I—am very sorry Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry Ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, Ma'am; this instant, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, Ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, Ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this"—but before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

—*Pickwick Papers.*

MARCO BOZZARIS.—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike—for your altars and your fires!
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close,
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet song and dance and wine,—
 Althou art terrible:—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Agony, are thine.

to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,—
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

SONG OF THE DECANter.

There was an old decanter,
 and its mouth was gaping
 wide; the rosy wine
 had ebb'd away
 and left
 its crys-
 tal side;
 and the wind
 went humming,
 humming;
 up and
 down the
 sides it flew,
 and through the
 reed-like,
 hollow neck
 the wildest notes it
 blew. I placed it in the
 window, where the blast was
 blowing free, and fancied that its
 pale mouth sang the queerest strains
 to me. "They tell me—puny con-
 querors!—the Plague has slain his ten,
 and War his hundred thousands of the
 very best of men; but I"—'twas thus
 the bottle spoke—"but I have con-
 quered more than all your famous con-
 querors, so feared and famed of yore.
 Then come, ye youths and maidens,
 come drink from out my cup, the bev-
 erage that dulls the brain and burns
 the spirit up: that puts to shame
 the conquerors that slay their
 scores below; for this has del-
 uged millions with the lava tide
 of woe. Though, in the path
 of battle, darkest waves of
 blood may roll; yet while
 I killed the body, I have
 damned the very soul.
 The cholera, the sword,
 such ruin never wrought,
 as I, in mirth or malice, on
 the innocent have brought.
 And still I breathe upon them,
 and they shrink before my breath;
 and year by year my thousands tread
 THE TERRIBLE ROAD TO DEATH.

THE BALLAD OF ISHMAEL DAY.

One summer morning a daring band
Of rebels rode into Maryland,
Over the prosperous peaceful farms,
Sending terror and strange alarms,
The clatter of hoofs and the clang of arms.

Fresh from the South, where the hungry pine,
They ate like Pharaoh's starving kine;
They swept the land like devouring surge,
And left their path, to its furthest verge,
Bare as the track of the locust-scurge.

"The rebels are coming," far and near
Rang the tidings of dread and fear;
Some paled, and cowered, and sought to hide;
Some stood erect in their fearless pride;
And women shuddered, and children cried.

But others—vipers in human form,
Stinging the bosom that kept them warm—
Welcomed with triumph the thievish band,
Hurried to offer the friendly hand,
As the rebels rode into Maryland,—

Made them merry with food and wine,
Clad them in garments rich and fine,—
For rags and hunger to make amends,—
Flattered them, praised them with selfish ends:
"Leave us scathless, for we are friends!"

Could traitors trust a traitor? No!
Little they favored friend or foe,
But gathered the cattle the farms across,
Flinging back, with a scornful toss,
"If ye are friends, ye can bear the loss!"

Flushed with triumph, and wine, and prey,
They neared the dwelling of Ishmael Day,
A sturdy old veteran, gray and old,
With heart of a patriot, firm and bold,
Strong and steadfast—unbribed, unsold.

And Ishmael Day, his brave head bare,
His white locks tossed by the morning air,
Fearless of danger, or death, or scars,
Went out to raise, by the farm-yard bars,
The dear old flag of the Stripes and Stars.

Proudly, steadily, up it flew,
Gorgeous with crimson, and white, and blue:

His withered hand as he shook it freer,
 May have trembled, but not with fear,
 While, shouting, the rebels drew more near.

"Halt!" They had seen the hated sign
 Floating free from old Ishmael's line—
 "Lower that rag!" was their wrathful cry.
 "Never!" rung Ishmael Day's reply;
 "Fire, if it please you—I can but die!"

One, with a loud, defiant laugh,
 Left his comrades, and neared the staff.
 "Down!" came the fearless patriot's cry—
 "Dare to lower that flag, and die!
 One must bleed for it—you or I!"

But caring not for the stern command,
 He drew the halliards with daring hand;
 Ping! went the rifle-ball—down he came
 Under the flag he had tried to shame—
 Old Ishmael Day took careful aim!

Seventy winters and three had shed
 Their snowy glories on Ishmael's head;
 But though cheeks may wither, and locks grow gray,
 His fame shall be fresh, and young alway—
 Honor be to old Ishmael Day!

YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

It happened once that a young Yorkshire clown, but newly come to far-famed London town, was gaping round at many a wondrous sight, grinning at all he saw, with vast delight—attended by his terrier Tyke, who was as sharp as sharp may be: and thus the master and the dog, d'ye see, were very much alike.

After wandering far and wide, and seeing every street and square,—the parks, the plays, the Queen, and the Lord Mayor, with all in which your "Cockneys" place their pride;—and being quizzed by many a city spark for coat of country cut and red-haired pate, he came at length to noisy Billingsgate. He saw the busy scene with mute surprise, opening his ears and wondering eyes at the loud clamor, and the monstrous fish, hereafter doomed to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall, which, with stretched mouth, as if to pant for breath, seemed in the agonies of death. Said Lubin, "What name, zur, d'ye that fish call?"

"A turbot," answered the sarcastic elf; "a flat, you see—so something like yourself." "D'ye think," said Lubin, "that he'll bite?" "Why," said the fishman, with a roguish grin, "his mouth is open; put your finger in and then you'll know." "Why, zur," replied the wight, "I shouldn't like to try; but there's my Tyke shall put his tail there, an' you like." "Agreed," rejoined the man, and laughed delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail, and the fish bit with all its might. The dog no sooner felt the bite, than off he ran, the dangling turbot holding tight. The astonished man began most furiously to bawl and rail; but, after numerous escapes and dodgings, Tyke safely got to Master Lubin's lodgings. Thither the fishmonger in anger flew. Says Lubin, "Lunnon tricks on me won't do! I've come from York to queer such flats as you; and Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire, too!" Then, laughing at the man, who sneaked away, he had the fish for dinner that same day.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.—M. R. MITFORD.

Friends: I come not here to talk! Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom;—we are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
 In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
 Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? Men and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
 I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look

Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
 To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king!—and once again—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free! her sons
 Shall walk with princes!

THE BLACK REGIMENT. PORT HUDSON, *May 27, 1863*

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Dark as the clouds of even,
 Ranked in the western heaven,
 Waiting the breath that lifts
 All the dread mass, and drifts
 Tempest and falling brand
 Over a ruined land;—
 So still and orderly,
 Arm to arm, knee to knee,
 Waiting the great event
 Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
 Teeth gleam and eye-balls shine;
 And the bright bayonet,
 Bristling, and firmly set,
 Flashed with a purpose grand,
 Long ere the sharp command
 Of the fierce rolling drum
 Told them their time had come—
 Told them what work was sent
 For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be free
In this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke:
Bayonet and sabre stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflsh,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.

Oh, to the living few,
 Soldiers, be just and true!
 Hail them as comrades tried;
 Fight with them side by side;
 Never in field or tent,
 Scorn the black regiment.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.—C. B. SOUTHEY

Tread softly—bow the head;
 In reverent silence bow;
 No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
 With lowly reverence bow;
 There's one in that poor shed,
 One by that paltry bed,
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! Death doth keep his state;
 Enter—no crowds attend;
 Enter—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short, deep gasp, and then
 The parting groan.

Oh, change!—Oh, wondrous change!—
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars!

Oh, change—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod!
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God!

BOMBASTIC DESCRIPTION OF A MIDNIGHT MURDER.

'Twas night! the stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a clouded canopy o'erhung the world; the vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail-stones fell like leaden balls; the huge undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock-bound shore, and torrents leaped from mountain-tops; when the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow,—murder in his heart,—and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand.

The storm increased; the lightnings flashed with brighter glare; the thunder growled with deeper energy; the winds whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp. A demoniac smile gathered on his lip; he grated his teeth; raised his arm; sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim and relentlessly killed—a Musquero!

 SHORT POETICAL EXTRACTS.

Oh, man, boast not thy "lion heart!"
 Tell not of proud heroic deed!
 Have we not seen thy vaunted art
 Fail in the deepest hour of need?
 But woman's courage! 'tis more deep,
 More strong, than heart of man can feel,—
 To save her little ones that sleep,
 She bares her bosom to the steel!

S. F. STREETER.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
 BYRON.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
 J. S. KNOWLES.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour! the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds.
 A faint and starry radiance through the gloom,
 And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
 With all their clustering locks untouched by care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.
 B. BARTON.

The auctioneer, then, in his labor began;
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
 "How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
 In a twink, every maiden responded, "I—I!"
 In short, at a hugely extravagant price,
 The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
 And forty old maidens—some younger, some older—
 Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Live and love,—
 Doing both nobly, because lowly;
 Live and work, strongly—because patiently!
 And for the deed of death, trust it to God,
 That it be well done, unrepented of,
 And not to loss. And thence with constant prayers
 Fasten your souls so high, that constantly
 The smile of your heroic cheer may float
 Above all floods of earthly agonies,
 Purification being the joy of pain! MRS. BROWNING

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him.

BAILEY.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure which makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

“It may be that in some great need
Thy life’s poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

MISS PROCTER.

And this, O Spain! is thy return
For the new world I gave!
Chains!—this the recompense I earn!
The fetters of the slave!

Yon sun that sinketh ’neath the sea,
Rises on realms I found for thee.

MISS JEWSBURY.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory!

WOLFE.

Life! we’ve been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some brighter elime
Bid me good morning.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves is taught.

C. P. CRANCH.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

So should we live that every hour
 May die, as dies the natural flower,
 A self-reviving thing of power :
 That every thought and every deed,
 May hold within itself the seed
 Of future good and future meed ;
 Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
 Is to develop, not destroy,
 Far better than a barren joy. R. M. MILNES.

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse, forever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
 —Hush ! hush ! thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last !

THE LETTERS.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Still on the tower stood the vane ;
 A black yew gloomed the stagnant air ;
 I peered athwart the chancel pane,
 And saw the altar cold and bare.
 A clog of lead was 'round my feet,
 A band of pain across my brow ;
 "Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet,
 Before you hear my marriage vow."
 I turned and hummed a bitter song
 That mocked the wholesome human heart ;
 And then we met in wrath and wrong,
 We met, but only meant to part.
 Full cold my greeting was, and dry ;
 She faintly smiled, she hardly moved ;
 I saw with half-unconscious eye
 She wore the colors I approved.
 She took the little ivory chest—
 With half a sigh she turned the key ;
 Then raised her head with lips comprest,
 And gave my letters back to me.
 And gave the trinkets and the rings,
 My gifts when gifts of mine could please ;
 As looks a father on the things
 Of his dead son, I looked on these.
 She told me all her friends had said ;
 I raged against the public liar.
 She talked as if her love were dead ;
 But in my words were seeds of fire.

"No more of love;—your sex is known:
 I never will be twice deceived.
 Henceforth I trust the *man* alone—
 The *women* cannot be believed!

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell,
 (And *woman's* slander is the worst),
 And you whom once I loved so well,
 Through you my life must be accurst!"
 I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,
 I shook her breast with vague alarms—
 Like torrents from a mountain source,
We rushed into each other's arms.

We parted. Sweetly gleamed the stars,
 And sweet the vapor-braided blue;
 Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,
 As homeward by the church I drew.
 The very graves appeared to smile,
 So fresh they rose in shadowed swells;
 "Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
 There comes a sound of marriage bells."

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, THE BOLD BOY OF GLINGALL.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
 There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
 An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,—
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye.

For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
 An', by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
 An' it's many the one can remember right well
 The quare things he done: an' it's often I heerd tell
 How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
 Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
 An' take your last look at her dim, lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood;
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
 Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
 And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bound,
 An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison ground,
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
 His bosom might blee'l, but his cheek should be dhyr,
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand;
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered;
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin up in their box overhead;
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
 With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
 An' silence was called, an the minute it was said
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
 An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
 And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
 An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste;
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:
 "My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
 I thought any treason, or did any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
 Before God and the world I would answer you, no!
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
 I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
 "O judge! darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word!
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'
 You don't know him, my lord,—oh, don't give him to ruin!

He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest-hearted;
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
 An' God will forgive you—oh, don't say the word!"
 That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
 The big tears were runnin' fast, one after th' other;
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
 But the strong, manly voice used to falter and break;
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,
 "An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart
 For sooner or later, the dearest must part;
 And God knows it's better than wandering in fear
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
 From thought, labor, and sorrow forever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour;
 For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the raven,
 No true man can say that I died like a craven!"
 Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street?
 What come they to talk of? what come they to see?
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?
 O Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
 May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;
 Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
 When, strong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
 An' faster an' faster the crowd gathered there,
 Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;
 An' whiskey was sellin', an' cussamuck too,
 An' old men and young women enjoying the view.
 An' old Tim Mulvaney, he made the remark,
 There wasn't such a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
 An' be gorry, 't was true for him, for devil sich a scruple,
 Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge,
 For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison gate,
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
 An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',

A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees
 On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
 An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
 A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
 An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
 An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
 An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
 Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill;
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
 And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
 Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him neighbors!
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—
 By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken,—
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat:
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
 An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.
 He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
 In America, darlint, the land of the free.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE.

OR, THE RIME OF THE ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLDER.

The melancholy days have come that no householder loves,
 Days of the taking down of blinds and putting up of stoves;
 The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,
 Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are red;
 The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,
 And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse re-
 marked: "Behold!

Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold,
 Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing place
 conveyed,

And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,
For he was married many years and had been there before,
And timidly he said, "My love, perchance the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of pelf:
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up myself."
When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had sealed
his doom:

"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimme down that
broom,"

He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the doors
he hove

And closed, in deadly conflict with his enemy, the stove.

Round 1.—They faced each other; Brown to get an opening
sparred

Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on its guard.

Brown led off with his left to where a length of stove-pipe
stood

And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed First Blood.*)

Round 2.—Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a weary
while;

At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the *First Knock-*
down.

* * * The fight is done and Brown has won; his hands
are rasped and sore,

And perspiration and black lead stream from his every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,

He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I *put* this blessed
stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the spot,
And bids him keep his temper and remarks that he looks hot.
And now comes in the sweet o' the day; the Brown holds in
his gripe

And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes, while his wife scorn-
fully

Tells him how *she* would manage it if only she were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid in air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe and the Brown.
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the crown;
While Mistress Brown she cheerily says to him, "I expec'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break your
neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in the air,"
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas and—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark but too thin for a mat,
And he was all wounds and bruises from his head to his foot.
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the scot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw him fall-
ing, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her inmost heart-
strings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and smashed
that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mister Brown, as one that had been
wode,
And big his bosom swelled with wrath and red his visage
glowed:

Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice was sharp
and shrill),

"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine gods, I will!"
He swung the pipe above his head, he dashed it on the floor,
And that stove-pipe, as a stove-pipe, it did exist no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was
stern and wan,

As in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed: "*Send for that tin-
smith's man!*"

Part Second.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is paged separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 2.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL ANTHEM.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

God of the free! upon thy breath
Our flag is for the right unrolled,
As broad and brave as when its stars
First lit the hallowed time of old.

For duty still its folds shall fly;
For honor still its glories burn,
Where truth, religion, valor, guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's urn.

No tyrant's impious step is ours;
No lust of power on nations rolled;
Our flag—for *friends*, a starry sky,
For *traitors*, storm in every fold.

Oh, thus we'll keep our nation's life,
Nor fear the bolt by despots hurled;
The blood of all the world is here,
And they who strike us strike the world!

God of the free! our nation bless
In its strong manhood as its birth;
And make its life a star of hope
For all the struggling of the earth.

Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together sing the nation's psalm.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock

And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall;
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.—Nov. 1864.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

Mister Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation.
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When one morning, to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife;
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
 "I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd*;
 Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
 Say, *our* cow-house, *our* barn-yard, *our* pig-pen."
 "By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
 Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
 "Say 'Our,'" Xantippe exclaimed in a rage,
 "I wont, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"

O woman! though only a part of man's rib,
 If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
 Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
 You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
 In the following case this was certainly true;
 For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
 And laying about her, all sides at random,
 The adage was verified—*Nil desperandum*.

Mister Socrates Snooks—after trying in vain
 To ward off the blows which descended like rain,
 Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
 Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian;
 But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
 Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
 He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate;
 And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
 Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"
 "Ha! ha!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
 I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks.
 Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
 If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."

'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
 He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search.
 Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
 "My dear, may we put on our new Sunday breeches?"

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. (1863.)

GEORGE H. BOKER.

"Give me but two brigades," said Hooker, frowning at fortified Lookout,
 "And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain clear of that mocking rebel rout!"

At early morning came an order that set the general's face aglow:

"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers. Grant says that I may go!"

Hither and thither dashed each eager colonel to join his regiment,

While a low rumor of the daring purpose ran on from tent to tent;

For the long-roll was sounding through the valley, and the keen trumpet's bray,

And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans, who cried,
"We fight to-day!"

The solid tramp of infantry, the rumble of the great jolting-gun,

The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing,
"Why's not the fight begun?"

All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on the startled ear;

And, last, arose a sound that made your blood leap,—the ringing battle-cheer.

The lower works were carried at one onset. Like a vast roaring sea

Of steel and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept out the enemy;

And we could see the gray-coats swarming up from the mountain's leafy base,

To join their comrades in the higher fastness—for life or death the race!

Then our long line went winding round the mountain, in a huge serpent track,

And the slant sun upon it flashed and glimmered, as on a dragon's back.

Higher and higher the column's head pushed onward, ere the rear moved a man;

And soon the skirmish-lines their straggling volleys and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellowed, and all its batteries woke,

And down the mountain poured the bomb-shells, puffing into our eyes their smoke;

And balls and grape-shot rained upon our column, that bore the angry shower

As if it were no more than that soft dropping which scarcely stirs the flower.

Oh, glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs through
all his men!
The heart that failed beside the Rappahannock, it was
itself again!
The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded in
envious night,
Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and with
a freer light!

Hark! hark! there go the well-known crashing volleys, the
long-continued roar,
That swells and falls, but never ceases wholly, until the
fight is o'er.
Up towards the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the mor-
tal tempests beat,
As if they sought to try their cause together before God's
very feet!

We saw our troops had gained a footing almost beneath the
topmost ledge,
And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon the
dizzy edge.
We saw, sometimes, our men fall backward slowly, and
groaned in our despair;
Or cheered when now and then a stricken rebel plunged
out in open air,
Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his God
alone knows where!

At eve, thick haze upon the mountain gathered, with rising
smoke stained black,
And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone through
the swirling rack.
Night fell o'er all; but still they flashed their lightnings
and rolled their thunders loud,
Though no man knew upon which side was going that battle
in the cloud.

Night—what a night!—of anxious thought and wonder, but
still no tidings came
From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still
wrapped in mist and flame.
But towards the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dreadful
than the fierce sound of war,
Settled o'er nature, as if she stood breathless before the
morning star.

As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boiled from
the valley's deeps.
Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up through the
tree-clad steeps,

And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above us
 grandly stood,
 And over his bleak crags and storm-blanch'd headlands
 burst the warm, golden flood.
 Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the mountain, and thou-
 sands held their breath,
 And the vast army, in the valley watching, seemed touch'd
 with sudden death.
 High o'er us soared great Lookout, robed in purple, a glory
 on his face,
 A human meaning in his hard, calm features, beneath that
 heavenly grace.
 Out on a crag walked something—What? an eagle that
 treads yon giddy height?
 Surely no man! But still he clambered forward into the
 full, rich light;
 Then up he started, with a sudden motion, and from the
 blazing crag
 Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance the dear
 old starry flag!
 Ah! then what followed? Scarred and war-worn soldiers,
 like girls, flushed through their tan,
 And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a thousand
 tear-drops ran;
 Men seized each other in returned embraces, and sobbed
 for very love;
 A spirit which made all that moment brothers seemed fall-
 ing from above.
 And, as we gazed, around the mountain's summit our glit-
 tering files appeared;
 Into the rebel works we saw them marching; and we—we
 cheered, we cheered!
 And they above waved all their flags before us, and joined
 our frantic shout,
 Standing, like demigods, in light and triumph, upon their
 own Lookout!

NOBODY'S CHILD.—PHILA H. CASE.

Alone, in the dreary, pitiless street,
 With my torn old dress and bare, cold feet
 All day I have wandered to and fro,
 Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
 The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
 And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;

Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed?
For dear mother on me ever smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame;

They tell me of such unbounded love,
And bid me come up to their home above;
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storm so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.*

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Fellow-citizens: Let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic!

Proceed then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country! Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus*. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. The wide-spread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before

*From an oration delivered in Washington, July 4, 1848.

the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom, to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame, of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

VAT YOU PLEASE.—WM. B. FOWLE

Two Frenchmen, who had just come over,
 Half starved but always gay,
 (No weasels ere were thinner,)
 Trudged up to town from Dover,
 Their slender store exhausted on the way,
 Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.
 From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
 Our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition;
 Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve,
 Stomach and pocket in the same condition.
 At length by mutual consent they parted,
 And different ways on the same errand started.
 Towards night, one Frenchman at a tavern door
 Stopped, entered, all the preparation saw;
 The ready waiter at his elbow stands:
 "Sir, will you favor me with your commands,
 Roast goose or ducks, sir, choose you that or these?"
 "*Sare, you are very kind, sare, vat you please.*"
 It was a glorious treat, pie, pudding, cheese and meat;
 At last the Frenchman, having eaten his fill,
 Prepared to go, when: "Here, sir, is your bill!"
 "*Oh, you are Bill—Vell, Mr. Bill, good-day!*"
 "My name is Tom, sir,—you've this bill to pay."

"Pay, pay, ma foi !

I call for notting sare, pardonnez moi !

You show to me the pooding, goose and sheeze,

You ask me vat I eat—I tell you vat you please."

The waiter, softened by his queer grinace,

Could not help laughing in the Frenchman's face,

And generously tore the bill in two,

Forgave the hungry trick, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's appetite subdued,

Away he chasséed in a merry mood,

And, turning round the corner of a street,

His hungry countryman perchanced to meet,

When, with a grin,

He told how he had taken John Bull in.

Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,

Makes his congé, and seeks this shop of shops.

Entering, he seats himself as if at ease—

"What will you have, sir?" "*Vat you please."*

The waiter saw the joke, and slyly took

A whip, and with a very gracious look

Sought instantly the Frenchman's seat:

"What will you have, sir?" venturing to repeat.

Our Frenchman, feeling sure of goose and cheese,

With bow and smile, quick answers: "*Vat you please ?*"

But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,

When round his shoulders twines the pliant whip.

"Sare ! sare ! ah misericorde ! parbleu !

Oh dear, monsieur, what for you strike me ? huh !

Vat for is dis ?"—"Ah, don't you know ?

That's *Vat I please* exactly ; now, sir, go !

Your friend, although I paid well for his funning,

Deserves the goose he gained, sir, by his cunning ;

But you, monsieur, without my dinner tasting,

Are goose enough—and only want a basting."

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT

MAMMA?—MRS. J. M. WINTON.

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? I'm tired of
waiting so ;

My stocking hung by the chimney-side full three long days
ago ;

I run to peep within the door by morning's early light—
'Tis empty still; oh, say, mamma, will the New Year come
to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? the snow is
on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick upon the meadow's
rill.

I heard you tell papa, last night, his son must have a sled,
(I didn't mean to hear, mamma,) and a pair of skates, you
said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma. Oh, I shall be full
of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school will all be envy-
ing me;

But I'll give them toys, and lend them books, and make
their New Year glad,
For God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks are
bad.

And wont you let me go, mamma, upon the New Year's
day,
And carry something nice and warm to poor old Widow
Gray?

I'll leave the basket near the door, within the garden gate—
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? It seems so
long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my
sleep;

My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma, what makes
you weep?

But it only held a little shroud,—a shroud, and nothing
more;

And an open coffin, made for me, was standing on the floor!

It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I wished so much, the story-books and sled;
And while I wondered what it meant, you came with tear-
ful joy,

And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first; God calleth
thee, my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma, I know it must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do, when I am laid to rest;
And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your
breast.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma; place your dear
hand on my cheek,

And raise my head a little more,—it seems so hard to speak.
I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the
sled;

But wont you give them both to Blake, who hurt me on my
head?

He used to hide my books away, and tear the pictures, too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried to do.

And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-books and
slate

To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you wouldn't let me
hate;

And, dear mamma, you won't forget, upon the New Year's
day,

The basketful of something nice for poor old Widow Gray?

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, it seems so very
soon;

I think God didn't hear me ask for just another June.

I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and made you too
much care,

And, maybe for your sake, mamma, God doesn't hear my
prayer.

There's one thing more: my pretty pets, the robin and the
dove,

Keep for yourself and dear papa, and teach them how to love.
The garden rake, the little hoe—you'll find them nicely
laid

Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place where last I played.
I thought to need them both so much when summer comes
again,

To make my garden by the brook that trickles through the
glen;

It cannot be; but you will keep the summer flowers green,
And plant a few,—don't cry, mamma,—a very few I mean,
Where I'm asleep; I'll sleep so sweet beneath the apple-tree,
Where you and robin, in the morn, will come and sing to
me.

The New Year comes—good-night, mamma—“I lay me down
to sleep,

I pray the Lord”—tell dear papa—“my precious soul to keep;
If I”—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss me, I cannot see—
The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year—dies
with me.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere

The answering tread of hurrying feet ;
While the first oath of freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington ;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak

The church of Berkley Manor stood ;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.

In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught ;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,

The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,

Decked in their homespun flax and wool ;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks

Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And, calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might :
" *The Lord of hosts shall arm the right !*"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, " Cease, traitor ! cease,
God's temple is the house of peace ! "

The other shouted, " Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause ;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant's foe ;
In this, the dawn of freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray ! "

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toil of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease ;

And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came;
"Come out with me, in freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

A TRIBUTE TO OUR HONORED DEAD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How bright are the honors which await those who with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them; and the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead,—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright: now his example inspires a thousand

households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you; now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours: he is ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for this country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulet nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. Buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor those whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness nor sorrow for those whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that love it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips,—she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, and till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing,—shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Fellow-citizens: This is the ever adorable, commemorable, and patriotic Fourth of July. This am the day upon which the American Eagle first chawed up its iron cage, and, with a Yankee Doodle scream, pounced upon its affrighted tyrants and tore up their despotic habiliments into a thousand giblets.

This, fellow-citizens, am the Fourth of July,—a day worthy to be the first day of the year, and a day which will be emblazoned by our latest posterity, when all other days have sunk into oblivious *non compos mentis*.

This, fellow-citizens, am the day when our ancestral progenitors unanimously fought, bled, and died, in order that we and our children's children might cut their own vine and fig tree without being molested or daring to make any one afraid.

This am the Fourth of July, fellow-citizens, and who is there that can sit supinely downward on this prognostic anniversary, and not revert their mental reminiscences to the great epochs of the Revolution—the blood bespangled plains of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and Yorktown—and follow the heroic heroes of those times through trackless snows, and blood-stained deserts, to the eternal mansions of free trade and sailor's rights; to the adorable enjoyments of the privileges and prerogatives, which falls like heavenly dew upon every American citizen, from the forests of Maine to the everglades of Florida, and from the fisheries of the Atlantic coast to the yellow banks of California, where the jingling of the golden boulders mixes up with the screams of the catamount, and the mountain goat leaps from rock to rock—and—and where—and—and—I thank you, fellow-citizens, for your considerable attention.

THE PICKET GUARD.—LAMAR FONTAINE.

“All quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
“Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman off in the thicket.”

'Tis nothing,—a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost, only one of the men
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
 Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watchfires, are gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind,
 Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep;
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night, when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips; when low-murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
 The footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark! was it night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-by!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever.

OVER THE RIVER.—MRS. J. M. WINTY.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.

Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold,—would ye know what we do with that,—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arena, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—ye were present; I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the people; "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arena vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands.

I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. Oh, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill him?—They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said—I know not what. I only know that when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry: "Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed—seized what rude weapons chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus, the dreaded rebel! A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells his force,—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! Oh! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for our games!

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."—O. W. HOLMES.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way
 It ran a hundred years to a day,
 And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
 I'll tell you what happened, without delay;
 Scaring the parson into fits,
 Frightening people out of their wits—
 Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
 That was the year when Lisbon town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,—
 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible earthquake-day
 That the deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still;
 Find it somewhere you must and will,
 Above or below, or within or without;
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the deacon swore (as deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou.")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it couldn' break daown —
 "Fur," said the deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain,
 'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest
 To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—

That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;
 He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs from logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
 Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em;
 Never an ax had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
 Found in the pit where the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."
 "There!" said the deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

Eighteen hundred:—it came, and found
 The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred, increased by ten:—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came:—
 Running as usual, much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive;
 And then came fifty—and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it, you're welcome. No extra charge.)

First of November—the earthquake-day:—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be—for the deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson. Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text—
 Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
 At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill;
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
 Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once, and nothing first,
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.
 End of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

READ TO SLEEP.—MARGARET J. PRESTON.

For threescore years and ten,
Burdened with care and woe,
She had traveled the weary ways of men,—
She is tired and wants to go.

It has been so hard to live;
And even her stinted store,
It seemed as if fate had grudged to give,
And she wishes her need was o'er.

So musing, one afternoon,
With her knitting upon her lap,
She hears at her door a drift of tune,
And a quick familiar tap.

In flashes a child's fresh face,
And her bird-like voice sounds gay,
As she asks, "Shall I find you a pretty place,
And read you a psalm to-day?"

"Aye, read me a psalm,—*'The Lord
Is my shepherd,'*—soft, not fast;
Then turn the leaves of the Holy Word,
Till you come to the very last,—

"Where it tells of the wondrous walls,
Of jacinth and sapphire stone,
And the shine of the crystal light that falls
In rainbows about the throne;

"Where there never are any tears;—
You see how the verse so saith.—
Nor pain nor crying through all God's years.
Nor hunger, nor cold, nor death;

"Of the city whose streets are gold;
Ah! *here* it was not my share
One single piece in my hands to hold,
But my feet shall tread on it *there*!

"Yes, read of it all;—it lifts
My soul up into the light,
And I look straight through the leaden rifts,
To the land where there's no more night."

Rising, she nearer stepped;
How easy it all had been!
The gates had unclosed as the sleeper slept,
And an angel had drawn her in.

THE MEETING PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
Mid the burst of holy song,—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed,—
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan;
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done.
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild,—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted love re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart, the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-oright clime:

Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before;
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
 Loving once and evermore,—
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
 Underneath a bluer sphere,
 And a softer, gentler sunshine
 Shed its healing splendor here;
 Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
 Putting on their robe of green,
 And a purer, fairer Eden
 Be where only wastes have been;
 Where a King, in kingly glory
 Such as earth has never known,
 Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
 Claim and wear the heavenly crown,—
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 Mid the holy and the blest.

ASLEEP.—STOCKTON BATES.

Hush! lightly tread; the weary eyes now close;
 The little hands unclasp the cherished toy;
 And in that blest elysium of repose
 Sleeps peacefully the darling household joy.

No grief or wearing care in furrows deep
 Has set its mark upon that fair young brow;
 In peace it slumbers with a dreamless sleep,
 As only childhood's innocence knows how.

Remembered are its childish woes no more;
 The toys that pleased its happy waking hours
 Lie scattered in confusion on the floor,
 While sleep restores its young and budding powers.

Years hurry by upon their rapid wings—
 Sleep comes, but not as in the vanished past—
 Woe, want, or misery a shadow flings,
 That sits a horrid incubus at last.

Again, tread lightly! close the sunken eye!
 Asleep? Yes, in death's cold and rigid guise;
 Toys that have pleased the riper years now lie
 For other hands to fondle, hearts to prize.

A DRUNKEN SOLILOQUY IN A COAL CELLAR.

ALF BURNETT.

Let's see, where am I? This is coal I'm lying on. How'd I get here? Yes, I mind now; was coming up street; met a wheelbarrow wot was drunk, coming t'other way. That wheelbarrow fell over me, or I fell over the wheelbarrow, and one of us fell into the cellar, don't mind now which; guess it must have been me. I'm a nice young man; yes, I am; tight, tore, drunk, shot! Well, I can't help it; 'taint my fault. Wonder whose fault it is? Is it Jones's fault? No! Is it my wife's fault? Well it an't! Is it the wheelbarrow's fault? N-o-o-o! It's whisky's fault!! Whisky! who's whisky? Has he got a large family? Got many relations? All poor, I reckon. I won't own him any more; cut his acquaintance. I have had a notion of doing that for the last ten years; always hated to, though, for fear of hurting his feelin's. I'll do it now for I believe liquor is injurin' me; it's spoilin' my temper. Sometimes I gets mad and abuses Bets and the brats. I used to call 'em Lizzie and the children; that's a good while ago, though. Then, when I come home, she used to put her arms around my neck and kiss me, and call me "dear William!" When I come home now she takes her pipe out of her mouth, puts the hair out of her eyes, and looks at me and says, "Bill, you drunken brute, shut the door after you! We're cold enough, havin' no fire, 'thout lettin' the snow blow in that way." Yes, she's Bets and I'm Bill now; I an't a good bill neither; I'm counterfeit; won't pass—a tavern without goin' in and getting a drink. Don't know wot bank I'm on; last Sunday was on the river bank, at the Corn Exchange, drunk! I stay out pretty late,—sometimes out all night, when Bets bars the door with a bed-post; fact is, I'm out pretty much all over,—out of friends, out of pocket, out at elbows and knees, and out—rageously dirty. So Bets says, but she's no judge, for she's never clean herself. I wonder she don't wear good clothes? Maybe she an't got any! Whose fault is that? 'Taint mine! It may be whisky's. Sometimes I'm in: I'm in-toxicated now, and in somebody's coal cellar. I've got one good principle: I never runs in debt—'cause no

body won't trust me. One of my coat tails is gone; got tore off, I expect, when I fell down here. I'll have to get a new suit soon. A feller told me t'other day I'd make a good sign for a paper-mill. If he hadn't been so big I'd licked him. I've had this shirt on nine days. I'd take it off, but I'm 'fraid I'd tear it. Guess I tore the window-shutter on my pants t'other night, when I sot on the wax in Ben Sniff's shoe-shop. I'll have to get it mended up or I'll catch cold. I an't very stout neither, though I'm full in the face; as the boys say, "I'm fat as a match, and healthy as the small-pox." My hat is standin' guard for a window-pane that went out the other day at the invitation of a brickbat. It's getting cold down here; wonder how I'll get out? I an't able to climb. If I had a drink, think I could do it. Let's see, I an't got three cents; wish I was in a tavern, I could sponge it then. When anybody treats, and says, "Come fellers!" I always thinks my name is fellers, and I've too good manners to refuse. I must leave this place, or I'll be arrested for burglary, and I an't come to that yet! Anyhow, it was the wheelbarrow did the harm, not me!

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.—W. C. BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
 Leave in its track the toiling plough;
 The rifle and the bayonet-blade
 For arms like yours are fitter now!
 And let the hands that ply the pen
 Quit the light task, and learn to wield
 The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
 The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
 To where the blood-stream blots the green;
 Strike to defend the gentlest sway
 That time in all his course has seen.
 See, from a thousand coverts,—see,
 Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
 They rush to smite her down, and we
 Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest, leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight!
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind; stand in her defence!
The blast as soon shall move the rock,
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
His ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell:
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That might and right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.—SUSAN WILSON.

Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting, by his master, also St. Anne, and a holy Joseph, which are extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit. The incident related occurred about the year 1630.

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
 The early sunlight in one chamber there;
 Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
 Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
 Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
 With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
 To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
 Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,—
 The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing round,
 Mendez upon his canvas found,
 Not his own work of yesterday,
 But, glowing in the morning ray,
 A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
 It almost seemed that there were given
 To glow before his dazzled sight,
 Tints and expression warm from heaven.
 'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
 Yet was unearthly beauty shed
 Upon the mildly beaming face.
 The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
 Had separate, yet blended grace—
 A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed,
 On the mysterious painting gazed.
 "Whose work is this?—speak, tell me!—he
 Who to his aid such power can call,"
 Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
 "Will yet be master of us all.
 Would I had done it!—Ferdinand!
 Isturitz! Mendez!—say, whose hand
 Among ye all?" With half-breathed sigh,
 Each pupil answered,—" 'Twas not I."
 "How came it then?" impatiently
 Murillo cried; "but we shall see.
 Ere long into this mystery.
 Sebastian!"

At the summons came
 A bright-eyed slave.

Who trembled at the stern rebuke

His master gave.

For, ordered in that room to sleep,

And faithful guard o'er all to keep,

Murillo bade him now declare

What rash intruder had been there,

And threatened—if he did not tell

The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.

"Thou answerest not," Murillo said;

(The boy had stood in speechless fear.)

"Speak on!" At last he raised his head

And murmured, "No one has been here."

"'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee,

And clasped his hands imploringly,

And said, "I swear it, none but me!"

"List!" said his master. "I would know

Who enters here. There have been found

Before, rough sketches strewn around,

By whose bold hand, 'tis yours to show;

See that to-night strict watch you keep,

Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.

If on to-morrow morn you fail

To answer what I ask,

The lash shall force you—do you hear?

Hence! to your daily task."

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone

From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray

Within Murillo's study—all were gone

Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,

Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.

'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,

That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,

One bright-eyed boy was there,—Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child,—that boy had seen

Not thrice five summers yet,

But genius marked the lofty brow,

O'er which his locks of jet

Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue

Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through

Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,

To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said.

"The lash, if I refuse to tell

Who sketch'd those figures; if I do,
Perhaps e'en more,—the dungeon-cell!"
He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid;
It came—for soon in slumber laid,
He slept, until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more!" he cried; "and now
Three hours of freedom I may gain,
Before my master comes; for then
I shall be but a slave again.
Three blessed hours of freedom! how
Shall I employ them? Ah! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light
Gave to the head a softened glow;
Gazing enraptured on the sight,
He cried, "Shall I efface it? No!
That breathing lip, that beaming eye!
Efface them? I would rather die!"

The terror of the humble slave
Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings nature gave—
Which only gifted spirits know.
He touched the brow, the lip—it seemed
His pencil had some magic power;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed;
Sebastian then forgot the hour,—
Forgot his master, and the threat
Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
For, with each touch, new beauties met
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
He gazed; could aught more beauteous be?
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started—horror chilled his blood!
His master and the pupils all
Were there e'en at his side!
The terror-stricken slave was mute;
Mercy would be denied,
E'en could he ask it, so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered, for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face.

Each with an artist's joy;
At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke:

"Who is your master, boy?"

"You, Senor," said the trembling slave.

"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"

Again he answered, "Only you."

"I gave you none," Murillo cried!

"But I have heard," the boy replied,

"What you to others said."

"And more than heard," in kinder tone,

The painter said; "'tis plainly shown
That you have profited."

"What (to his pupils) is his meed,

Reward or punishment?"

"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried.

(Sebastian's ear was bent

To catch the sounds he scarce believed.

But with imploring look received.)

"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold

And of a splendid dress;

But still unmoved Sebastian stood,

Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo, kindly; "choose

Your own reward—what shall it be?

Name what you wish, I'll not refuse;

Then speak at once and fearlessly."

"Oh! if I dared—" Sebastian knelt,

And feelings he could not control,

(But feared to utter even then,)

With strong emotion, shook his soul.

"Courage!" his master said, and each

Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,

To soothe his overpowering dread.

He scarcely heard, till some one said,

"Sebastian, ask,—you have your choice,—

Ask for your freedom!"—At the word,

The suppliant strove to raise his voice.

At first but stifled sobs were heard,

And then his prayer—breathed fervently—

"Oh, master, make my *father* free!"

"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
 Warmly the painter cried;
 Raising Sebastian from his feet,
 He pressed him to his side.
 "Thy talents rare, and filial love,
 E'en more have fairly won;
 Still be thou mine by other bonds,—
 My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
 Of generous feeling passed his lips,
 Sebastian's talents soon must lead
 To fame, that would his own eclipse;
 And, constant to his purpose still,
 He joyed to see his pupil gain,
 Beneath his care, such matchless skill
 As made his name the pride of Spain.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

MISS EDWARDS.

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
 Only three grains of corn;
 It will keep the little life I have,
 Till the coming of the morn.
 I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
 Dying of hunger and cold,
 And half the agony of such a death
 My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother,
 A wolf that is fierce for blood,
 All the livelong day, and the night beside,
 Gnawing for lack of food.
 I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
 And the sight was heaven to see—
 I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
 But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
 How could I look to you,
 For bread to give to your starving boy,
 When you were starving, too?
 For I read the famine in your cheek,
 And in your eye so wild,

And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold,—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night,
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died.
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

MR. PICKWICK IN A DILEMMA.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room was the second floor front;

and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always at home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior, on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatansville, would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience, very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been able to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell. "Your little boy is a very long time gone." "Why, it's a good long way to the borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell. "Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is." Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes. "Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again. "Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?" "La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!" "Well, but *do you?*" inquired Mr. Pickwick. "That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table; "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir." "That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell), I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again. "I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him. "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind." "Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell. "You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose,—a deliberate plan, too,—sent her little boy to the borough to get him out of the way—how thoughtful, how considerate! "Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?" "Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir." "It will save you a great deal of trouble, wont it?" said Mr. Pickwick. "Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course, I should take more trouble to please you than ever; but it is so

kind of you, Mr Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will." "I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell. "And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick. "Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob. "He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week, than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Pickwick started. "Oh you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms around Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs. "Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation!—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—" "Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass. Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situation until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching

expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but, by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad." "What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians. "I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy—(here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment.) Now help me to lead this woman down stairs." "Oh, I'm better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly. "Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman. "Thank you, sir, thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned, "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing." "Very," said his three friends. "Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick. "Very;" was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him. "There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman. "It's the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.—FELICIA HEMANS.

King Alphonso of Asturias had imprisoned the Count Saldana almost from the time of Bernardo's birth. The latter at last took up arms in despair. As a compromise the King offered Bernardo possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio with all his captives. The cruelty of this offer is related in the ballad.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart
 of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
 "I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive
 train,
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh! break my
 father's chain!"
 "Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
 this day;
 Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on
 his way."

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed.
 And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.
 And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering
 band.
 With one that midst them stately rode, as leader in the
 land:
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to
 see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's
 hue came and went:
 He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side and there, dis-
 mounting, bent:
 A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
 What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?
 That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his
 like lead!
 He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead!
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed
 and white.
 He met, at last, his father's eyes, but in them was no sight!
 Up from the ground he sprang and gazed, but who could
 paint that gaze?
 They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and
 amaze.
 They might have chained him, as before that stony form he
 stood,
 For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip
 the blood.

"FATHER!" at length he murmured low, and wept like child-hood then ;

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown ;

He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.
Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow :

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now ;

My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh, the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !
I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet !

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil
had met !

Thou wouldst have known my spirit then ;—for thee my
fields were won ;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst
no son !"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the
monarch's rein,

Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse
led,

And sternly set them face to face, the king before the dead :
"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to
kiss ?

Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is
this ?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer,
where are they ?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay !

Into these glassy eyes put light ; be still ! keep down thine
ire ;

Bid these white lips a blessing speak, this earth is not my
sire.

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood
was shed !

Thou canst not ?—and a king !—his dust be mountains on
thy head."

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell ; upon the silent
face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from
that sad place.

His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial
strain ;

His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

BERNARDO AND KING ALPHONSO.—J. G. LOCKHART

With some good ten of his chosen men,
Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all in the palace hall,
The lying king to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground,
He came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned,
And flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king,
"Who com'st unbid to me!
But what from traitor's blood should spring
Save traitor, like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart—
Perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part
To share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale, the king
Hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling
Before the liar's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood,
No stain in mine doth lie:
Below the throne what knight will own
The coward calumny?"

"The blood that I like water shed,
When Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led,
To make us slaves of France.
The life of king Alphonso
I saved at Roncesval—
Your words, lord king, are recompense
Abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down, your hope was flown;
I saw the falchion shine
That soon had drunk your royal blood
Had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done
Deserteth the ingrate;
You've thanked the son for life and crown
By the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith
To set Don Sancho free ;
But, curse upon your paltering breath !
The light he ne'er did see ;
He died in dungeon cold and dim,
By Alphonso's base decree ;
And visage blind and stiffened limb,
Were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word,
Hath stained his purple black ;
No Spanish lord will draw the sword
Behind a liar's back ;
But noble vengeance shall be mine,
An open hate I'll show ;
The king hath injured Carpio's line,
And Bernard is his foe !"

"Seize, seize him !" loud the king doth scream :

"There are a thousand here !
Let his foul blood this instant stream
What ! caitiffs, do ye fear ?
Seize, seize the traitor !" **But not one**
To move a finger dareth ;
Bernardo standeth by the throne,
And calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath,
And held it up on high ;
And all the hall was still as death.
Cries Bernard, "Here am I !
And here's the sword that owns no lord,
Excepting Heaven and me ;
Fain would I know who dares its point,—
King, Condé, or Grandee."

Then to his mouth the horn he drew,—
It hung below his cloak,—
His ten true men the signal knew,
And through the ring they broke ;
With helm on head, and blade in hand,
The knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand,
And the false king to quake.

"Ha ! Bernard," quoth Alphonso,
"What means this warlike guise ?

Ye know full well I jested,
 Ye know your worth I prize! ~
 But Bernard turned upon his heel,
 And, smiling, passed away.
 Long rued Alphonso and his realm
 The jesting of that day!

SHALL WE GIVE UP THE UNION?—D. S. DICKINSON,

Extract from a speech delivered at New York, May 20, 1861.

Shall we then surrender to turbulence, and faction, and rebellion, and give up the Union with all its elements of good, all its holy memories, all its hallowed associations, all its blood-bought history?

No! let the eagle change his plume,
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom—

But do not give up the Union. Preserve it to “flourish in immortal youth,” until it is dissolved amid “the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.” Let the patriot and statesman stand by it to the last, whether assailed by foreign or domestic foes, and if he perishes in the conflict, let him fall like Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, upon the same stand where he has preached liberty and equality to his countrymen.

Preserve it in the name of the fathers of the Revolution; preserve it for its great elements of good; preserve it in the sacred name of liberty; preserve it for the faithful and devoted lovers of the Constitution in the rebellious States,—those who are persecuted for its support, and are dying in its defence. Rebellion can lay down its arms to Government,—Government cannot surrender to rebellion.

Give up the Union!—“this fair and fertile plain, to batten on that moor!” Divide the Atlantic so that its tides shall beat in sections, that some spurious Neptune may rule in an ocean of his own; draw a line upon the sun’s disc, that it may cast its beams upon earth in divisions; let the moon, like Bottom in the play, show but half its face, separate the constellation of the Pleiades and sunder the bands of Orion—but retain the Union!

Give up the Union, with its glorious flag, its stars and

stripes, full of proud and pleasing and honorable recollections, for the spurious invention with no antecedents but the history of a violated Constitution and of lawless ambition? No! let us stand by the emblem of our fathers:

“Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.”

Give up the Union? Never! The Union shall endure, and its praises shall be heard, when its friends and its foes, those who support and those who assail, those who bared their bosoms in its defence, and those who aim their daggers at its heart, shall all sleep in the dust together. Its name shall be heard with veneration amid the roar of Pacific’s waves, away upon the rivers of the north and east, where liberty is divided from monarchy, and be wafted in gentle breezes upon the Rio Grande. It shall rustle in the harvest and wave in the standing corn, on the extended prairies of the West, and be heard in the bleating folds and lowing herds upon a thousand hills. It shall be with those who delve in mines, and shall hum in the manufactories of New England, and in the cotton-gins of the South. It shall be proclaimed by the stars and stripes in every sea of the earth, as the American Union, one and indivisible; upon the great thoroughfares, wherever steam drives and engines throb and shriek, its greatness and perpetuity shall be hailed with gladness. It shall be lisped in the earliest words, and ring in the merry voices of childhood, and swell to heaven upon the song of maidens. It shall live in the stern resolve of manhood, and rise to the mercy-seat upon woman’s gentle, availing prayer. Holy men shall invoke its perpetuity at the altars of religion, and it shall be whispered in the last accents of expiring age. Thus shall survive and be perpetuated the American Union, and when it shall be proclaimed that time shall be no more, and the curtain shall fall, and the good shall be gathered to a more perfect union, still may the destiny of our dear land recognize the conception, that

“Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, awoke the glad song.
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!”

THERE ONCE WAS A TOPER.

There once was a toper—I'll not tell his name—
Who had for his comfort a scolding old dame;
And often and often he wished himself dead,
For if drunk he came home, she would beat him to bed.
He spent all his evenings away from his home,
And when he returned, he would sneakingly come
And try to walk straightly, and say not a word,—
Just to keep his dear wife from abusing her lord;
For, if he dared say his tongue was his own,
'Twould set her tongue going, in no gentle tone,
And she'd huff him, and cuff him, and call him hard names;
And he'd sigh to be rid of all scolding old dames.

It happened, one night, on a frolic he went,
He staid till his very last penny was spent,
But how to go home, and get safely to bed,
Was the thing on his heart that most heavily weighed.
But home he must go; so he caught up his hat,
And off he went singing, by this and by that,
"I'll pluck up my courage, I guess she's in bed,
If she aint, 'tis no matter, I'm sure: who's afraid?"
He came to his door; he lingered until
He peeped, and he listened, and all seemed quite still;
In he went, and his wife sure enough was in bed!
'Oh!' says he, "it's just as I thought: who's afraid?"

He crept about softly, and spoke not a word,
His wife seemed to sleep, for she never e'en stirred!
Thought he, "For this night, then, my fortune is made!
For my dear scolding wife is asleep! Who's afraid?"
But soon, he felt thirsty; and slyly he rose,
And groping around, to the table he goes,
The pitcher found empty,—and so was the bowl,
The pail and the tumblers; she'd emptied the whole!
At length in a corner, a vessel he found;
Says he, "Here's something to drink, I'll be bound!"
And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up—
And drank it all off, in one long hearty sup!

It tasted so queerly; and, what it could be,
He wondered:—it neither was water, nor tea!
Just then a thought struck him and filled him with fear.
"Oh! it must be the poison for rats, I declare!"

And loudly he called on his dear sleeping wife,
 And begged her to rise, "for," said he, "on my life,
 I fear it was *poison*, the bowl did contain;
 Oh, dear! yes,—it *was* poison, I now feel the pain!"
 "And what made you dry, sir?" the wife sharply cried;
 "'Twould serve you just right if from poison you died!
 You've done a fine job, and you'd now better march,
For just see, you brute, you have drank all my starch!"

THE CUMBERLAND.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
 On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
 And at times from the fortress across the bay
 The alarum of drums swept past,
 Or a bugle-blast
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
 Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside!
 As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
 Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.
 "Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
 "It is better to sink than to yield!"
 And the whole air pealed
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn as the sun rose over the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head,
 Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
 Every waft of the air
 Was a whisper of prayer,
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
 Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
 Ho! brave land, with hearts like these,
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
 Shall be one again,
 And without a seam!

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.—ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit—
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky,
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang—any noise, bad or
 good—

Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent,)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.—PAUL DENTON.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than was ever furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out: "Mr. Paul Denton, your Reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet, "There is the liquor, which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children!"

Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water, but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up on the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God,—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all decked with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful,—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends! would you exchange it for the demon's drink, Alcohol?

DEACON STOKES.—THOMAS QUILP.

There once lived one Asa Stokes,
 One of those men whom everything provokes,
 A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
 Ill-natured kind of being;
 He was the deacon of the parish,
 And had the overseeing
 Of some small matters, such as the ringing
 Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.

Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed, one night,
 About eleven or before,
 'Twas in December, if my memory's right, in '24.
 'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver;
 I think I never knew one
 Colder than this—in faith it was a blue one!
 As by the almanac foretold, 'twas
 A real Lapland night. Oh, dear! how cold 'twas!

There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
 A clever, good-for-nothing fellow,
 Who very often used to get quite mellow,
 Of whom the deacon always used to speak **ill**;
 For he was fond of cracking jokes
 On Deacon Stokes, to show on
 What terms he stood among the women folks, and so on.

It came to pass that on the night I speak of,
 Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
 He spent the evening, for the sake of
 Drowning his care, by partaking
 Of the merry-making and enjoyment
 Of some good fellows there, whose sole employment
 Was, all kinds of weather, on every night,
 By early candle-light, to get together
 Reading the papers, smoking pipes and chewing,
 Telling long yarns, and pouring down the **rain**.

Pretty well corned, and up to anything,
 Drunk as a lord, and happy as a king,
 Blue as a razor, from his midnight revel,
 Nor fearing muskets, women, or the devil;
 With a light heart,—much lighter than a feather,—
 With a light soul that spurned the freezing weather,
 And with a head ten times as light as either,

And a purse, perhaps, as light as all together,
 On went Ezekiel, with a great expansion
 Of thought, until he brought
 Up at a post before the deacon's mansion.

With one arm around the post, awhile he stood
 In thoughtful mood, with one eye turned
 Up toward the window where, with feeble glare,
 A candle burned ;
 Then with a serious face, and a grave, mysterious
 Shake of the head, Ezekiel said—
 (His right eye once more thrown upon the beacon
 That from the window shone,) "I'll start the deacon!"

Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stokes's knocker.
 But no one stirred ; rap, rap, it went again ;
 "By George, it must be after ten, or
 They must take an early hour for turning in."
 Rap, rap, rap, rap—"My conscience, how they keep
 A fellow waiting—patience, how they sleep!"

The deacon then began to be alarmed,
 And in amazement threw up the casement ;
 And with cap on head, of fiery red,
 Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
 That thus disturbed his quiet.

"Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
 The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter?"
 "Quite chilly, Deacon ; how your teeth do chatter!"
 "You vagabond, a pretty time you have chosen
 To show your wit ; for I am almost frozen ;
 Be off, or I will put the lash on!"
 "Why bless you, Deacon, don't be in a passion!"
 'Twas all in vain to speak again,
 For with the deacon's threat about the lash,
 Down went the sash.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
 And neither of them was a very light rap ;
 Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
 And that once more brought Deacon Stokes's night-cap.

"Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!"
 "Begone, you vile, insolent dog, or I'll
 Give you a warming that shall serve you right ;
 You villain, it is time to end the hoax!"
 "Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,

Don't be so cross when I've come here, in this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you, do make haste and dress you."

"Well, well, out with it, if it must be so;
Be quick about it, for I'm very cold."

"Well, deacon, I don't doubt it.
In a few words the matter can be told;
Deacon, the case is this; I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here,
What time will green peas come along next year?"

A DISTURBED REVERIE.

Lying supine on the soft, matted grasses,
Gazing up lazily into the blue
Of the sky, when the wandering wind as it passes
Opens the branches for me to look through,
Idly I ponder, and ponder, and ponder,
Thinking of nothing, yet happy and free;
Careless of everything, idly I wonder
At the immensity opened to me.

Looking up listlessly, thoughtlessly dreaming,
Mind a vacuity, life full of joy,
All the dull world seems with happiness teeming,
With nothing to worry, or fret, or annoy.

Earth seems a paradise. Why should I trouble
Or toil to win heaven? Why, heaven is here!
Fortune is worthless, and fame but a bubble:
I scorn them both, looking into the clear
Deep blue of the sky, while the wild bees are humming,
Above and around me, in harmony deep,
And over the meadows the breezes are coming
To fan me, and soothe me, and lull me to sleep.

This, this is happiness, perfect, unmeasured;
Long shall this day without blemish or fleck
Stay in my memory, lovingly treasured—
GREAT SCOTT! *There's a wasp down the back of my neck!*

THE MAY QUEEN.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear;

To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-
Year;

Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so
bright as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;

So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;

But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
gay,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see

But Robin, leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yester-
day—

But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,

And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;

They say his heart is breaking, mother,—what is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,

And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy
 bowers;
 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-
 flowers;
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps
 and hollows gray,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
 o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow
 grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they
 pass;
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong
 day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen
 o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and
 play,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
 the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
 dear;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-
 Year:
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
 the May.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year.
 It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more
 of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of
 mind;
 And the New-Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never
 see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry
 day;
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen
 of May;

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-
tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the
pane.

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high;
I long to see a dower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the
wave.

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'ill shine.
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill.
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is
still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning
light,

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night:
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in
the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly
laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you
pass.

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go:
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your
face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you
say.

And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night; when I have said good-night for-
evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green :

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor :

Let her take 'em, they are hers ; I shall never garden
more ;

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I
set

About the parlor-window ; and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ; call me before the day is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year,

So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;

And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !—

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

Oh, sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot
rise.

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow,

And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet, His will be
done !

But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;

And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of
peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair !

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me
there !

Oh, blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head !

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin ;

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let
me in ;

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death watch
beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and morning
meet.

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over
all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt re-
signed,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me,—I know not what
was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them; it's
mine."

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the
stars.

So now I think my time is near: I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day,
But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am passed away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of
life.

Oh, look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done,
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun,
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such
ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home !
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come ;
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TUBAL-CAIN.—CHARLES MACKAY.

“Tubal-cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.” Gen. IV, 22.

Old Tubal-cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, “Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord.”

To Tubal-cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest, free.
And they sang, “Hurrah for Tubal-cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire
And hurrah for the metal true!”

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal-cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, “Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!”

And for many a day old Tubal-cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smouldered low;
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright, courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high;
 And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
 And the red sparks lit the air—
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"—
 And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands;
 And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal-cain!"
 Our stanch good friend is he;
 And, for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword."

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE ON SHIRT BUTTONS.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. *Do let you rest?* No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. *You didn't swear?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. *You were not in a passion, weren't you?* Well then I don't know what a passion is; and I think I

ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say "*ah*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another, they'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. *What would they do*, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE." A. D. 1154-1864

A strong and mighty angel,
Calm, terrible and bright,
The cross in blended red and blue
Upon his mantle white!

Two captives by him kneeling,
Each on his broken chain,
Sang praise to God who raiseth
The dead to life again!

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
"Wear this," the angel said;
"Take thou, O freedom's priest, its sign,—
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,
And begged through all the land of France
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle
Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell,
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand.
And paid his righteous tax;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with seven score Christian souls
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
Her sails in tatters hung;
And on the wild waves rudderless,
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,
"For naught can man avail:
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks
Her rudder and her sail!"

"Behind us are the Moormen;
 At sea we sink or strand;
There's death upon the water,
 There's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:
 "God's errands never fail!
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
 And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
 The blue, the white, the red;
And straight before the wind off-shore
 The ship of freedom sped.

"God help us!" cried the seamen,
 "For vain is mortal skill;
The good ship on a stormy sea
 Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha:
 "My mariners, never fear!
The Lord whose breath has filled her sail
 May well our vessel steer!"

So on through storm and darkness
 They drove for weary hours;
And lo! the third gray morning shone
 On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
 The ship of mercy knew,—
They knew far off its holy cross,
 The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
 Rang out in glad accord,
To welcome home to Christian soil
 The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
 By bard and painter told;
And lo! the cycle rounds again,
 The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,
 And sails by traitors torn,
Our country on a midnight sea
 Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror ;
Behind, the pirate foe ;
The clouds are black above her,
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong,
She drifts in darkness and in storm,
How long, O Lord ! how long ?

But courage, O my mariners !
Ye shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the freedman's prayers
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
Which God hath blest anew,
The mantle that de Matha wore,
The red, the white, the blue ?

Its hues are all of heaven,—
The red of sunset's dye.
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,
For daylight and for land ;
The breath of God is on your sail,
Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes ;
The saints of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown ;
Before ye, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha !—
God's errands never fail !
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail !

Sail on ! The morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win ;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in !

A PSALM OF LIFE.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant ;
Let the dead past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE BELL OF THE "ATLANTIC."—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The steamboat Atlantic, plying between Norwich, Conn. Nov. 26, 1846, and New York, was wrecked on an island near New London. Many of the passengers were on their way to join in the celebration of the annual Thanksgiving in New England. The bell of this boat, supported by a portion of the wreck, continued for many days and nights to toll as if in mournful requiem of the lost.

Toll, toll, toll!

Thou bell by billows swung,
And, night and day, thy warning words
Repeat with mournful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boat,
Wrecked on yon rocky shore!
Sea-weed is in her palace halls,
She rides the surge no more.

Toll for the master bold,
The high-souled and the brave,
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave!

Toll for the hardy crew,
Sons of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant ocean dared;
But it vanquished them at last.

Toll for the man of God,
Whose hallowed voice of prayer
Rose calm above the stifled groan
Of that intense despair!
How precious were those tones,
On that sad verge of life,
Amid the fierce and freezing storm,
And the mountain billow's strife!

Toll for the lover, lost
To the summoned bridal train;
Bright glows a picture on his breast,
Beneath th' unfathomed main.
One from her casement gazeth
Long o'er the misty sea;
He cometh not, pale maiden,
His heart is cold to thee!

Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home drew near
To bless a glad, expecting group,—
Fond wife, and children dear!

They heap the blazing hearth,
 The festal board is spread,
 But a fearful guest is at the gate;—
 Room for the sheeted dead!
 Toll for the loved and fair,
 The whelmed beneath the tide,—
 The broken harps around whose strings
 The dull sea-monsters glide!
 Mother and nursling sweet,
 Reft from the household throng;
 There's bitter weeping in the nest
 Where breathed their soul of song.
 Toll for the hearts that bleed
 'Neath misery's furrowing trace;
 Toll for the hapless orphan left,
 The last of all his race!
 Yea, with thy heaviest knell,
 From surge to rocky shore,
 Toll for the living—not the dead,
 Whose mortal woes are o'er.
 Toll, toll, toll!
 O'er breeze and billow free;
 And with thy startling lore instruct
 Each rover of the sea.
 Tell how o'er proudest joys
 May swift destruction sweep,
 And bid him build his hopes on high—
 Lone teacher of the deep!

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Good morning, doctor; how do you do? I haint quite so well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I don't think that last medicine you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the earache last night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflictedest human that ever lived.

Since this cold weather sot in, that troublesome cough,

that I have had every winter for the last fifteen year, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give me anything that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

Then I have a crick, at times, in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, dear! What shall I do! I have consulted almost every doctor in the country, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried everything that I could think of; but I can't find anything that does me the leastest good. (*Coughs.*)

Oh this cough,—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the rising of deacon Jones' saw mill; it's getting to be very troublesome just before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl round in any fashion.

What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out ploughing last week? Why, the weacked old critter, she kept a-backing and backing on till she backed me right up agin the colter, and knocked a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day. doctor. You see it was washing-day, and my wife wanted me to go out and bring in a little stove-wood; you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to everything about the house herself.

I knew it wouldn't be safe for me to go out—as it was raining at the time—but I thought I'd risk it anyhow. So I went out, picked up a few chunks of stove-wood and was a-coming up the steps into the house, when my feet slipped from under me, and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip, and knocked out three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face aint well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, specially by the women folks. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that aint all, doctor, I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm a-going to have the "yallar janders." (*Coughs.*)

THE NEW-BORN BABE.—Mrs. MORRIS.

Into our home one blessed day
A wee sweet babe had found its way,
While through the mist of tears and pain
Sunlight fell on our hearts again!
There it lay in its tender grace,—
The wee babe in its resting place.
The father's eye with pride and joy
Beamed as it rested on his boy!
He saw, as the years roll swift away,
And time had blanched his locks to gray,
A strong young figure guide his feet
On until life and death should meet,
And when his days on earth should close,
The loved one lay him to repose!
But what the voice within her ear,
The mother,—in whose eye a tear
Glistens and falls upon the brow
Of the babe resting by her now?
She lifts her heart and simply says,
"O God! I thank thee, give thee praise!"
She hears a voice within her ear
That breathes this lesson, low, but clear:
"Mother, to thee this day is given
A soul to keep and fit for heaven.
Oh, watch and lead the little feet
Through the day's toil and pain and heat,
Lest from the path they go astray.
And wander from God's fold away!
And guide the hands that they may know
No other will than His below.
And train the heart so pure, so mild,
Into the likeness of the child
Who came into a world of sin
And gave his life our souls to win!
Heed well the charge! nor hope to plead
Thou couldst not know, thou didst not heed!"
The mother bowed her head in thought,
And then for guidance meekly sought.
Then from her lips arose this prayer:
"Do Thou, O Lord, my soul prepare
To do Thy will, and yield to Thee
This child, at last, all stainlessly!"

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work—work—work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work!
 Till the stars shine through the roof.
 It’s oh, to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work!
 Till the brain begins to swim!
 Work—work—work!
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in my dream!

“Oh, men with sisters dear!
 Oh, men with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you’re wearing out,
 But human creatures’ lives!
 Stiteh—stiteh—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt!

“But why do I talk of death,
 That phantom of grisly bone?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own,
 It seems so like my own,—
 Because of the fast I keep:
 O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!

My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags;
A shattered roof, and this naked floor;
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!

"Work—work—work!

In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet!
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour,

A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

PLEDGE WITH WINE.*

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own house act as you please, but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from

*The same story in verse, entitled "The Bridal Wine Cup," will be found in No. 4 of this Series.

her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly! his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls; see him clasp his hands; hear his thrilling shrieks for life; mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup:

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not;

his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder—he is dead!”

A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

“Dead!” she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; “and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister! And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father’s son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father,” she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, “father, shall I drink it now?”

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—“No, no, my child, in God’s name, no.”

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: “Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother’s dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?”

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the

entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

HORACE SMITH.

In Broad street buildings on a winter night,
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose,
With t'other he'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops;
Gum, galls, and groceries; ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;
When lo! a decent personage in black,
Entered and most politely said:
"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighborly to give you notice."
Ten thousand thanks!" the gouty man replied;
"You see, good sir, how to my chair I'm tied;—
Ten thousand thanks: how very few do get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger!
Assuredly, that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate;
He knows, too, the unconscionable elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."
"Indeed," replied the stranger, looking grave,
"Then he's a double knave:
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors;
And sec, how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,

Perform his knavish tricks :
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks :
And—walk off—thus.”
So said, so done ; he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

BRIDGET AND THE MATINEE.—ELMER RUÁN COATES.

“ Well, Bridget, we’ve been talking, and
We think you’re good and true ;
My husband says he’s never found
An Irish maid like *you*.

“ We see you’re not the giddy girl
That favors quickly spoil,
And we agree that pleasure should
Be blended with your toil.

“ Now, Bridget, here are fifty cents—
Dress in a tidy way,
Then go to Ninth and Walnut, and
You’ll see a matinee.”

Miss Bridget thanked her, dressed and went,
And in a half an hour
Home she came, and threw a smile
With all her fervent power.

“ Why, Bridget Leary, how is this?
Some wrong has surely come !
What have you seen ? ” “ The matinee,
As you directed, mum.”

“ The matinee, and back so soon ?
You haven’t had the time.”

“ Indeed I have, and ’pon my soul,
I think it was sublime.

“ I tell yez, mum, it was a take ;
Such water, wood and sky !
It must be fifty feet across,
And, maybe, forty high.

"And then the faddles and the horns,
And something like the bells;
You should have heard the boys up stairs—
Their stamping and their yells.

"I've not been very long, I know,
But true as true can be,
There's nothing 'bout the matinee
That Bridget didn't see."

"And only half an hour gone!
Why, little girl, explain."

"I'll do most anything to keep
The truth upon my name.

"The boys kept up their fearful noise,
The faddles wouldn't play,
And then they rolled it out of sight."
"Rolled what?" "The matinee.

"Then on a platform came a man,
And a woman tall and shpare;
I quickly saw their fam'ly fuss
Was none of my affair.

"So up I jumped and started home,
And let me truly say:
I thank yez for the money, and
That charming matinee."

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—FELICIA HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
 But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
 They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath.
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

ANSWER TO "THE HOUR OF DEATH."

MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

True, all we know must die,
 Though none can tell the exact appointed hour;
 Nor should it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
 Whether death doth crush the oak, or nip the opening
 flower.

The Christian is prepared,
 Though others tremble at the hour of gloom!
 His soul is always ready on his guard;
 His lamps are lighted 'gainst the bridegroom come.

It matters not the time
 When we shall end our pilgrimage below ;
 Whether in youth's bright morn, or manhood's prime,
 Or when the frost of age has whitened o'er our brow.

The child has blossomed fair,
 And looked so lovely on its mother's breast,
 The source of many a hope, and many a prayer,
 Why murmur that it sleeps, when all at last may rest?

Snatched from a world of woe,
 Where they must suffer most who longest dwell,
 It vanished like a flake of early snow,
 That melts into the sea, pure as from heaven it fell.

The youth whose pulse beats high,
 Eager through glory's brilliant course to run,
 Why should we shed a tear or breathe a sigh,
 That the bright goal is gained,—the prize thus early won!

Unstained by many a crime,
 Which to maturer years might owe their birth,
 In summer's earliest bloom, or morning's prime,
 How blest are they who quit this checkered scene of earth:

And shall no tear be paid
 To her, the new-made bride,—the envied fair,
 On whose fond heart death's withering hand is laid,
 Checking each pulse of bliss Hymen has wakened there?

Joy scattered roses, while
 The happy slumberer sank in calm repose
 In death's embrace, e'er love withdrew his smile ;
 And 'scaped those chilling blights the heart too often knows.

Yes! all we know must die.
 Since none can tell the exact appointed hour,
 Why need it cost the virtuous heart a sigh,
 Whether death doth crush the oak, or nip the opening
 flower?

A YANKEE IN LOVE.—ALF BURNETT.

One day Sall fooled me; she heated the poker awful hot,
 then asked me to stir the fire. I seized hold of it mighty
 quick to oblige her, and dropped it quicker to oblige myself.
 Well, after the poker scrape, me and Sall only got on mid-

dlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to pop the question, for I loved her harder every day, and I had an idee she loved me or had a sneaking kindness for me. But how to do the thing up nice and right pestered me orful. I bought some love books, and read how the fellers git down onter their knees and talk like poets, and how the girls would gently-like fall in love with them. But somehow or other that way didn't kinder suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad courted, but she said it had been so long she had forgotten all about it. Uncle Jo said mam did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was fairiy consumin' my mind; so I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "An't you sick, Peter?" She said this mighty soft-like. "Yes; No!" sez I; "that is, I an't zackly well. I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. I tho't that was a mighty purty beginnin'; so I tried agin. "Sall," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder fainty about the stommuck and shaky about the knees—"Sall," sez I. "What?" sez she. "Sall," sez I agin. "What?" sez she. I'll get to it arter awhile at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," says she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorrer is a consumin' fire." She said this, *she did*, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only tryin' to fish it out, but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point.

At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a-risin' in my throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," sez she, "there's dad and mam," and a-countin' of her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shet like a feller shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide (that were their old cow), and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a feller ded in love; so arter awhile I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice, pretty wife to love and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous feller." Sez I, "Sall, do you know any gal would keer for me?"

With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming of herself, and sed I oughter git one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "SALL, you are the VERY gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I love you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who knows it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock, Epluribusunum, world without end, amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd throwed up an alligator, I felt so relieved.

With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile sez, sez she, "PETER!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "YES!" sez she, a-hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap, I felt good. "Glory! glory!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shall bust. Hurrah for hooray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!"

With that I sot right down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your blackberry jam; talk about your sugar and merlasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they would all a been sour arter that. Oh, these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they make a feller feel! If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was abed, I'd a sot there two hours longer.

You oughter seed me when I got home! I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and hugged her! I pulled aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her! I larfed and hollered, I crowed like a rooster, I danced round there, and I cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with.

"Dad," sez I, "I'm goin' to be married!" "Married!" bawled dad. "Married!" squalled mam. "Married!" screamed aunt Jane. "Yes, married," sez I; "married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to SALL. I *am* that very thing—me! Peter Sorghum Esquire!"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it from Alfer to Ermeger! They was all mighty well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

EXTRACT FROM THE DEDICATORY ODE FOR
THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY,

July 1, 1869.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
Those words of solemn breath,
What voice may fitly break
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,
And as a nation's litany, repeat
The phrase his martyrdom has made complete,
Noble as then, but now more sadly-sweet:
"Let us, the living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
And save the periled state!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!
That, under God, the nation's later birth
Of freedom, and the people's gain
Of their own sovereignty, shall never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth!"
From such a perfect text, shall song aspire
To light its faded fire,
And into wandering music turn
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful and stern?
His voice all elegies anticipated;
For whatsoe'er the strain,
We hear that one refrain:
"We consecrate ourselves to them, the consecrated!"

After the thunder-storm our heaven is blue;
Far off, along the borders of the sky,
In silver folds the clouds of battle lie,
With soft consoling sunlight shining through;
And round the sweeping circle of your hills
The crashing cannon-thrills
Have faded from the memory of the air;
And summer pours from unexhausted fountains
Her bliss on yonder mountains;
The camps are tenantless, the breastworks bare;
Earth keeps no stain where hero-blood was poured.

The hornets, humming on their wings of lead,
Have ceased to sting, their angry swarms are dead;
And, harmless in its scabbard, rusts the sword!

Oh, not till now,—oh, now we dare, at last,
To give our heroes fitting consecration!
Not till the soreness of the strife is past,
And peace hath comforted the weary nation.
So long her sad, indignant spirit held
One keen regret, one throb of pain, unequaled,
So long the land about her feet was waste,
The ashes of the burning lay upon her.
We stood beside their graves with brows abased,
Waiting the purer mood to do them honor!
They, through the flames of this dread holocaust,
The patriot's wrath, the soldier's ardor lost:
They sit above us and above our passion,
Disparaged even by our human tears—
Beholding truth our race, perchance, may fashion
In the slow judgment of the creeping years.
We saw the still reproof upon their faces;
We heard them whisper from the shining spaces:
"To-day ye grieve: come not to us with sorrow!
Wait for the glad, the reconciled to-morrow!
Your grief but clouds the ether where we dwell;
Your anger keeps your souls and ours apart;
But come with peace and pardon, all is well!
And come with love, we touch you, heart to heart!"

* * * * *

This they have done for us, who slumber here,—
Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;
Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,
Sowing, but never reaping;—
Building, but never sitting in the shade
Of the strong mansion they have made;
Speaking their word of life with mighty tongue,
But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,
Of brothers who rejoiced,
From all our river-vales and mountains flung.
So take them, heroes of the songful past!
Open your ranks, let every shining troop,
Its phantom banners droop,
To hail earth's noblest martyrs, and her last-
Take them, O Fatherland!

Who, dying, conquered in thy name ;
And, with a grateful hand,
Inscribe their deeds who took away thy blame—
Give, for their grandest all, thine insufficient fame!
Take them, O God! our brave,
The glad fulfillers of thy dread decree;
Who grasped the sword for peace, and smote to save,
And, dying here for freedom, died for thee!

THE RUM MANIAC.—ALLISON.

“ Say, doctor, may I not have rum,
To quench this burning thirst within?
Here on this cursed bed I lie,
And cannot get one drop of gin.
I ask not health, nor even life—
Life! what a curse it's been to me!
I'd rather sink in deepest hell,
Than drink again its misery.

“ But, doctor, may I not have rum?
One drop alone is all I crave;
Grant this small boon, I ask no more!
Then I'll defy—yes e'en the grave;
Then, without fear, I'll fold my arms,
And bid the monster strike his dart,
To haste me from this world of woe,
And claim his own,—this ruined heart.

“ A thousand curses on his head
Who gave me first the poisoned bowl,
Who taught me first this bane to drink,
Drink—death and ruin to my soul.
My soul! oh, cruel, horrid thought!
Full well I know thy certain fate;
With what instinctive horror shrinks
The spirit from that awful state!

“ Lost—lost—I know forever lost!
To me no ray of hope can come:
My fate is sealed; my doom is —
But give me rum; I will have rum.
But, doctor, don't you see him there?
In that dark corner low he sits;
See! how he sports his fiery tongue,
And at me burning brimstone spits!

"Say, don't you see this demon fierce?
 Does no one hear? will no one come?
 Oh save me—save me—I will give —
 But rum! I must have, will have rum!
 Ah! now he's gone; once more I'm free:
 He,—the boasting knave and liar,—
 He said that he would take me off
 Down to——But there! my bed's on fire!
 "Fire! water! help! come, haste—I'll die;
 Come, take me from this burning bed:
 The smoke—I'm choking—cannot cry;
 There now—it's catching at my head!
 But see! again that demon's come;
 Look! there he peeps through yonder crack,
 Mark how his burning eyeballs flash!
 How fierce he grins! what brought him back?
 "There stands his burning coach of fire;
 He smiles and beckons me to come.
 What are those words he's written there?
 'In hell, we never want for rum!'"

One loud, one piercing shriek was heard;
 One yell rang out upon the air;
 One sound, and one alone, came forth,—
 The victim's cry of wild despair.

"Why longer wait? I'm ripe for hell;
 A spirit's sent to bear me down:
 There, in the regions of the lost,
 I sure will wear a fiery crown.
 Damned, I know, without a hope!
 One moment more, and then I'll come!
 And there I'll quench my awful thirst
 With boiling, burning, fiery rum!"

WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

J. Q. ADAMS.

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh,
 sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these
 names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in
 the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded
 in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the
 thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare!

What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin! The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North American People, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated

Republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our government! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country from age to age, till time shal' be no more!

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

FRANCES DANA GAGE.

Here's a big washing to be done,—
 One pair of hands to do it,—
 Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants.
 How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
 No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
 And baby cross as he can live—
 He's always so on Monday.

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
 The bread was worked for baking.
 The clothes were taken from the boil—
 Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
 I wish he'd sleep a little,
 Till I could run and get some wood,
 To hurry up the kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P—— comes home,
 And finds things in this pother,
 He'll just begin and tell me all
 About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchen used to be,
 Her dinner always ready
 Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
 Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!

And then will come some hasty words,
 Right out before I'm thinking—
 They say that hasty words from wives
 Set sober men to drinking.

Now, is not that a great idea,
 That men should take to sinning,
 Because a weary, half-sick wife,
 Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
 My living without trouble,
 Had clothes and pocket money, too,
 And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
 When I, a-lass! was courted,—
 Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, cham-
 bermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub generally
 doing the work of six,
 For the sake of being supported!

THE BRAVE AT HOME.—T. BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
 Though heaven alone records the tear,
 And fame shall never know the story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder;
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon a field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on freedom's field of honor!

PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.—N. P. WILLIS.

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, among those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example, to express the pains and passions of his "Prometheus," whom he was then about to paint.

—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

There stood an unsold captive in the mart,
 A gray-haired and majestic old man,
 Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
 And the last seller from his place had gone,
 And not a sound was heard but of a dog
 Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone;
 Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
 As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
 He had stood there since morning, and had borne
 From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
 Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
 For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
 And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
 And touched his unhealed wounds, and with a sneer
 Passed on; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
 He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,
 The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
 Of torture to his children, summoned back
 The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
 Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
 Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
 Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
 Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
 With a stout heart that long and weary day,
 Haughtily patient of his many wrongs;
 But now he was alone, and from his nerves
 The needless strength departed, and he leaned
 Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
 Throng on him as they would.

Unmarked of him,
 Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
 Gazing upon his grief. The Athenian's cheek
 Flushed as he measured with a painter's eye
 The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
 Stained with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
 Swollen to purple fulness; the gray hair,

Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes;
 And as a thought of wilder bitterness
 Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
 And the fast workings of his bloodless face
 Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
 Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
 From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
 And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
 Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
 The walls were hung with armor, and about
 In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
 Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
 And from the casement soberly away
 Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
 And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
 The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight

“Bring me the captive now!
 My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift,
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens,—around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.

“Ha! bind him on his back!
 Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
 Quick—or he faints! stand with the cordial near!
 Now—bend him to the rack!
 Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar,
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"'Hereafter!' Ay—*hereafter*!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on!

"Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild,—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot,
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
Oh heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

“Vain—vain—give o’er! His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
 Stand back! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow!
 Gods! if he do not die
 But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
 Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

“Shivering! Hark! he mutters
 Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath.
 Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!

Look, how his temple flutters!
 Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
 He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he’s dead.”

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
 And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
 The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
 The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
 Left in the bosom for the spirit’s lip,
 We look upon our splendor and forget
 The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
 Many a falsèr idol. There are hopes
 Promising well; and love-touched dreams for some;
 And passions, many a wild one; and fair schemes
 For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
 Balk not the soul; ambition only gives,
 Even of bitterness, a beaker full!
 Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
 Troubled at best; love is a lamp unseen,
 Burning to waste, or, if its light is found,
 Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken;
 Gain is a groveling care, and folly tires,
 And quiet is a hunger never fed;
 And from love’s very bosom, and from gain,
 Or folly, or a friend, or from repose—
 From all but keen ambition—will the soul
 Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
 To wander like a restless child away.

Oh, if there were not better hopes than these;
 Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame;
 If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
 Must canker in its coffers; if the links

Falsehood hath broken will unite no more ;
 If the deep-yearning love, that hath not found
 Its like in the cold world, must waste in tears ;
 If truth, and fervor, and devotedness,
 Finding no worthy altar, must return
 And die of their own fullness; if beyond
 The grave there is no heaven in whose wide air
 The spirit may find room, and in the love
 Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
 May spend itself—WHAT THRICE-MOCKED FOOLS ARE WE!

DEATH-BED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

Fifty years ago, in a rude garret, near the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead-seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows; long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes,—vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face, something so full of unnatural loneliness, unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror.) But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air; the death-sweat stands in drops on that bold brow—the man is dying. Throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch in the shattered wall. “Would you die in the faith of the Christian?” faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. “Christian!” he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart, “Will that faith give me

back my honor? Come with me, old man, come with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child. }

"And listen, old man, were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands, and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!"

That was an awful death-bed. The minister had watched "the last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells, but had never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose; he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death-chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest! This faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. "This coat I wore, when I first heard the news of Lexington; this coat I wore, when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga; that bullet-hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now, I am a—let me whisper it in your ear!" He hissed that single burning word into the minister's ear. "Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see"—and a ghastly smile came over his face—"there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow: no wife, no child. I must meet death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!"

While he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith, which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death-chill on his brow, "Faith! Can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest! there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war; there, in his royal halls, sits

George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I,—I who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king—here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog!”

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb—throb—throb—beats the death-watch, in the shattered wall. “Hush! silence along the lines there!” he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; “silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the centre of the town; we will meet there in victory, or die!—Hist! silence, my men—not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys—now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars—up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark, and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow, and Quebec is ours!”

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair; erect, livid, ghastly: there for a moment, and then he falls—he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy, a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man lying here alone, in this rude garret; this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse,—this man, whose memories seem to link something with heaven, and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment: it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to Benedict Arnold! And there, in that rude hut, while the death-watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall; there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and the traitor.

(Oh that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corse; and, while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that noble arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past. For

that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom: yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga—that arm, yonder, beneath the snow white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.)

LOVE, MURDER, AND ALMOST MATRIMONY.

In Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phœbe Brown,
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And she was considered by good judges to be,
by all odds, the best-looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen,
Her eyes were sparkling bright,
A very lovely girl she was,
And for a year and a half there had been a
good-looking young man paying his attentions to her, by
the name of Reuben White.

Now Reuben was a nice young man,
As any in the town;
And Phœbe loved him very dear,
But on account of his being obliged to work for
a living, he never could make himself agreeable to Mr. and
Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved that
Another she should wed,—
A rich old miser in the place;
And old Brown frequently declared that rather
than have his daughter marry Reuben White he'd knock
him on the head.

But Phœbe's heart was brave and strong;
She feared no parent's frowns;
And as for Reuben White so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times, that
with the exception of Phœbe, he didn't care a cent for the
whole race of Browns.

Now Phœbe Brown and Reuben White
Determined they would marry;

Three weeks ago last Tuesday night

They started for old Parson Webster's, with the fixed determination to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock, though it was tremendous dark, and rained like the very old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake,

He loaded up his gun,

And then pursued the loving pair—

And overtook 'em when they'd got about half way to the parson's, when Reuben and Phoebe started upon a run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim,

Toward young Reuben's head;

But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,

For he made a mistake, and shot his only daughter, and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her drop down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,

And vengeance crazed his brain—

He drew an awful jack-knife out,

And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty times, so that it was very doubtful about his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes

In torrents poured down;

He yielded up the ghost and died—

And in this melancholy and heart-rending manner terminates the history of Reuben and Phoebe, and likewise of old Captain Brown.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.—W. C. BRYANT.

O thou great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years

Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield

The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,

And look with stony eye on human tears,

Thy cruel reign is o'er;

Thy bondmen crouch no more

In terror at the menace of thine eye;

For he who marks the bounds of guilty power,

Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament.

Fields, where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
And they who filled its judgment-seats, obeyed
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of fate.

Fierce men at thy right hand,
With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and, in blank dismay,
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;
While meaner cowards, mingling with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride;
Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.

And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow
Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart

Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;
Thy inner lair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due,
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was east.

Go then, accursed of God, and take thy place
With baleful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting pest, and nameless erime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay;
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt,—
Death at the stake to those that held them not.
Lo, the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
Seourges and engines of restraint and pain
Moulder and rust by thine eternal seat.
There, mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.—COATES KINNEY.

When the humid showers gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start;

And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into
woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving
hair,
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—a serene, angelic
pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild
reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue.
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue.
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the
rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a
spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy pas-
sions swell,
As that melody of nature, that subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain!

STAND BY THE FLAG.—JOSEPH HOLT.

Letter to Kentuckians, written from Washington, May 31, 1861.

Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart strings, and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve that, come weal or woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, to the halls of the Montezumas, and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave and the free to victory and to glory.

It has been my fortune to look upon this flag in foreign lands, and amid the gloom of an Oriental despotism, and right well do I know, by contrast, how bright are its stars and how sublime its inspirations! If this banner, the emblem for us of all that is grand in human history, and of all that is transporting in human hope, is to be sacrificed on the altars of a satanic ambition, and thus disappear forever amid the night and tempest of revolution, then will I feel—and who shall estimate the desolation of that feeling?—that the sun has indeed been stricken from the sky of our lives, and that henceforth we shall be wanderers and outcasts, with naught but the bread of sorrow and of penury for our lips, and with hands ever outstretched in feebleness and supplication, on which, in any hour, a military tyrant may rivet the fetters of a despairing bondage. May God in his infinite mercy save you and me, and the land we so much love, from the doom of such a degradation.

No contest so momentous as this has arisen in human history, for, amid all the conflicts of men and of nations, the life of no such government as ours has ever been at stake. Our fathers won our independence by the blood and sacrifice of a seven years' war, and we have maintained it against the assaults of the greatest power upon the earth; and the question now is whether we are to perish by our own hands, and have the epitaph of suicide written upon our tomb. The ordeal through which we are passing must involve immense suffering and losses for us all, but the expenditure of not merely hundreds of millions, but of billions, will be well made, if the result shall be the preservation of our institutions.

Could my voice reach every dwelling in Kentucky, I would implore its inmates—if they would not have the rivers of their prosperity shrink away, as do unfed streams beneath the summer heats—to rouse themselves from their lethargy, and fly to the rescue of their country before it is everlastingly too late. Man should appeal to man, and neighborhood to neighborhood, until the electric fires of patriotism shall flash from heart to heart in one unbroken current throughout the land. It is a time in which the workshop, the office, the counting-house and the field may

well be abandoned for the solemn duty that is upon us, for all these toils will but bring treasure, not for ourselves, but for the spoiler, if this revolution is not arrested. We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean on the same common deck. The howl of the storm is in our ears, and "the lightning's red glare is painting hell on the sky," and while the noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashings of the waves, the cry is heard that she has sprung aleak at many points, that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold. The man who, at such an hour, will not work at the pumps, is either a maniac or a monster.

A FRENCHMAN'S DINNER.

A Monsieur from the Gallic shore,
 Who, though not over rich, wished to appear so;
 Came over in a ship with friends a score—
 Poor emigrants, whose wealth, good lack!
 Dwelt only on their ragged backs—
 Who thought him rich, they'd heard him oft declare so
 For he was proud as Satan's self,
 And often bragged about his pelf.
 And as a proof—the least
 That he could give—he promised when on land,
 At the first inn, in style so grand,
 To give a feast!

The Frenchmen jumped at such an offer;
 Monsieur did not forget his proffer;
 But at the first hotel, on shore,
 They stopped to lodge and board,
 The Frenchman ordered in his way,
 A dinner to be done that day.
 But here occurred a grievous bore;
 Monsieur of English knew but little,
 Of French, the host knew not a tittle;
 In ordering dinner, therefore, 'tis no wonder.
 That they both should make a blunder.
 For, all that from the order he could trace,
 Was—"Monsieur Bull, you lette me have, I say,
 Vich for vid money, I shall you pay:
Fifteen of those vic' vich de sheep do run!"

From which old Tapps could only understand,
 What Monsieur desired with air so grand,
 Was, fifteen legs of mutton!

They seemed a set of hungry curs,
 And so without more bother or demurs,
 Tapps to his cook his orders soon expressed,
 And fifteen legs of mutton soon were dressed;
 And now around the table all elate,
 The Frenchman's friends the dinner doth await;
 Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin's eyes,
 When they beheld, with glad surprise,
 Tapps quick appear with leg of mutton hot,
 Smoking and just ejected from the pot!
 Laughed, stared, and chuckled more and more,
 When two they saw, then three, then four!
 And then a fifth! their eager glances blessed,
 And then a sixth! larger than all the rest!

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur, vy for you make
 Dis vera great blundare and mistake?
 Vy for you bring to me so several mouton legs?"
 Tapps, with a bow, his pardon begs—
 "I've done as you have ordered, sir," said he,
 "Did you not order *fifteen legs* of me?
 Six of which before your eyes appear,
 And nine besides are nearly done down-stairs!
 Here, John!"

"*Sacre!* You Jean! you fool! you ass!
 You one great clown to bring me to dis pass;
 Take vay dis meat for vich I shall no pay,
 I did no order dat!"
 "What's that you say?"

Tapps answered with a frown and with a stare,
 "You ordered fifteen legs of me, I'll swear,
 Or *fifteen things with which the sheep do run*,
 Which means the same; I'm not so easy done!"

"Parbleu! Monsieur, vy you no comprehend?"

You may take back de legs unto de pot;
 I tell you, sare, 'tis not de legs I vant—

But *dese here littel tings vid which de sheep do trot!*"

"Why hang it!" cried the landlord in a rage,

Which Monsieur vainly tried to assuage,

"Hang it!" said he, as to the door he totters:

"Now after all the trouble that I took,

These legs of mutton, both to buy and cook,

It seems, instead of fifteen legs,
 You merely wanted fifteen poor sheep's trotters!"

"Oui, Monsieur!" the Frenchman quickly said,
 At which John seemed very much dismayed,
 And to the kitchen, he with horror tatters,
 To blow up cook about the fifteen trotters.

UNION AND LIBERTY.—O. W. HOLMES.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,

Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky

Loud rings the Nation's cry—

UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,

Pride of her children, and honored afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation

Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,

Bearing the standard of liberty's van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,

Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,

Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,

Then with the arms to thy millions united,

Smite the bold traitors to freedom and law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,

Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?

Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE!

Up with our banner bright,

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky

Loud rings the Nation's cry—

UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.*

ELIZABETH H. JOCELYN CLEAVELAND.

Talking of sects quite late one eve,
What one and another of saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good Father, stop; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind
As down to the stream his way he took,
His hands firm hold of a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of Common Prayer,
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
If he belonged to "the church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made,
"My hat and coat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
And he sighed a few moments over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

*This very beautiful poem was written in 1860, and having been so extensively circulated has undergone considerable change and mutilation. The following is printed from a copy furnished by the author.

Poor, dying Quaker, thy suit of gray
Is quietly sailing—away—away,
But thou'lt go to heaven, as straight as an arrow,
Whether thy brim be broad or narrow.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there, on the river, far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged—may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"

"Thus, with a few drops on my brow;"

"But I have been *dipped*, as you'll see me *now*."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you.
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

And straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But how did the brethren "enter in?"

And now where the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women, there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
 The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be;
 Nor ever a moment paused to think
 That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
 Came ever up from the moving crowd,
 "You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
 That is the false, and this is the true;"
 Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
 Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
 And if ever one of them chanced to say
 What troubles she met with on the way,
 How she longed to pass to the other side,
 Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
 A voice arose from the brethren then,
 "Let no one speak but the 'holy men,'
 For have ye not heard the words of Paul?
 'Oh let the women keep silence all.'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
 Till they stood by the border of the stream,
 Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
 But all the brethren were talking yet,
 And would talk on, till the heaving tide
 Carried them over, side by side;
 Side by side, for the way was one,
 The toilsome journey of life was done,
 And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
 Came out alike on the other side;
 No forms or crosses, or books had they,
 No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
 No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
 For all had put on "Christ's righteousness."

HOW A MAN SHOULD BE JUDGED.

Who shall judge a man from nature?
 Who shall know him by his dress?
 Paupers may be fit for princes,
 Princes fit for something less.
 Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
 May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me;
While He values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hands are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed, and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrong shall never prosper
While there is a starry night.
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

ARTEMUS WARD CROSSING DIXIE'S LINE.

C. F. BROWN.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my walerable life was the scaliest, rickyttest lookin' lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He said direckly, and I went in and sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squattered afore a dark lookin' man with a swinister expression on his countenance entered the cars. and lookin' very sharp at me, he axed me what was my principles?

"Sesesh!" I answered, "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff. Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobead, Monro Edwards, Mrs. Cunningham, and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war, and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years."

At the first station a troop of sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on board. That was the disrespective stile in which they referred to me. "Becawze if Old Wax Works is on board," sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a-gittin' up and takin' orf my shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin' dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits past two yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a sled-stake, dying in five beautiful tabloos to slow music."

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senator Benjamin's law-offis. I'm going up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern army." This was satisfactory, and the intossicated troopers went orf.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars, and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "taking the conseet out of me," as Sesesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Sesesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelin's agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placin' my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Sesesher had been vaxinated, I then fastened my teeth onto his left sleeve, and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced round a little, and sot down in a mud-puddle. We riz to our feet agin, and by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Sesesher's fist. Saw stars and other loominaries. Got down on the ground to see if he had dropt suthin'.

I riz, and we embraced agin. Soonly I sent home a sledge-hammer blow on Sesesher's whisky orifice, which started 33 ov his grinders on a voyage down his throat, while he planted his left mawler in my baskit. I also received a slight crack on the jugoolar. By another dexterous movmint I got Sesesher's coknut in the Court of Chancery, and played sooperbly on his nob. A man in a cockt hat then cum up, and sed he felt as though an apology was due to me. The crowd had taken me for another man.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin' fire-crackers bein' tied to my coat tales. It was a fine speectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventurs of a startlin' kind, but why continner? why lasserate the public boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason and Dixie's line safe at larst.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled, the bugles are still;
 There's a pause in the valley, a halt on the hill;
 And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
 Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
 For a great field is reaped, heaven's garners to fill,
 And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice in the wind like a spirit's low cry;
 'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply

For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait the last trump, which they may not defy.
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads late lifted are solemnly bowed,
As the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed;
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning,
While victory looks on like a queen pale and proud
Who awaits till the morning her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day;
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray,—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, sounds the march of the foe,
Like a storm-wave retreating, spent, fitful and slow;
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go
By the red-glowing river, whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow,
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh! not as they came.
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Nevermore shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the mist of the morn;
Like the giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists have rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of the steel a new day-break seemed born,
As we sprang up to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast,
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last:
Do you dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye see it once more, O ye brave!
Yes—the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye asked—but a grave!

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

The palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased, the half-uttered execra-

tion died upon the lip; so intense was the silence, that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality; of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to *you*. If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in *your* veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath. If, then, you ask, why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it—enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!* As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye never can undo; what ye may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing, and wildly-tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks, praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age—is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die—but mine shall be the triumph, yours the untold des-

olation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Wo, unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

“Now, bring forth your tortures! Slaves! while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!”

HERE SHE GOES—AND THERE SHE GOES.

JAMES NACK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way;
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over; “Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!”

“What wonder? where?” “The clock! the clock!”
Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke:

“You mean the clock that’s ticking there?
I see no wonder, I declare;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
’Tis rather ugly—somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute,
But, if you please, what wonder’s in it?”

“Tom, don’t you recollect,” said Will,
“The clock in Jersey near the mill,

The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink.
Tom scratched his head, and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember,
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still, *here she goes—and there she goes.*
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait;
Begin, the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all his might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With "Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Hold" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his fingers steady
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.

"Tom, with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, "The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick sha'n't win the bet."
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of "Here she goes—and there she goes!"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in to see
Her daughter; "Where is Mrs. B——,
When will she come, as you suppose?
Son!"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Here! where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words—that motion—are you mad?
But here's your wife—perhaps she knows,
And"—

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire,
That she against him should conspire,
And with more furious tone arose
The "Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"—

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Good lack! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor—run—run—run—
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might.

The doctors came, and looked and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,
Till one proposed he should be bled,
"No—leeches you mean," the other said.
"Clap on a blister," roared another,
"No—cup him"—"No—trepan him, brother!"
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;

The last produced a box of pills,
 A certain cure for earthly ills;
 "I had a patient yesternight,"
 Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
 And as the only means to save her,
 Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
 And by to-morrow, I suppose
 That"—
 "Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
 "The way is, just to shave his head,
 Run, bid the barber come anon"—
 "Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
 "You help the knaves that would have bit me,
 But all creation sha'n't outwit me!"
 Thus to himself, while to and fro
 His finger perseveres to go,
 And from his lips no accent flows
 But *here she goes—and there she goes!*

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
 A queer customer I've got;
 But we must do our best to save him—
 So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
 But here the doctors interpose—
 "A woman never"—
 "There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
 Not even when her baby is sick.
 He must be bled"—"No—no—a blister;"
 "A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster;"
 "No—cup him"—"Leech him"—"Pills! pills! pills!
 And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? What means that shiver?
 The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
 And triumph brightens up his face—
 His finger yet shall win the race!
 The clock is on the strike of nine,
 And up he starts—" 'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!
 I never spent an hour so thrifty;

But you, who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this! Where are they?"

"Who?"

"The gentlemen—I mean the two
Came yesterday—are they below?"

"They galloped off an hour ago."

"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves. I'm mad indeed!"

HATE OF THE BOWL.

The answer of a young lady who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast, with bitter curse, aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,

As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you would try,
If all proclaimed,—*'Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell!

BUGLE SONG.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
 Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, further going;
 Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, **dying**!

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, **dying**.

GENERAL GRANT TO THE ARMY.—1865.

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States! By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the proclamations forever abolishing Slavery—the cause and pretext of the rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities, to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defence of liberty and the right in all time to come. In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defence.

Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these

glorious triumphs, and to secure to yourselves, your countrymen, and posterity, the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR

A counsel in the "Common Pleas,"
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit,
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes,
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women, or other timid folks,
In a late cause, resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer,—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appeared expressly meant by fate
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows.
Who kept their laughter bottled down,
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you;
But on *four* legs instead of *two*."

"Officer," cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,

"Do, pray, keep silence down below there!
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"

"Yees, very like, I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish, quite laconic,"
The counsel cried, with grin sardonic,
I wish I'd known this prodigy,

This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.
 Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever
 In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no! we've got our share,
 But not so many as when *you* were there."

THERE'S BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,
 Swaying thoughtfully to and fro
 In an easy chair, whose creaky craw
 Told a tale of long ago;
 While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,
 Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news
 Till the light in his pipe went out;
 And, unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws
 Rolled and tangled the balls about;
 Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
 Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon, a misty tear drop came
 In her eyes of faded blue,
 Then trickled down in a furrow deep
 Like a single drop of dew;
 So deep was the channel—so silent the stream—
 That the good man saw naught but the dimmed eye beam.

Yet marveled he much that the cheerful light
 Of her eye had heavy grown,
 And marveled he more at the tangled balls,
 So he said in a gentle tone:
 "I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow.
 Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
 Was filled to the very brim;
 And now, there remained of the goodly pile
 But a single pair—for him;

"Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light,
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"I cannot but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrappings were wont to lay
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—
Now wandering so far away;
How the sprightly steps to a mother dear,
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

"For each empty nook in the basket old
By the hearth there's a vacant seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight,
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"'Twas said that far through the forest wild,
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door—
And I knew the shadows were only four.

"Another went forth on the foaming wave,
And diminished the basket's store;
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold,
They'll never be warm any more.
And this nook, in its emptiness, seemeth to me
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

"Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other basket their garments will fill—
But mine, ah, mine is emptier still.

"Another—the dearest, the fairest, the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day;
Oh! wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
When I mend the one pair of stockings to night."

THE CLOSING SCENE.—T. BUCHANAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the Westminster *Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture tried his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew,
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before;
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch,—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty its dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell, mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed:
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud—
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THE DEATH OF COPERNICUS.—EDWARD EVERETT.

At length he draws near his end. He is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543.

On that day—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise.

The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it are his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples.

The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters: it is a friend who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that has ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world has acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true.

He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires.

But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over

him, can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse :

“Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night;
And thou, effulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts where I shall reign with God.”

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

PARODY—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The cheese-press, the goose-pond, the pigs in the wild-wood
And every old stump that my infancy knew.
The big linkum-basswood, with wide-spreading shadow,
The horses that grazed where my grandmother fell,
The sheep on the mountain, the calves in the meadow,
And all the young kittens we drowned in the well,—
The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
The poor little kittens, we drowned in the well.

I remember with pleasure my grandfather's goggles,
Which rode so majestic astraddle his nose;
And the harness, oft mended with tow-string and “toggles,”
That belonged to old Dolly, now free from her woes.
And fresh in my heart is the long maple wood-pile,
Where often I've worked with beetle and wedge,
Striving to whack up enough to last for a good while,
And grumbling because my old axe had no edge.
And there was the kitchen, and the pump that stood nigh it,
Where we sucked up the drink through a quill in the spout;
And the hooks where we hung up the pumpkin to dry it;
And the old cider pitcher, “no doing without:”
The brown earthen pitcher, the nozzle-cracked pitcher,
The pain-easing, pitcher, “no doing without.”

And there was the school-house, away from each dwelling,
Where school-ma'ams would govern with absolute sway;
Who taught me my “'rithmetic,” reading, and spelling,
And “whaled me like blazes,” about every day!
I remember the ladder that swung in the passage,
Which led to the loft in the peak of the house:

Where my grandmother hung up her "pumpkin and sausage,"
To keep them away from the rat and the mouse.
But now, far removed from that nook of creation,
Emotions of grief big as tea-kettles swell,
When fancy rides back to my old habitation,
And thinks of the kittens we drowned in the well,—
The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
The poor little kittens we drowned in the well.

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child;
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her
cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to
speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her
life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's
bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself
instead.

She gets her answer from the child; soft fall the words from
him,

"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you
cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night
to him,

And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas, poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so
dear,

Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear.
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of
Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little
Jim.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.—T. B. MACAULAY.

ADAPTED FOR RECITATION.

Lars Porsena of Clusium by the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth, to summon his array.

East and west and south and north the messengers ride fast.
And tower and town and cottage have heard the trumpet's
blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market-place; from many a fruitful
plain;

From many a lonely hamlet, which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple Apennine.

The harvests of Arretium, this year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro shall plunge the struggling
sheep;

And in the vats of Luna, this year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls, whose sires have
marched to Rome.

And now hath every city sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand, the horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign to Rome men took their
flight.

A mile around the city, the throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see through two long nights and
days.

Now from the rock Tarpeian, could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City, they sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came with tidings of dismay.

I wis, in all the Senate, there was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat, when that ill news was
told.

Forthwith up rose the Consul, up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns, and hied them to the
wall.

They held a council standing before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess, for musing or de-
bate.

Out spake the Consul roundly: "The bridge must straight
go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost, naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul; Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward, the Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along the sky.

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was
low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the
town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods.

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye
may;

I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.

In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by
three.

Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge
with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—a Ramnian proud was he,—
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge
with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius,—of Titian blood was he,—
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with
thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array, forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening their harness on their
backs,
The Consul was the foremost man to take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons seized hatchet, bar, and
crow,
And smote upon the planks above, and loosed the props
below.

The three stood calm and silent and looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew to win the
narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the
bloody dust.

But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless
three.
And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold Romans
stood,
The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear in the
wood.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers
all:

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers
crack;

But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed
once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the
stream;

And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam

And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny
mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And battlement, and plank, and pier, whirled headlong to
the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood be-
hind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his
pale face.

"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to
our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to
see;

Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake
he;

But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of
Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this
day!"

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his
side,

And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the
tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where
he sank;

And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to
cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of
rain;

And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows,
And oft they thought him sinking—but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing
place;

But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart
within,

And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?"

But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe to shore;

For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;—now on dry earth he stands;

Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands.

And, now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,

He enters through the River-Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land that was of public right

As much as two strong oxen could plough from morn till night;

And they made a molten image, and set it up on high,

And there it stands unto this day to witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium, plain for all folk to see;

Horatius in his harness, halting upon one knee:

And underneath is written, in letters all of gold,

How valiantly he kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean

Sail among the swiftest fleet,

Rocking on the highest billows,

Laughing at the storms you meet,

You can stand among the sailors,

Anchored yet within the bay,

You can lend a hand to help them,

As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey

Up the mountain steep and high,

You can stand within the valley,

While the multitudes go by;

You can chant in happy measure,

As they slowly pass along;

Though they may forget the singer.

They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command,
 If you cannot towards the needy
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
 Prove yourself a soldier true,
 If where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do,
 When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do,
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare,
 If you want a field of labor,
 You can find it anywhere.

JOSH BILLINGS ON "MANIFEST DESTINY."

Manifest destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me, and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back. Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin az the condishun that man and things find themselves in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i hav got tew sa iz, i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno aint no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifest destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be wrong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thare, that aint manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off his neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time, must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about 10 seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting az near tew the train az you waz when yu started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov moste tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifess destiny until yu see it. Thare iz such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequense onla for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it waz a locomotiff machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings, or git knocked higher then the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i hav seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. I thought i had it onse, it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a speciment ov the disseaze tew a magazine, the magazine man wrote me nex day az follers:

"*Dear Sur:* Yu may be a phule, but yu are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

THE QUAKER WIDOW.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah—come in! 'Tis kind
 of thee
 To wait until the friends were gone, who came to comfort
 me;
 The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
 But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin
 would sit
 On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows
 flit;
 He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant
 bees
 Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers;
 most men
 Think such things foolishness—but we were first acquainted
 then,
 One spring; the next he spoke his mind; the third I was
 his wife,
 And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
 In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we
 met.

The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
 Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years; it seems but one long day,
 One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
 And as we bring from meeting-time a sweet contentment
 home,
 So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
 If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
 For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
 But mother spoke for Benjamin—she knew what best to
 say.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
 "The Lord incline thee to the right!"—and "Thou shall have
 him, Jane!"

My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of
 shocks,
 For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we
 lost:

Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her
 crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling
 priest—

Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at
 least.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
 Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste.
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's
side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there
came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no
sign;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a
wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flow-
ers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my
mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread;
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head;
And Dinah Passmore helped us both—'twas she stood up
with me,

And Abner Jones with Benjamin—and now they're gone,
all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best;
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm—'twas not his call in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine—young people now-
a-days

Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple
tongue,

The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young:
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of
late,

That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much
weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, "A spirit clothed with grace
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face."

And dress may be of less account; the Lord will look
within:

The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth; she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.

'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned;

The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

FOUND DEAD.—ALBERT LEIGHTON.

Found dead,—dead and alone,
There was nobody near, nobody near
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone,
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Nor a friendly voice to soothe or cheer;
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear.
Found dead,—dead and alone,
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
While wretched and worn he begged for bread,
Tired of life and longing to lie
Peacefully down with the silent dead.
Hunger and cold and scorn and pain,
Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone was the outcast found.

Found dead,—dead and alone,
On a pillow of stone in a roofless street.
Nobody heard his last faint moan,
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.
No murmur lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound,
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone;
There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the homeless here.
One, when every human door
Is closed to children, accursed and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portal wide;
Ah! God was there when the outcast died!

THE PRETEXT OF REBELLION.—STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the Constitution—I can say, before God, my conscience is clear. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those States what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity. The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our Capital, obstructions and danger to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, Are we to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy? What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us for breaking up the best government on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of a Presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot-box? I understand that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the Constitution must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the Union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted or been done? I appeal to these assembled thousands, that, so far as the constitutional rights of the Southern States—I will say the constitutional rights of slaveholders—are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing omitted, of which they can complain.

There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws of the land than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good a cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every administration? If they say the territorial question—now, for the first time, there is no act of Congress prohibiting slavery anywhere. If it be the non-enforcement of the laws, the only complaints that I have

heard have been of the too vigorous and faithful fulfillment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Then what reason have they? The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since,—formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago. They use the slavery question as a means to aid the accomplishment of their ends. They desired the election of a Northern candidate, by a sectional vote, in order to show that the two sections cannot live together. When the history of the two years from the Lecompton charter down to the Presidential election shall be written, it will be shown that the scheme was deliberately made to break up this Union. They desired a Northern Republican to be elected by a purely Northern vote, and now assign this fact as a reason why the sections may not longer live together. If the disunion candidate in the late Presidential contest had carried the united South, their scheme was, the Northern candidate successful, to seize the Capital last spring, and, by a united South and divided North, hold it. That scheme was defeated in the defeat of the disunion candidate in several of the Southern States. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against them. There can be no neutrals in this war: only *patriots or traitors*.

PSALM OF MARRIAGE.—PHEBE CARY.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
 "Marriage is an empty dream!"
 For the girl is dead that's single,
 And girls are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 Single blessedness a fib!
 "Man thou art, to man returnest!"
 Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;

But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a heroine,—a wife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such example that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

HETTY McEWEN.—LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE OCCUPATION OF NASHVILLE.

O Hetty McEwen! Hetty McEwen!
What were the angry rebels doing,
That autumn day, in Nashville town?
They looked aloft with oath and frown,
And saw the Stars and Stripes wave high
Against the blue of the sunny sky:
Deep was the oath, and dark the frown,
And loud the shout of "Tear it down!"

For over Nashville, far and wide,
Rebel banners the breeze defied,

Staining heaven with crimson bars;
Only the one old "Stripes and Stars"
Waved, where autumn leaves were strewing,
Round the home of Hetty McEwen.

Hetty McEwen watched that day
Where her son on his death-bed lay;
She heard the hoarse and angry cry—
The blood of "'76" rose high.
Out-flashed her eye, her cheek grew warm,
Uprose her aged stately form;
From her window, with steadfast brow,
She looked upon the crowd below.

Eyes all aflame with angry fire
Flashed on her in defiant ire,
And once more rose the angry call,
"Tear down that flag, or the house shall fall!"
Never a single inch quailed she,
Her answer rang out firm and free:
"Under the roof where that flag flies,
Now my son on his death-bed lies;
Born where that banner floated high,
'Neath its folds he shall surely die.
Not for threats nor yet for suing
Shall it fall," said Hetty McEwen.

The loyal heart and steadfast hand
Claimed respect from the traitor band;
The fiercest rebel quailed that day
Before that woman stern and gray.
They went in silence, one by one,—
Left her there with her dying son,
And left the old flag floating free
O'er the bravest heart in Tennessee,
To wave in loyal splendor there
Upon that treason-tainted air,
Until the rebel rule was o'er
And Nashville town was ours once more.

Came the day when Fort Donelson
Fell, and the rebel reign was done;
And into Nashville, Buell, then,
Marched with a hundred thousand men,
With waving flags and rolling drums
Past the heroine's house he comes;

He checked his steed and bared his head,
 "Soldiers! salute that flag," he said;
 "And cheer, boys, cheer!—give three times three
 For the bravest woman in Tennessee!

MASONIC EMBLEMS.

You wear the square, but do you have
 That thing the square denotes?
 Is there within your inmost soul
 That principle which should control
 All deeds, and words, and thoughts?
 The square of *virtue*,—is it there,
 O you that wear the Mason's square?

You wear the compass; do you keep
 Within that circle due
 That's circumscribed by law divine,
 Excluding hatred, envy, sin,
 Including all that's true?
 The *compass*,—does it trace that *curve*
 Inside of which, no passions swerve?

You wear the type of Deity,
 Ah! brother have a care;
 He whose all-seeing eye surveys
 Your inmost thoughts with open gaze,
 He knows what thoughts are there!
 Oh, send no light, irreverent word,
 From sinful man to sinless God.

You wear the trowel; do you have
 That mortar old and pure,
 Made on the recipe of God,
 Recorded in his ancient word,
 Indissoluble, sure?
 And do you spread with master's care,
 The precious mixture here and there?

You wear the cross; it signifies
 The burdens Jesus bore—
 Who staggering, fell, and bleeding, rose.
 And bore up Calvary the woes
 Of all who'd gone before;
 The *cross*! oh let it say "Forgive,
 Father, forgive," to all that live!

My brothers, if you will display
 These emblems of our art,
 Let the great moral that they teach
 Be engraven, each for each,
 Upon your honest heart!
 So they will tell to God and man,
 Our ancient, holy, perfect plan.

THE BRIDES OF ENDERBY; OR, THE HIGH
 TIDE (1571).—JEAN INGELow.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers rang by two, by three;
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall:
 And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flight of mews and peewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
 My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies,
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
 Ere the early dews were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song:

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 "For the dews will soone be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
 Bin full of floating bells (sayeth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene;
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where there sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea
 Came downe that kindly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows,
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping downe:

For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne,
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding down with might and main:
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again,
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."
 He shook as one that looks on death:
 "God save you, mother!" strait he saith,
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
 With her two bairns I marked her long
 And ere yon bells beganne to play
 Afar I heard her milking song."
 He looked across the grassy lea,
 To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For, lo! along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud;
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
 Then beaten foam flew round about—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat.

Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet.
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sat that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by;
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high,
 A lurid mark and dread to see;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "Oh, come in life, or come in death!
 Oh, lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear;
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and me:
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
 Ere the early dewes be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along.
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,

When the water winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.
 I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

RAILROAD CLOCKS.

He stood at the ticket window, slowly unrolling an old-fashioned leather wallet, while a dozen impatient men stood behind him, driven to madness by the shouting of the gentleman calling their trains. After he got about a yard and a half of wallet unrolled, he suddenly stopped and said to the ticket agent: "Is that clock right?"

"No, sir," promptly replied the agent.

"'Tain't," shouted the startled passenger, stooping down and making a sudden clutch at a lean and hungry bag. "'Tain't right? Well, what in the name of common sense do ye have it stuck up there for then?"

"To fool people," calmly replied the agent; "that's what we're here for,—to fool people and misdirect them."

"Well, by gol," said the passenger, hurriedly rolling up his wallet; "then I've missed my train. I'll report you, I will."

"Won't do any good," replied the agent; "it's the company's orders. They pay a man eighty-five dollars a month to go around every morning to mix and muddle up all the clocks, so that not one of them will be right, and no two of them alike."

The passenger gasped twice or thrice, but could not say anything. The ticket-seller went on:

"It's the superintendent's idea. He is fond of fun, enjoys a joke, and it does him good to see a man prance around and hear him jaw when he buys a ticket and then finds his train has been gone two hours. It saves him the expense of going to the circus."

"Which way is that clock wrong," the passenger asked in despairing accents, "fast or slow?"

"Don't know," replied the agent. "That's part of the fun not to let anybody in the building know anything about the right time. All that I know is that it's about ninety minutes wrong one way or the other."

With a hollow groan the passenger dropped his carpet-bag and wallet, and made a rush for the door, upsetting every man who got in his way. In about two minutes he came back, crestfallen and meek, and took his place at the end of the line. When once more he walked up to the window, he said, as he named his station and bought his ticket like a sane man:

"What made you talk to me like a liar?"

"What made you ask questions like a fool?" answered the ticket man, and they glared at each other for a second, and then the passenger went his way, a madder, but probably not a wiser man. For although the time pieces at a railway station are always as nearly accurate as care and electricity can make them, and all the trains come and go by them, yet there are thousands of men and women in this land of free schools, who, whenever they travel, never fail to ask the ticket-seller, station-master, usher, and gate-man, one after another, if "that clock is right?"

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed hall,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonet, shell, and ball,
Somebody's darling was borne one day,—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve in the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

THE WIFE.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AN IDYL OF BEARCAMP WATER.

From school, and ball, and rout, she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams,
From cool Chocorua stealing,
There's iron in our northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west-wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common,—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady;
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly.
"Tis well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion,
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither,
As free as if from cradle-time,
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheeks of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You cannot at your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison-walls about me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender:

"And if I lend you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender?"

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor?"

"I love you: on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,—
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about, the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

We send the squire to General Court;
He takes his young wife thither;
No prouder man election-day
Rides through the sweet June weather.

So spake our landlord as we drove
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.
Below us wreaths of white fog walked
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,
And saw across the mapled lawn
The welcome home-lights glowing;—

And, musing on the landlord's tale
"Twere well, thought I, if often
To rugged farm-life came the gift
To harmonize and soften;

If more and more we found the truth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labor's strength
In rural homes united;

The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toil where toil abounds
With graces more abounding.

THE FIRE-FIEND.—C. D. GARDETTE.

A NIGHTMARE.

The author of this was challenged to produce a poem, in the manner of "*The Raven*," which should be accepted by the general critic as a genuine composition of Mr. Poe's, and "The Fire-Fiend" was the result. It was printed as "from an unpublished MSS. of the late Edgar A. Poe," and the hoax proved sufficiently successful to deceive a number of critics in this country, and also in England.

In the deepest dearth of midnight, while the sad and solemn
swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed from the forest chapel
bell,—
Faintly, falteringly floating o'er the sable waves of air
That were through the midnight rolling, chafed and bil-
lowy with the tolling,—
In my chamber I lay dreaming by the fire-light's fitful gleam-
ing,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart fore-
doomed to care!

As the last long lingering echo of the midnight's mystic
chime—
Lifting through the sable billows to the thither shore of
time,
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace—
In a quivering sigh departed, from my couch in fear I
started;
Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantasmal error
Painted in the fitful fire, a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!
On the red hearth's reddest centre, from a blazing knot of
oak,
Seemed to gibe and grin this phantom when in terror I
awoke,
And my slumberous eyelids straining as I staggered to the
floor,
Still in that dread vision seeming, turned my gaze toward
the gleaming
Hearth, and—there!—O God! I saw it! and from out its
flaming jaw it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing, bubbling, gurgling stream
of gore!

Speechless, struck with stony silence, frozen to the floor I
stood,
Till methought my brain was hissing with that hissing, bub-
bling blood;

Till I felt my life-stream oozing, oozing from those lambent
lips;
Till the demon seemed to name me,—then a wondrous calm
o'ercame me,
And my brow grew cold and dewy, with a death-clamp stiff
and gluey,
And I fell back on my pillow in apparent soul-eclipse!

Then, as in death's seeming shadow, in the icy pall of fear
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and hideous murmur to my
ear,—
Came a murmur like the murmur of assassins in their
sleep,
Muttering, "Higher! higher! higher! I am demon of the
fire!
I am arch-fiend of the fire! and each blazing roof's my pyre,
And my sweetest incense is the blood and tears my victims
weep!

"How I revel on the prairie! How I roar among the pines!
How I laugh when from the village o'er the snow the red
flame shines,
And I hear the shrieks of terror, with a life in every breath!
How I scream with lambent laughter as I hurl each crack-
ling rafter
Down the fell abyss of fire, until higher! higher! higher!
Leap the high-priests of my altar in their merry dance of
death!

"I am monarch of the fire! I am vassal-king of death!
World-encircling, with the shadow of its doom upon my
breath!
With the symbol of hereafter flaming from my fatal face!
I command the eternal fire! Higher! higher! higher!
higher!
Leap my ministering demons, like phantasmagoric lemans
Hugging universal nature in their hideous embrace!"

Then a sombre silence shut me in a solemn, shrouded sleep,
And I slumbered, like an infant in the "Cradle of the Deep,"
Till the belfry in the forest quivered with the matin stroke,
And the martins, from the edges of its lichen-lidded ledges,
Shimmered through the russet arches where the light in
torn files marches,
Like a routed army struggling through the serried ranks of
oak.

Through my ivy-fretted casement filtered in a tremulous
note
From the tall and stately linden where a robin swelled his
throat,—

Querulous, Quaker-breasted robin, calling quaintly for his mate!

Then I started up, unbidden, from my slumber night-mare ridden,

With the memory of that dire demon in my central fire,

On my eye's interior mirror like the shadow of a fate!

Ah! the fiendish fire had smouldered to a white and formless heap,

And no knot of oak was flaming as it flamed upon my sleep;

But around its very centre, where the demon face had shone,

Forked shadows seemed to linger, pointing as with spectral finger

To a Bible, massive, golden, on a table carved and olden—

And I bowed, and said, "All power is of God, of God alone!"

MARK TWAIN'S OPINION OF CHAMBERMAIDS.

Against all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of bachelordom! Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit; but, glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy and seek to embitter the life that God has given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want the spittoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't, and so they move it.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the boot-jack, and swear.

They always put the match-box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket by the door, and the rocking-chair by the window, when you come in at midnight, or thereabouts, you will fall over that rocking-chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in that slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And, besides, it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains.

They always save up all the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and start the fire with your valuable manuscripts. If there is any one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out trying to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that old scrap back and put it in the same old place again every time. It does them good.

And they use up more hair-oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same, they lie about it. What do they care about a hereafter? Absolutely nothing.

If you leave your key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretense of trying to protect

your property from thieves ; but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back down-stairs after it when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always trying to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you ; but after you get up, they don't come any more till next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of, and they do them just out of pure cussedness, and nothing else.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

I have cursed them in behalf of outraged bachelordom. They deserve it. If I can get a bill through the Legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.

THE AMEN OF THE ROCKS.—ROSEGARTEN.

Though blind with age, forth Beda went with zeal
The tidings of salvation to proclaim.
Through town and hamlet, guided by a boy,
The pious father wandered, full of love,
And preached to dying men the word of life.

The boy once guided him into a vale
O'erstrewn with rocks and empty heaps of stone,
And there in wantonness, not malice, said :
" Most rev'rend father, many men are here,
And wait to hear the word of gospel truth."

The blind old man arose with joyful haste,
Chose him a text, explained it and applied,
Exhorted, warned, rebuked and comforted
So loving that the tears rolled down his cheeks
And gently hid themselves in his gray beard.
When in conclusion then, as it is fit,
He prayed the prayer the Saviour taught, and said :
" Thine is the kingdom, thine the power, and thine
The glory unto all eternity."

Then burst from out the vale a mighty shout :
" Amen, most rev'rend father," and " Amen !"

The boy was frightened ; kneeling down, with shame,
He to the holy saint confessed the sin.

"Son," said the father, "hast thou never read,
When men are silent rocks and stones will cry?
Mock nevermore, O son, the word of God!
A two-edged sword it is, and quick, and sharp,
And powerful. And if the heart of man
Should turn to stone, defying truth and love,
The rock with human heart will throb aloud."

Translation from the German.

THE INQUIRY.—CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul ;—oh ! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"YES, IN
HEAVEN!"

WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL AND WE PART
UPON THE SQUARE.*—ROBERT MORRIS.

We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square,—
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are!
Come, let us contemplate them,—they' are worthy of a
thought;
With the highest and the lowest and the rarest they are
fraught.

We meet upon the level, though from every station come,—
The king from out his palace, and the poor man from his
hoine;
For the one must leave his diadem without the Mason's
door,
And the other finds his true respect upon the checkered
floor.

We act upon the plumb,—'tis our Master's great command,
We stand upright in virtue's way and lean to neither hand;
The All-Seeing Eye that reads the heart will bear us witness
true,
That we do always honor God and give each man his due.

We part upon the square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with its multitude,—a cold, unfriendly crew;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long, upon the level, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal,—we are journeying
toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the level there when the gates of death
are past,
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be
there
To try the blocks we offer by his own unerring square.

We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence depart;
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each zealous, faithful
heart;
There's a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met upon the level, and been tried upon the
square.

*This poem, written in August, 1854, has been subjected to various alterations during its many years of active use. It is given here as found in the author's collected poems, entitled "The Poetry of Freemasonry."

George Oliver, D. D., eminent above all others in English Masonry, and the Masonic historian for all time, said of the poem: "Brother Morris has composed many fervent, eloquent, and highly poetic compositions, songs that will not die, but in 'The Level and the Square' he has breathed out a depth of feeling, fervency and pathos, with brilliancy and vigor of language, and expressed due faith in the immortal life beyond the grave."

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient
here;

Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor seem severe.
Already, in the western sky, the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and part upon the square.

Hands round, ye faithful Ghiblinites, the bright, fraternal
chain;

We part upon the square below to meet in heaven again.

Oh, what words of precious meaning those words Masonic
are,—

We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square!

LORD DUNDREARY ON "PWOVERBS."

A fellah once told me that another fellah wrote a book before he was born—I mean before the *first* fellah was born, (of course the fellah who wrote it must have been born, else, how could he have written it?) that is, a long time ago—to pwove that a whole lot of pwoverbs and things that fellahs are in the habit of quoting were all nonsense.

I should vewy much like to get that book. I—I think if I could get it at one of those spherical—no—globular—no, that's not the word—circle—circular—yes, that's it—*circulating* libwawies (I knew it was *something* that went round)—I think if I could just borrow that book from a circulating libwawy—I'd—yes, upon my word now—I'd twy and wead it. A doothed good sort of book that, I'm sure. I—I always *did* hate pwoverbs. In the first place they, they're so howwibly confusing—I—I always mix 'em up together—somehow, when I twy to weckomember them. And besides, if ewevy fellah was to wegulate his life by a lot of pwoverbs, what—what a beathly sort of uncomfortable life he would lead!

I remoleckt—I mean remember—when I was quite a little fellah—in pinafores—and liked wasbewwy jam and—and a lot of howwid things for tea—there was a sort of collection of illustwated pwoverbs hanging up in our nursery at home. They belonged to our old nurse—Sarah, I think—and she had 'em fwamed and glazed. "Poor Richard's," I think she called 'em—and she used to say—poor dear—that if ewevy

fellah attended to eveything Poor Richard wrote, that he'd get vewy wick, and l-live and die—happy everafter. However—it—it's vewy clear to me that—he couldn't have attended to them—*himself*, else, how did the fellah come to be called *Poor* Richard? I—I hate a fellah that pweaches what he doesn't pwactice. Of courth, if what he said was twue, and he'd stuck to it—he—he'd have been called—Rich Richard—stop a minute—how's that? Rich Richard? Why that would have been *too* rich. Pwaps that's the reason he pweferred being poor. How vewy wick!

But, as I was saying, these picture pwoverbs were all hung up in our nursery, and a more uncomfortable set of mak-thims—you never wead. For instance, there was one vewy nonthensical pwoverb which says:

“A B-BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.”

Th-the man who invented that pwoverb must have been a b-born idiot. How the dooth can he t-tell the welative v-value of poultry in that pwomithcuous manner? Suppothe I've got a wobbing wed-bweast in my hand—(I nearly had the other morning—but he flew away—confound him!)—well—suppothe the two birds in the bush are a bwace of partwidges—you—you don't mean to t-tell me that that wobbin wed-bweast would fetch as m-much as a bwace of partwidges? *Abthurd!* P-poor Richard can't gammon me in that sort of way

LOOK ALOFT.—J. LAWRENCE.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
“Look aloft” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart—
 Thy friends and companions—in sorrow depart,
 “Look aloft” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil where “affection is ever in bloom.”

And, oh, when death comes in his terrors, to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 'N that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, “LOOK ALOFT,” and depart!

THE MODERN CAIN.—E. EVANS EDWARDS.

“Am I my brother's keeper?”

Long ago
 When first the human heart-strings felt the touch
 Of death's cold fingers, when upon the earth
 Shroudless and coffinless death's first-born lay,
 Slain by the hand of violence, the wail
 Of human grief arose:—“My son, my son!
 Awake thee from this strange and awful sleep;
 A mother mourns thee, and her tears of grief
 Are falling on thy pale, unconscious brow:
 Awake, and bless her with thy wonted smile.”

In vain, in vain! that sleeper never woke.
 His murderer fled, but on his brow was fixed
 A stain which baffled wear and washing. As he fled
 A voice pursued him to the wilderness.
 “Where is thy brother, Cain?”

“Am I my brother's keeper?”

Oh, black impiety that seeks to shun
 The dire responsibility of sin;
 That crieth with the ever warning voice:
 “Be still—away, the crime is not my own.
 My brother lived—is dead, when, where,
 Or how, it matters not, but he is dead.
 Why judge the living for the dead one's fall”

“Am I my brother's keeper?”

Cain, Cain,
 Thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood
 Cries up to heaven against thee; every stone
 Will find a tongue to curse thee, and the winds
 Will ever wail this question in thy ear:

"Where is thy brother?" Every sight and sound
Will mind thee of the lost.

I saw a man
Deal death unto his brother. Drop by drop
The poison was distilled for cursed gold;
And in the wine cup's ruddy glow sat death,
Invisible to that poor, trembling slave.
He seized the cup, he drank the poison down,
Rushed forth into the streets,—home had he none,—
Staggered and fell and miserably died.
They buried him—ah! little recks it where
His bloated form was given to the worms.
No stone marked that neglected, lonely spot;
No mourner sorrowing at evening came
To pray by that unhallowed mound; no hand
Planted sweet flowers above his place of rest.
Years passed, and weeds and tangled briars grew
Above that sunken grave, and men forgot
Who slept there.

Once had he friends,
A happy home was his, and love was his.
His Mary loved him, and around him played
His smiling children. Oh, a dream of joy
Were those unclouded years, and, more than all,
He had an interest in the world above.
The big "Old Bible" lay upon the stand,
And he was wont to read its sacred page
And then to pray: "Our Father, bless the poor
And save the tempted from the tempter's art;
Save us from sin and let us ever be
United in thy love, and may we meet,
When life's last scenes are o'er, around the throne."
Thus prayed he, thus lived he. Years passed,
And o'er the sunshine of that happy home,
A cloud came from the pit; the fatal bolt
Fell from that cloud. The towering tree
Was shivered by the lightning's vengeful stroke,
And laid its coronal of glory low.
A happy home was ruined; want and woe
Played with his children, and the joy of youth
Left their sweet faces no more to return.
His Mary's face grew pale and paler still,
Her eyes were dimmed with weeping, and her soul
Went out through those blue portals. Mary died

And yet he wept not. At the demon's call
 He drowned his sorrow in the maddening bowl,
 And when they buried her from sight, he sank
 In drunken stupor by her new-made grave!
 His friend was gone—he never had another,
 And the world shrank from him, all save one,
 And he still plied the bowl with deadly drugs
 And bade him drink, forget his God, and die!
 He died!

Cain! Cain! where is thy brother now?
 Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?
 Where? In heaven? Go read the sacred page:
 "No drunkard ever shall inherit there."
 Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
 Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled
 While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped
 His gold—his health—his life—his hope—his all?
 Who saw his Mary fade and die? Who saw
 His beggared children wandering in the streets?
 Speak—coward—if thou hast a tongue,
 Tell why with hellish art you slew A MAN.

"Where is my brother?

Am I my brother's keeper?"

Ah, man! A deeper mark is on your brow
 Than that of Cain. Accursed was the name
 Of him who slew a righteous man, whose soul
 Was ripe for heaven; thrice accursed he
 Whose art malignant sinks a soul to hell.

SALLY.—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.*

Written expressly for this Collection.

Down in Coomer's Alley
 Lives my little Sally,
 Mid all the shame and misery she's like a ray of light.
 Years back she lost her mother,
 So she takes care of her brother
 And her father whom she often leads home late at night.

*Author of "Jamie," "Brother Ben," "Gabe's Christmas Eve," "Eunice," "The Masque," "Granddad's Polka," &c.—found in other Numbers of this Series. Also, "The Day before the Wedding," "Did you ever see a Ghost," "The Top Landing," and other Comedies and Farces, in the Dramatic Supplements.

Somehow in Coomer's Alley
They all look up to Sally,
The men don't swear so hard when she is seen coming by,
And the women stop their brawling
And ugly names a-calling,
When Sally comes with pleasant words, a smile in each blue
eye.

She works from morn to even,
From seven o'clock to seven,—
She sews for a rich firm that gives just a beggar's hire,
But somehow Sally's penny
Goes thrice as far as any
In Coomer's Alley, and complaint will ne'er her neighbors
tire.

'Tis pretty hard in winter
When frost begins to splinter
The hard mud in the alley, and hands are numb and blue,
And often Sally's sewing
Trembles while she's blowing
Her warm breath on her fingers that most refuse to do.

In winter when her father
And her brother are most bother,
When work is slack, and beer is not, and they have too
much trust,
Sometimes meat is not plenty,
And coal is rather scanty,
But Sally goes on smiling and her needle knows no rust.

Though she'll hide her father from me
When he comes home rather rummy,
And she'll say he's not so well to-day; her brother, when
he's bad,
She'll say is weak, like many,
But God'll make him strong, if any
Strength there be in man, for now he's nothing but a lad.

But in spring when all the heaven
Is bright—say just 'bout seven,
When work is done and sparrows chirp up in the ruined eaves,
I go to Coomer's Alley
To fetch my little Sally
To take a walk along the streets where there are trees with
leaves.

She comes forth smiling sweetly,
 Her frock and hat made neatly,
 A little flower in her hand I bought along the way,
 And we walk and talk and chatter,
 And I hear her feet's soft patter,
 And I feel her arm touch mine as on we go at fall of day.

She likes the scent of clover
 That comes from fields clear over
 The great tall city houses from far, far away,
 And she'll say, "It must be pretty
 In the country. What a pity
 All the poor folks are not here to smell the smell of hay."

Then we walk the streets of riches,
 And pick out houses—which is
 Mine, which hers, what we would do if we should live like
 that—

Sally'd give her brother
 A brand new coat, another
 Not so good, to work in; her father a new hat.

"And what'd you give me, Sally?"
 I ask—"all Coomer's Alley?"
 She turns her blue eyes on me. "I could not give," says she,
 "More than I have already,
 All that I have, my Teddy;
 Although all that I have to give, is only just poor me."

And then we go home slowly
 To Coomer's Alley lowly.
 When my wages raise a little we'll be married then—
 But we wait, both hopeful, Sally
 Stitching in Coomer's Alley,
 And I, the young ship-joiner, the happiest of men.

INDEPENDENCE BELL. JULY 4, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted:—"Ring! Ring! RING!"

There was a tumult in the city
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
 And the streets were rife with people
 Pacing restless up and down,—

People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they wont refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England.
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,

Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living,—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

Part Third.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is page^d separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 3.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world,—
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they're linked in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung
As they clung to the promise of God.
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won—
Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in One."

'Mid the smoke of the conflict, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown!
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
Where the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopped not to number their foe.

From where our green mountain-tops blend with the sky,
And the giant Saint Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one, while there glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above,
And tyrants shall quail, 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm,
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck,—
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly,
Wherever its folds shall be spread,
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall wave over his head:
And those stars shall increase till the fulness of time
Its millions of cycles have run,—
Till the world shall have welcomed their mission sublime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Oh! then, let them glow on each helmet and brand,
Though our blood like our rivers should run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are ONE.

Then, up with our flag!—let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could
dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner!—where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.—ALICE CARY.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door,
With his little girl on his knee;
Striving her letters to repeat,
And pulling her apron over her feet.
His face was wrinkled but not old,
For he bore an upright form,
And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled,
They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.
A dog with his head betwixt his paws,
Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar black jaws
At the fly that buzzed in his ear;
And near was the cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking pails.
In the open door an ox-yoke lay,
The mother's odd redoubt,
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out;
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.
The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
Had said her lesson through;
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.
The watch dog whined, the cattle lowed
And tossed their horns about,
The air grew gray as if it snowed,
"There will be a storm, no doubt,"
So to himself the settler said;
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"
The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."

"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,
"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

She caught the baby up, "Come,
Are you mad? to your heels, my man;"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran.

Close upon them was the snort and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows
The ground with sparkles red;
And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead,
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make.

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on,
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot; "This fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whirl and rave,
On, on! they are close to the water's edge,—
They are breast-deep in the wave;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We are saved, thank God, we are saved!" they cried.

JOAN OF ARC.—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and

to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose, —to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vancouleurs, which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*,—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*,—never in the persons of generous champions, always *in thy own*;

that was thy destiny, and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future, but the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.—PETER PINDAR.

How difficult, alas! to please mankind!

One or the other every moment mutters;
This wants an eastern, that a western wind;

A third, petition for a southern utters.

Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow,
How can heaven suit all palates?—I don't know.

Good Lamb, the curate, much approved,
Indeed, by all his flock beloved,
Was one dry summer begged to pray for rain,
The parson most devoutly prayed;—
The powers of prayer were soon displayed;
Immediately a torrent drenched the plain.

It chanced that the church-warden, Robin Jay,
Had of his meadow not yet saved the hay:
Thus was his hay to health quite past restoring.
It happened too that Robin was from home;
But when he heard the story, in a foam
He sought the parson, like a lion roaring.

“Zounds! Parson Lamb, why, what have you been doing?
A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing!

What! pray for rain before I saved my hay!
Oh! you’re a cruel and ungrateful man!
I, that forever help you all I can,

Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay
Whenever we have something on the spit,
Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;

“Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
Whose bones you are so fond of picking;

And often too, a keg of brandy;
You, that were welcome to a treat,
To smoke and chat, and drink and eat;
Making my house so very handy!

“You, parson, serve one such a scurvy trick!
Zounds! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.
What! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
With my fine field of hay before your eyes!
A numskull, that I wer’n’t of this aware,—
Hang me! but I had stopped your pretty prayer!”
“Dear Mister Jay,” quoth Lamb, “alas! alas!
I never thought upon your field of grass.”

“Oh! parson, you’re a fool, one might suppose,—
Was not the field just underneath your nose?
This is a very pretty losing job!”

“Sir,” quoth the curate, “know that Harry Cobb,
Your brother warden joined to have the prayer.”
“Cobb! Cobb! why this for Cobb was only sport;
What doth Cobb own that any rain can hurt?”

Roared furious Jay, as broad as he could stare.

"The fellow owns, as far as I can larn,
 A few old houses only, and a barn ;
 As that's the case, zounds! what are showers to him?
 Not Noah's flood could make his trumpery swim.
 Besides, why could you not for drizzle pray?
 Why force it down in buckets on the hay?
 Would I have played with your hay such a freak?
 No! I'd have stopped the weather for a week."

"Dear Mister Jay, I do protest
 I acted solely for the best ;
 I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.
 Your anger for this once restrain,
 I'll never bring a drop again
 'Till you and all the parish are agreed."

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.—DEXTER SMITH.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
 No more to gather its thorns with its flowers ;
 No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
 Where on all beauty death's fingers are laid ;
 Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
 Weary with parting and never to meet,
 Some one has gone to the bright golden shore ;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
 Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in,
 Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
 When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light.
 Weary with sowing and never to reap,
 Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
 Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore ;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
 One who walks with them in heaven's bright street ;
 Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,—
 Free from earth's trials and taking sweet rest.
 Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,—
 One less to cherish and one less to kiss ;
 One more departed to heaven's bright shore ;
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
 Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

THE POLISH BOY.—ANN S. STEPHENS.

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?
Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.
The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;

Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall:
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
Her cross of blazing rubies, last,
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering **band:**

"Ye hold me not! no! no, nor can
 This hour has made the boy a man;
 I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
 Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
 I wept upon his marble brow,
 Yes, wept! I was a child; but now
 My noble mother, on her knee,
 Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
 And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
 The jeweled haft of poniard bright
 Glittered a moment on the sight.
 "Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
 Think ye my noble father's glaive
 Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
 The pearls that on the handle flame
 Would blush to rubies in their shame;
 The blade would quiver in thy breast
 Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
 No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain.
 And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
 Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
 Another, and his young heart's blood
 Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
 Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
 And on the air his clear voice rang:
 "Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
 The choice was death or slavery.
 Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
 His freedom is forever won;
 And now he waits one holy kiss
 To bear his father home in bliss,
 One last embrace, one blessing,—one!
 To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
 What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
 My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
 Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
 What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
 ——Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
 Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die."

One long, deep breath, and his pale head
 Lay on his mother's bosom,—dead.

IDEAS THE LIFE OF A PEOPLE.—GEORGE W. CURTIS.

The leaders of our Revolution were men of whom the simple truth is the highest praise. Of every condition in life, they were singularly sagacious, sober, and thoughtful. Lord Chatham spoke only the truth when he said to Franklin, of the men who composed the first colonial Congress: "The Congress is the most honorable assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans in the most virtuous times." Given to grave reflection, they were neither dreamers nor visionaries, and they were much too earnest to be rhetoricians. It is a curious fact, that they were generally men of so calm a temper that they lived to extreme age. With the exception of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, they were most of them profound scholars, and studied the history of mankind that they might know men. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past that a classic aroma hangs about their writings and their speech; and they were profoundly convinced of what statesmen always know, and the adroitest mere politicians never perceive,—that ideas are the life of a people; that the conscience, not the pocket, is the real citadel of a nation, and that when you have debauched and demoralized that conscience by teaching that there are no natural rights, and that therefore there is no moral right or wrong in political action, you have poisoned the wells and rotted the crops in the ground.

The three greatest living statesmen of England knew this also. Edmund Burke knew it, and Charles James Fox, and William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But they did not speak for the King, or Parliament, or the English nation. Lord Gower spoke for them when he said in Parliament: "Let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights; their rights as men and citizens; their rights from God and nature! I am for enforcing these measures." My lord was contemptuous, and the King hired the Hessians, but the truth remained true. The Fathers saw the scarlet soldiers swarming over the sea, but more steadily they saw that national progress had been secure only in the degree

that the political system had conformed to natural justice. They knew the coming wreck of property and trade, but they knew more surely that Rome was never so rich as when she was dying, and, on the other hand, the Netherlands, never so powerful as when they were poorest. Farther away, they read the names of Assyria, Greece, Egypt. They had art, opulence, splendor. Corn enough grew in the valley of the Nile. The Syrian sword was as sharp as any. They were merchant princes, and the clouds in the sky were rivaled by their sails upon the sea. They were soldiers, and their frown frightened the world.

"Soul, take thine ease," those empires said, languid with excess of luxury and life. Yes: but you remember the king who had built his grandest palace, and was to occupy it upon the morrow; but when the morrow came the palace was a pile of ruins. "Woe is me!" cried the King, "who is guilty of this crime?" "There is no crime," replied the sage at his side; but the mortar was made of sand and water only, and the builders forgot to put in the lime." So fell the old empires, because the governors forgot to put justice into their governments.

THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.—JOHN G. SAXE.

I cannot vouch my tale is true,
Nor say, indeed, 'tis wholly new;
But true or false, or new or old,
I think you'll find it fairly told.
A Frenchman, who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly grieve him much;
He thought, as Frenchmen always do,
That all the world could "parley-voo."
At length our eager tourist stands
Within the famous Netherlands,
And, strolling gaily here and there,
In search of something rich or rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes:
"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,

And, bowing to the man who sate
 In livery at the garden gate,
 "Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
 Whose very charming grounds are these?
 And, pardon me, be pleased to tell
 Who in this splendid house may dwell?"
 To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man
 Replied what seemed like "Nick Van Stann."*

"Thanks!" said the Gaul; "the owner's taste
 Is equally superb and chaste;
 So fine a house, upon my word,
 Not even Paris can afford.
 With statues, too, in every niche;
 Of course Monsieur Van Stann is rich,
 And lives, I warrant, like a king,—
 Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"
 In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets
 A thousand wonders in the streets,
 But most he marvels to behold
 A lady dressed in silk and gold;
 Gazing with rapture on the dame,
 He begs to know the lady's name,
 And hears, to raise his wonder more,
 The very words he heard before!
 "Mercie!" he cries; "well, on my life,
 Milord has got a charming wife;
 'Tis plain to see, this Nick Van Stann
 Must be a very happy man."

Next day our tourist chanced to pop
 His head within a lottery shop,
 And there he saw, with staring eyes,
 The drawing of the mammoth prize.
 "Ten millions! 'tis a pretty sum;
 I wish I had as much at home:
 I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,
 What lucky fellow is the winner?"
 Conceive our traveler's amaze
 To hear again the hackneyed phrase.
 "What? no! not Nick Van Stann again?
 Faith! he's the luckiest of men.
 You may be sure we don't advance
 So rapidly as that in France:

*Nicht verstehen,—I don't understand.

A house, the finest in the land;
 A lovely garden, nicely planned;
 A perfect angel of a wife,
 And gold enough to last a life;
 There never yet was mortal man
 So blest as Monsieur Nick Van Stann!

Next day the Frenchman chanced to meet
 A pompous funeral in the street;
 And, asking one who stood close by
 What nobleman had pleased to die,
 Was stunned to hear the old reply.
 The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,
 "Mon Dieu! poor Nick Van Stann is dead;
 With such a house, and such a wife,
 It must be hard to part with life;
 And then, to lose that mammoth prize,—
 He wins, and, pop,— the winner dies!
 Ah, well! his blessings came so fast,
 I greatly feared they could not last:
 And thus, we see, the sword of Fate
 Cuts down alike the small and great.

RUM'S MANIAC.—T. W. NORR.

Why am I thus? the maniac cried,
 Confined mid crazy people? Why?
 I am not mad,—knave, stand aside!
 I'll have my freedom, or I'll die;
 It's not for cure that here I've come;
 I tell thee, all I want is rum,—
 I must have rum!

Sane? yes, and have been all the while;
 Why, then, tormented thus? 'Tis sad:
 Why chained, and held in duress vile?
 The men who brought me here were mad;
 I will not stay where spectres come;
 Let me go home; I must have rum,—
 I must have rum!

'Tis he! 'tis he! my aged sire!
 What has disturbed thee in thy grave?
 Why bend on me that eye of fire?
 Why torment, since thou canst not save?

Back to the church-yard whence you've come!
Return, return! but send me rum,—
Oh, send me rum!

Why is my mother musing there,
On that same consecrated spot
Where once she taught me words of prayer?
But now she hears, she heeds me not.
Mute in her winding-sheet she stands;
Cold, cold, I feel her icy hands,—
Her icy hands!

She's vanished; but a dearer friend,—
I know her by her angel smile,—
Has come her partner to attend,
His hours of misery to beguile;
Haste, haste! loved one, and set me free;
'Twere heaven to 'scape from hence to thee,—
From hence to thee.

She does not hear; away she flies,
Regardless of the chain I wear,
Back to her mansion in the skies,
To dwell with kindred spirits there.
Why has she gone? Why did she come?
O God, I'm ruined! Give me rum,
Oh, give me rum!

Hark, hark! for bread my children cry,
A cry that drinks my spirits up;
But 'tis in vain, in vain to try;
Oh, give me back the drunkard's cup!
My lips are parched, my heart is sad;
This cursed chain! 'twill make me mad,—
'Twill make me mad!

It won't wash out, that crimson stain!
I've scoured those spots, and made them white;
Blood reappears again, again,
Soon as the morning brings the light!
When from my sleepless couch I come,
To see, to feel,—oh, give me rum!
I must have rum.

'Twas there I heard his piteous cry,
And saw his last imploring look,
But steeled my heart, and bade him die,
Then from him golden treasures took:

Accursed treasure! stinted sum!
 Reward of guilt! Give, give me rum!
 Oh, give me rum!

Hark! still I hear that piteous wail;
 Before my eyes his spectre stands;
 And when it frowns on me I quail!
 Oh, I would fly to other lands;
 But, that pursuing, there 'twould come;
 There's no escape! Oh, give me rum,—
 Oh, give me rum!

Guard, guard those windows! bar that door!
 Yonder I armed bandits see!
 They've robbed my house of all its store,
 And now return to murder me;
 They're breaking in; don't let them come!
 Drive, drive them hence! but give me rum,—
 Oh, give me rum!

See how that rug those reptiles soil;
 They're crawling o'er me in my bed;
 I feel their clammy, snaky coil
 On every limb,—around my head;
 With forked tongue I see them play;
 I hear them hiss;—tear them away,—
 Tear them away!

A fiend! a fiend, with many a dart,
 Glares on me with his bloodshot eye,
 And aims his missiles at my heart,—
 Oh! whither, whither shall I fly?
 Fly? No, it is no time for flight;
 Fiend! I know thy hellish purpose well;
 Avaunt! avaunt, thou hated sprite,
 And hie thee to thy native hell!

He's gone, he's gone! and I am free:
 He's gone, the faithless, braggart liar;
 He said he'd come to summon me—
 See there again, my bed's on fire!
 Fire! water! help! Oh haste, I die!
 The flames are kindling round my head:
 This smoke!—I'm strangling!—cannot fly!
 Oh! snatch me from this burning bed!

There, there, again! that demon's there,
 Crouching to make a fresh attack;

See how his flaming eyeballs glare!

Thou fiend of fiends, what's brought thee back?
Back in thy car? for whom? for where?

He smiles, he beckons me to come:
What are those words thou'st written there?
"In hell they never want for rum!"

Not want for rum? Read that again!

I feel the spell! haste, drive me down
Where rum is free, where revelers reign
And I can wear the drunkard's crown.

Accept thy proffer, fiend? I will;
And to thy drunken banquet come;
Fill the great cauldron from thy still
With boiling, burning, fiery rum.
There will I quench this horrid thirst;
With boon companions drink and dwell;
Nor plead for rum, as here I must,—
There's liberty to drink in hell.

Thus raved that maniac rum had made;
Then, starting from his haunted bed,
On, on! ye demons, on! he said,
Then silent sunk,—his soul had fled.

MY BEAUTIFUL CHILD.—W. A. H. SIGOURNEY.

Beautiful child! by thy mother's knee,
In the golden future what wilt thou be?
Angel or demon, or god sublime,
Upas of evil, or flower of time?
Dashing, flashing, madly down,
Weaving of horror a fairy crown;
Or gliding on in a shining track,
Like the kingly sun that ne'er looks back?
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled!
What wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child! in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers;
Crystal and pure as the sparkling stream,
Goodness and truth in thy features beam.
Brighter, whiter soul than thine
Never was seen in a mortal shrine.

My heart thou hast gladdened two sweet years,
 With rainbows of hope suffused my tears;
 Wherever thy sunny smile doth fall,
 The glory of God beams over all.

Beautiful child! to thy look is given
 A purity less of earth than heaven,
 With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,
 I wish thou couldst ever thus be young.

Tripping, skipping, humming bird,
 Everywhere thy voice is heard;
 In the garden nooks thou oft art found,
 With flowers thy bosom and neck around;
 And when at thy prayers, with figure quaint,
 Oh! how I love thee, my infant saint!

Beautiful child! what thy fate shall be
 Is wisely hidden, perchance, from me.
 A fallen star thou mayst leave my side,
 And sorrow and shame may thee betide:

Shivering, quivering, through the street,
 Wretched, down-trampled, cursed, and beat;
 Ashamed to live, and afraid to die,
 No home, no friend, and a frowning sky.
 Merciful Father! my brain grows wild;
 Good angels guard my beautiful child!

Beautiful child! thou mayst soar above,
 A warbling cherub of joy and love;
 A wave on eternity's mighty sea;
 A blossom on life's immortal tree;
 Flowering, towering, evermore,
 'Mid vernal airs of the golden shore.

Oh! as I gaze on thy sinless bloom,
 And thy radiant face that laughs at gloom,
 I pray God keep thee thus undefiled;
 I pray Heaven bless my beautiful child.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with

an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth: "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort *them*? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage

of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

THE MODERN HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.
 See the malt, stored in many a plethoric sack,
 In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.
 Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
 The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.
 Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
 Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides,—
 Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*
 Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.
 Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
 That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt;
 Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall
 That rose complete at Jack's creative call.
 Here stalks the impetuous cow, with crumpled horn,
 Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,

Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Hans' inviolate domain.
Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stit
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Ivan's courts we saw
Robed in senescent garb, that seemed, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chrones' iron tooth.
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
The old mor'dacious rat, that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.
Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious murricide,
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built,
The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that *kilt*
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that
Jack built.

GUARD THINE ACTION.—SALLIE ADA VANCE.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this, by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action;
Speak no heartless word of blame;
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may spoil thy goodly name.

When you meet a brow that's awing
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb,
Guard thine action; some great sorrow
Made that man a spectre grim,
And the sunset of to-morrow
May have left thee like to him.

When you meet with one pursuing
Paths the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,—
Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have an act that's kindly,
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

At the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away.
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,

Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear.
“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
their souls!”
Who is losing? who is winning? “Over hill and over
plain,
I see but smoke of cannon, clouding through the mount-
ain rain.”
Holy Mother, keep our brothers! Look Ximena, look
once more:
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe, foot
and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course.”
Look forth once more, Ximena! “Ah! the smoke has
rolled away;
And I see the northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of
gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon* wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels.
“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now ad-
vance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charg-
ing lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball.”
Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and fright-
ful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak, and tell us who has lost and who
has won:
“Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O’er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them
all!

*Minon (pronounced min-yon) was a Mexican general.

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; Blessed Mother, save
my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain;

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and
strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
our eyes!

"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head
on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear
me? Canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal, look
once more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy: mercy! all is o'er."

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down
to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast,

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said;

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a sol-
dier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow
his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his strug-
gling breath of pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and
faintly smiled;

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch be-
side her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he and died.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely, in
the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with
her dead,
And turned to soothe the living still, and bind the wounds
which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena: "Like a cloud before the
wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O, thou Christ of God, for-
give."

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray
shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons,—drop thy curtain over
all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn, and faint,
and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL AD-
DRESS.—*March 4th, 1865.*—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take
the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for
an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a

statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh."

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by *whom* the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

TIM TUFF.—EDWARD CAPERN.

Did you ever hear tell of old Timothy Tuff,
And the bargain he struck with Sir Peregrine Muff?
If not, give an ear, and you'll very soon smile
At a very sharp trick of a cunning old file.
Our Tim was a very good fellow, they say,
For making a "deal" in his own sort of way;
So placid in manner, so smooth-tongued and civil,
That he seldom fell out with the very old "divil"

No matter whatever the business or job,
Or whether he cheated a beggar or "nob,"
His father or brother, or "dear cousin John,"
So long as he minded his great number one.
Tim's conscience, you see, seldom knew any twitches,
Since that was as tough as his buff leather breeches.
And now, peradventure, you'd like me to draw
His portrait, as Tim in the market I saw.
First, then, to begin, he had squinting pig's eyes,
A pug turn-up nose, and a mouth of huge size;
Not pleased with one chin, Timmy always showed two;
And the old wig he wore he once bought of a Jew,—
At a very long credit, if rumor be true.
Now Tim was not short, and Tim was not tall,
No giant in girth, and yet not very small;
A very long coat 'neath a very broad hat,
And a waistcoat once black, but now snuffy and fat,
With a pair of old top-boots once worn by the squire,
Was the "rig" of bald Timmy, the puffer and liar.
Just a word about Timothy's trade: 'twas a robber,
Or something much like it, a run-about jobber.
When pigs were in danger of losing their life
Tim saved the poor creatures by using the knife;
And if an old "jibber" e'er fell in his way,
Tim "chopped" an old "kicker," and made his man pay.
No sheep, how'er "cawded," no lean "skentered" cow,
('Tis true, I declare, what I'm telling you now,)
But turned him in cash as good mutton or beef,
And honest men sold all they could to the thief.

Sir Peregrine Muff was out riding one day,
On a sweet little pony, a dark colored bay;
With a sugar-loaf hat, and a vest of bright yellow,
And a pair of "white ducks," when he met with the fellow.
Tim saw, by Sir Peregrine's cut of the coat,
And the tuft that he wore on his chin, like a goat,
By the rings on his fingers, his necktie and pin,
That the dandy young swell was a thing to take in.
So, eying Sir Peregrine Muff for a while,
"Good mornin', yer honor," said Tim, with a smile.
Sir Peregrine made him a very low bow,
And asked him the price of his "nwice-wooking cwow."
"I'm twi'd of this pwony," Sir Peregrine said,
"And I thwink I sha' kweep a mwilch cwow in his stwead.
What mwilk will she gwive neow, a-day, if I shwop?"
"Eight quarts," chuckled Tim, "ef he gees orra drop."

Sir Peregrine thought, as he looked at each feature,
 That Crumple appeared such a beautiful creature,
 He offered to give Tim the pony he strode
 If he would but agree then and there on the road.
 Tim's eyes, like the stars on a cold frosty night,
 Soon twinkled with joy, and quoth he to the knight,
 "'Tis hardly enu', yet ef off ee wull zlip,
 And," greedily eying a silver-knobbed whip,
 "Let me ha'e the bridle and zaddle to boot,
 And the crittur is yours, and as cheap as the 'groot.'
 And, zir, as ez want vor tu git along quick,
 Your whip'll du better, ez thinks, than a stick."

The bargain was struck, and away galloped Tim,
 And laughed in his sleeve at Sir Peregrine's whim;
 But as for the baronet, he, in his pride,
 Was driving his cow when his maid he espied.
 Sir Peregrine's brain, ever given to dream,
 Was feasting away on rich visions of cream,
 When thus to his dairymaid, "Ma-awy," said he,
 "Aw vewy fwine cweature indweed, isn't she?
 You'll mwilk her each mworn and you'll mwilk her each eve
 Take cware of her Ma-awy, for neow I must leave."
 "Gude lawks!" screamed the dairymaid; "zir, tez a *hor*."
 "Dwear me" drawled Sir Peregrine; "hang the old *fox*."

DEAD IN THE STREET.

Under the lamp-light, dead in the street,
 Delicate, fair, and only twenty,
 There she lies,
 Face to the skies,
 Starved to death in a city of plenty.
 Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
 Passed by busy and careless feet;
 Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
 Hundreds with plenty of time and leisure,—
 Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
 To teach the erring and raise the lowly.
 Plenty in Charity's name to show
 That life has something divine and holy.
 Boasted charms, classical brow,
 Delicate features, look at them now:

Look at her lips,—once they could smile;
 Eyes,—well, nevermore shall they beguile;
 Nevermore, nevermore words of hers

A blush shall bring to the saintliest face.
 She had found, let us hope and trust,
 Peace in a higher and better place.

And yet, despite of all, still I ween
 Joy of some hearth she must have been.

Some fond mother, fond of the task,
 Has stooped to finger the dainty curl;

Some proud father has bowed to ask

A blessing for her, his darling girl.

Hard to think, as we look at her there,

Of all the tenderness, love, and care,

Lonely watching, and sore heart-ache,—

All the agony, burning tears,

Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,

Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Fancy will picture a home afar,

Out where the daisies and buttercups are,

Out where life-giving breezes flow,

Far from those sodden streets, foul and low;

Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,

And an aged couple, dead to mirth.

Kneeling beside a bed to pray,

Or lying awake o' nights to hark

For things that may come in the rain and dark,—

A hollow-eyed woman with weary feet:

Better they never know

She whom they cherished so

Lies this night lone and low,—

Dead in the street.

MOTHER AND POET.—ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

LAURA SAVIO, OF TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,

And one of them shot in the west by the sea,

Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,

And are wanting a great song for Italy free.

Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
 But *this* woman, *THIS*, who is agonized here,
 The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
 Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!
 What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
 With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
 Ah, boys, how you hurt! *you* were strong as you pressed,
 And *I* proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
 Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat
 Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees
 And broider the long clothes and neat little coat;
 To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . . It stings there! *I* made them, indeed,
 Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them, no doubt,
 That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
 When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one kneels!
 God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came—in gay letters, moiled
 With my kisses—of camp-life and glory, and how
 They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me:
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand: I was not to faint,—
 One loved me for two,—would be with me ere long;
 And, “*Viva l’Italia!* he died for,—our saint,—
 Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add: he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how ’twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah, “his,” “their” mother, not “mine;”
 No voice says “*My mother*” again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
 They drop earth’s affections, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look’dst through the dark
 To the face of thy Mother! consider, I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark
 Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
 And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? but that’s out of nature. We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
 ’Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
 And, when Italy’s made, for what end is it done
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta’s taken what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men?
 When the guns of Cavilli, with final retort,
 Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,
 When you have a country from mountain to sea,
 And King Victor has Italy’s crown on his head,
 (And I have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's *THERE*, with my brave civic *PAIR*,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this; and we sit on, forlorn,
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.—FRANCIS MAHONY.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;

But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.—CHARLES DICKENS.

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiually seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man; he raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he vos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam, "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these things; order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter,—there!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and *disappeared*.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur','" repeated Sam.

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnatural. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur' i feel myself a damned'"—

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No: it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there; 'i feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—.' I forget wot this 'ere word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "'circumscribed,' that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it's a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in

a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'*

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now i find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip i must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though *i* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So i take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time i see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'rhaps you may have heerd on Mary my dear), altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that verges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam: "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that: and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickvick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a very good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The very thing," said Sam. "*I could* end with a verse: what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' verses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery, and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our onward road.

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,

Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,

Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In the Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself, their Lord their Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed the night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasure, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain;
Then, pitying, spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong,
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share?"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care!

We will do likewise; Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,—
 Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
 So journeying, till we reach the heavenly town,
 Where are laid up our treasure and our crown,
 And our lost loved ones will be found again.

THE LAST JOURNEY.—CAROLINE A. SOUTHEY.

Slowly, with measured tread,
 Onward we bear the dead
 To his lone home;
 Short grows the homeward road;
 On with your mortal load!
 O grave! we come.

Yet, yet,—ah! hasten not
 Past each remembered spot
 Where he hath been,—
 Where late he walked in glee,
 These from henceforth to be
 Never more seen.

Rest ye; set down the bier!
 One he loved dwelleth here;
 Let the dead lie
 A moment that door beside,
 Wont to fly open wide
 Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken! he speaketh yet!
 "O friend! wilt thou forget
 (Friend,—more than brother!)
 How hand in hand we've gone,
 Heart with heart linked in one,
 All to each other?

"O friend! I go from thee,
 Where the worm feasteth free,
 Darkly to dwell,
 Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
 Friend! is it come to this?
 O friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again;
 Take up the mourning strain.
 Pour the deep wail!

Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on;
Grave, bid him hail!

Yet, yet,—ah slowly move!
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight;
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate!
Will the dead speak again,
Uttering proud boasts, and vain
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips uncloze,—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
“O thou, mine enemy,
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

“Curse not thy foeman now,—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pardoning I pass thy way;
Then wage not war with clay,—
Pardon,—forget!”

Now all his labor's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
O, grave, we come!
Seal up the precious dust;—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

Ill does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome,—ill does it become Regulus, after having so often stood in this venerable assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Re-

public, to stand before you a captive,—the captive of Carthage. Though outwardly I am free, though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh,—yet the heaviest of chains—the pledge of a Roman Consul—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them, in the event of the failure of this, their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own;—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms,—of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping,—I will not speak. For five years, a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream,—no more. But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror into the hearts of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors, to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror, I know not what, impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber:—Conscript Fathers! shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, No!

Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered,—for all that I may have to suffer,—I am repaid in the com-

pensation of this moment! Unfortunate you may hold me; but oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful. May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the Gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage. Reject them wholly and unconditionally. What! give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not,—it shall not be! Oh! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause,—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now, alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burden now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But, if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country. Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily,—every well-fought field, won by *his* blood and *theirs*,—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before, against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family,—forgive the thought! To you and to Rome I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name,—no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find 'o Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

DOW'S FLAT 1856.—F. BRET HARTE.

Dow's flat. That's its name,
 And I reckon that you
 Are a stranger? The same?
 Well, I thought it was true,
 For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at
 first view.

It was called after Dow,—
 Which the same was an ass,—
 And as to the how
 That the thing came to pass,—
 Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here
 in the grass:

You see this yer Dow
 Hed the worst kind of luck;
 He slipped up somehow
 On each thing thet he struck.
 Why, ef he'd ha' straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing
 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
 'Till he couldn't pay rates;
 He was smashed by a car
 When he tunneled with Bates;
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five
 kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
 But the boys they stood by,
 And they brought him the stuff
 For a house on the sly;
 And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on
 when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck o' Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to
be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay:
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous
way.

One day,—it was June,
And a year ago, jest,—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work, like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a Derringer
hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell,
Just to listen and think;
For the sun in his eys, (jest like this, sir,) you see, kinder
made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay;
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heerd
the folks say.

And,—that's a pert hoss
Thiet you've got, ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow,—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss hed struck—"Water?"—beg your
parding, young man, there you lied.

It was *gold*, in the quartz,
 And it ran all alike;
 And I reckon five oughts
 Was the worth of that strike;
 And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the same
 isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
 And the thing of it is
 That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness;
 For 'twas *water* the derved cuss was seekin', and his luck
 made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
 To the left of yon tree;
 But—a—look h'yur, say!
 Won't you come up to tea?
 No? Well then, the next time you're passin'; and ask
 after Dow,—and thet's *me*.

LITTLE BENNIE.—ANNIE C. KETCHUM.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
 As he sat upon my knee,
 Holding fast his little stockings,
 Stuffed as full as full can be,
 And attentive listening to me,
 With a face demure and mild,
 That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
 Did not love a naughty child.
 "But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
 And from off my lap he slid,
 Digging deep among the goodies
 In his crimson stockings hid. •
 While I turned me to my table,
 Where a tempting goblet stood,
 Brimming high with dainty custard,
 Sent me by a neighbor good.
 But the kitten, there before me,
 With his white paw, nothing loth,
 Sat, by way of entertainment,
 Lapping off the shining froth;
 And, in not the gentlest humor
 At the loss of such a treat,

I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Bennie's blue eyes kindled;
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing, by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit;"
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look, alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames grow high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Bennie,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live oaks,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister," then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
 Lie the lashes, long and meek,
 Like caressing, clinging shadows,
 On his plump and peachy cheek;
 And I bend above him, weeping
 Thankful tears; O undefiled!
 For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The following beautiful home-circle poem is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the children, as one of the seven were given to him.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
 I looked at John,—John looked at me.
 (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
 As well as though my locks were jet.)
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
 "Tell me again what Robert said;"
 And then I listening bent my head.
 "This is his letter:

'I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given.'"

I looked at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that John had borne
 Of poverty, and work, and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share
 Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this.

"Come John," said I
 "We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
 Where Lilian, the baby slept;
 Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,
 A glory 'gainst the pillow white;

Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not *her*."
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried; ere John could speak,
"*He's* but a baby too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, for a thousand crowns, not *him*,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could *he* be spared? "Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love;
"Perhaps for *her* 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl, that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee;
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,—
So like his father: "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let *him* go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for *all the seven*,
Trusting then to *ONE* in heaven.

LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter;—my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure,—drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood
near.

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung;—
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar,
 There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby cian;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

BILLINGS ON "THE DISTRICT SCHOOLMASTER."

H. G. SHAW.

There iz one man in this basement world, that I alwuz
 look upon with mixt feelings of pity and respect.

Pity and respect, az a general mixtur, don't mix well.

You will find them both traveling around among folks,
 but not often growing on the same bush.

When they do hug each other they mean sumthing.

Pity, without respect, hain't got much more oats in it than
 disgust haz.

I had rather a man would hit me on the side of the head
 than tew pity me.

But there iz one man in this world to whom I alwuz take
 oph my hat, and remain uncovered until he gets safely by,
 and that iz the distrikt skoolmaster.

When I meet him I look upon him az a martyr just re-
 turned from the stake, or on his way there tew be cooked.

He leads a more lonesum and single life than an old bach-
 elor, and a more anxious one than an old maid.

He iz remarked just about as long and as affectionately
 az a gide board iz by a traveling pack peddler.

If he undertakes tew make his skollars luv him, the
 chances are he will neglekt their larning; and if he don't
 lick them now and then pretty often, they will soon lick
 him.

The distrikt skoolmaster hain't got a friend on the flat
 side of earth. The boys snow-ball him during recess; the
 girls put water in hiz hair die; and the skool committee

makes him work for half the money a bartender gets, and board him around the naberhood, where they give him rhy coffee, sweetened with molasses, tew drink, and kodfish bawls three times a day for vittles.

And with all this abuse, I never heard ov a distrikt skool-master swearing anything louder than *condemn it*.

Don't talk to me about the pashunce ov anshunt Job. Job had pretty plenty ov biles all over him, no doubt, but they were all ov one breed.

Every young one in the distrikt skool iz a bile ov a different breed, and each one needs a different kind ov poultis to get a good head on them.

A distrikt skoolmaster, who duz a square job, and takes his codfish bawls reverently, iz a better man to-day, tew hav lying around loose, than Solomon would be, arrayed in all ov hiz glory.

Solomon wuz better at writing proverbs and managing a large family than he would be tew navigate a distrikt skool-hous.

Enny man who haz kept a distrikt skool for ten years, and boarded around the naberhood, ought to be made a mager gineral and have a penshun for the rest ov his nat'ral days, and a hoss and waggin tew du his going around in.

But as a general consequence, a distrikt skoolmaster hain't got any more warm friends than an old blind ox haz.

He iz just about az welkum az a tax-gatherer iz.

He iz respekted a good deal az a man to whom we owe a debt ov 50 dollars to, and don't want tew pay.

He goes through life on a back road, az poor az a wood sled, and finally iz missed; but what ever bekums ov hiz remains I kan't tell.

Fortunately he iz not often a sensitive man; if he waz he couldn't enny more keep a distrikt skool than he could file a krosscut saw.

Why iz it that these men and women, who pashuntly and with crazed brain teach our remorseless brats the tejus meaning ov the alphabet, who take the fust welding heat on thir destiny, who hav tu lay the stepping stones and enkurrage them to mount upwards, who have done more hard work and mean jobs than enny klass on the footstool, who have

prayed over the reprobats, strengthened the timid, restrained the outrageous, and flattered the imbecile; who have lived on kodfish and vile coffee, and hain't been heard to swear,—why is it that they are treated like a vagrant fiddler, danced to for a night, paid oph in the morning, and eagerly forgotten?

I had rather burn a coal-pit, or keep the flys out ov a butcher's shop in the month ov August, than meddle with the skool bizzness.

SHIBBOLETH.—E. H. J. CLEVELAND.

"Then said they unto him: 'Say now Shihholeth;' and he said 'Shibboleth.' Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan: and there fell at that time, of the Ephraimites, forty and two thousand." Judges, xii. 6.

Down to the stream they flying go;
 Right on the border stand the foe,—
 Stand the foe, and this threat they make:
 Shibboleth say, or your head we'll take.

Up to his desk the good man goes,
 Down in the pews they sit, his foes,—
 Sit his foes, and this threat they make:
 Shibboleth say, or your head we'll take.

Say: Remember the Sabbath day,
 In it ye neither shall work nor play;
 Say it commences on Saturday night,
 Just about early candle-light;
 Or, to make it a little surer still,
 When the sun goes down behind the hill;
 And if the sun sets at half-past four,
 Close the shutters, and bar the door;
 Tell the strangers your gates within,
 That to do otherwise is a sin;
 And at half past four on the following day,
 Take out your knitting, and work or play;
 For the Lord allows, in his law sublime,
 Twenty-four hours for holy time;
 Thus you must speak our Shibboleth.

Nothing daunted, the good man saith,
 Ye must remember the Sabbath day,
 In it ye neither shall work nor play,
 Tell the strangers your gates within,
 That to do otherwise is a sin;

But at twelve o'clock it begins, I'm sure,
 Not on Saturday at half-past four,
 And at twelve o'clock at night it ends;
 This is the fourth command, my friends.

Down sits the parson in his seat,
 Up rise his enemies from the pit;
 Off with his head, they wrathful say,
 How he abuses our Sabbath day!

Up comes another to take his place,
 Heated and panting from the chase,
 And again the foe their menace make,
 Shibboleth say, or your head we'll take.
 Say that the Lord made bond and free,
 Slavery's an evil, not sin *per se*;
 Slaves there have been, from the first man's fall,
 And a righteous God upholds it all.
 This is the pass-word, speak it plain;
 And the good man answers back again:
 I know that the Lord made bond and free
 All of one blood, and cursed is he,
 Saith a righteous God in his holy ire,
 Who useth service and giveth no hire.

'This man will never our Shibboleth say
 Thus cry the foe, as they eager lay
 Their violent hands on the clerical crown,
 He is not one of us,—hew him down.
 And again to the next in the sacred desk,
 They look from below, and propound this text:
 Say that we fell in Adam's fall,
 And that in Adam we sinned all;
 Say that in him we all are dead,
 Else you'll oblige us to take your head.

A moment they wait to hear the word,
 But shout as soon as his voice is heard,
 Oh, hear ye now what this rebel saith?
 Sibboleth only,—not Shibboleth.

Another cry in the stifled air,
 Another head with its gory hair
 By the rolling stream, and another threat
 The dire assassins are making yet:
 Shibboleth say, and the stream shall flow
 Right and left, as you onward go:

Sibboleth say, and your head shall fall
 Right in the pass, as fell they all.
 Say that our sins we must all forsake,
 That the yoke of Christ we must willing take;
 Our tongues from evil we must restrain,
 And from the alluring cup abstain;
 But we have made an amendment fair,
 And a due allowance, here and there,
 For such as have but a little grace,—
 Every one understands the case;
 We who are young in grace must grow,
 But still in the ways of folly go;
 We must have our pleasures, and perchance
 Amuse ourselves in a little dance;
 And we, who are somewhat older grown,—
 Though our lips are the Lord's, and not our own,
 Must now and then be allowed to speak,
 Though our words be truly not over meek;
 And should we happen to speak "in a hurry,"
 Why surely the parson needn't worry,—
 Not even though we should blast his fame,
 For the poor church members are not to blame;
 And though we are not inclined to drink
 Of the sparkling cup, yet we surely think
 It will never answer to fully put down
 The sale of the article in our town.
 These things we willingly, freely tell,
 That you may learn our Shibboleth well.
Thus do we all of our sins forsake,
 And the yoke of Christ thus *easy* take.
 For hath he not called the burden *light*?
 Sibboleth say, as we indite.
 But "Be ye holy," he calmly saith;
 Brethren, this is my Sibboleth.

A sudden cry, and a sudden gleam
 Of a glancing sword by the crimson stream,
 And "Off with his head!" they vengeful cry,
 He is an Ephraimite,—let him die;
 And quick dispatch him with all their might,
 Just as another one comes in sight.
 Glad welcome give to the next who stands
 With the "bread of life" in his pious hands.
 In his pious hands, and they hear him through,
 We believe it all, and so do you;

But this it is not enough to say,
 We must have it said in a particular way.
 Say that the sinner *can't* repent,
 Without the spirit is on him sent;
 To the small word *can't*, have a due regard,
 Else things will be apt to go very hard.

But the good man says: He *can*, but *won't*;
 I know that my danger is imminent.
 And they quick reply: We're sorry to make
 Such a very small word as this, to take
 Your head from your shoulders,—thus,—entire,
 But you have incurred our holy ire;
 The meaning of both is the same, 'tis true,
 But such an excuse will never do;
 'Tis a very important word, my friend,
 You will please to perceive you are near your end.

* * * * *

Forty-two thousand fell that day,
 Forty-two thousand bodies lay,
 Of the Ephraimites, in the narrow way
 That led to the running river.
 Forty-two thousand more will fall,
 For when they accept the "unanimous call,"
 They may be assured they have staked their all
 By the theological river.
 For still to the crossing do they hie,
 And still the "Shibboleth" eager try,
 But stop in the narrow pass to die,
 And go not over the river.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.—ALFRED PENNYSON

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
 Toll ye the church bell, sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year, you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily;
 Old year, you shall not die.
 He lieth still; he doth not move;
 He will not see the dawn of day;

He hath no other life above ;
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the new year will take them away.

Old year, you must not go ;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,—
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we shall not see ;
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest ;
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own ;—
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock ;
The shadows flicker to and fro,
The cricket chirps, the light burns low,—
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die ;
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?—
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin ;—
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin,
Step from the corpse, and let him in
Who standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

• JUDICIAL TRIBUNALS.—CHARLES SUMNER.

Let me here say that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment.

It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the *old* religion, adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian Church to death, in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterwards, in the name of the *new* religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun.

It was a judicial tribunal which, in France, during the long reign of her monarchs, lent itself to be the instrument of every tyranny, as during the brief reign of terror it did not hesitate to stand forth the un pitying accessory of the un pitying guillotine. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More; which lighted the fires of persecution, that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield, over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship money against the patriotic resistance of Hampden; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sydney and Russell to the block; which

persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterwards, with Jeffries on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder,—even with the blood of innocent woman.

Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in *our* country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem, which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, while it admonished, “jurors and the people” to obey; and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

In a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began
To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal,—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.

The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.
So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
“Thar's a bar in the kitching as big's a cow!”
“A what?” “Why a bar!” “Well, murder him, then!”
“Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in.”
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and against it he squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,—
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,—
Her man through the keyhole kept shouting within,
“Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker and poke his eyes out.”
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty, *alone*,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly, stretched on the floor.

Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell
 All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
 And he published the marvelous story afar,
 How "*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!
 Oh yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
 Come see what we did, *ME* and Betty, *we* did it."

THE DRAW-BRIDGE KEEFER.—HENRY ABBEY.

History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River draw-bridge, on the New York and Newark Railroad. The train was due, and he was closing the draw when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him, if the father could have taken the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but the child was drowned. The pass at Thermopylæ was not more heroically kept. Sir Philip Sydney, giving the cup of cold water to the dying soldier, is not a nobler figure than that of Albert G. Drecker, keeping the Passaic bridge.

Drecker, the draw-bridge keeper, opened wide
 The dangerous gate, to let the vessel through;
 His little son was standing by his side,
 Above Passaic river, deep and blue;
 While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
 Was heard the whistle of the coming train.
 At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,—
 The gate-like bridge, that seems a gate of death;
 Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
 Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
 Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
 His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.
 Either at once down in the stream to spring
 And save his son, and let the living freight
 Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
 And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate;
 Which should he do? Were you, as he was, tried,
 Would not your love outweigh all else beside?
 And yet the child to him was full as dear
 As yours may be to you,—the light of eyes,
 A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
 The household star that shone in love's mild skies,—
 Yet side by side with duty, stern and grim,
 Even his child became as nought to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul, and true,
 Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
 Who in the deep, dark water sank from view.
 Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
 But, as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
 Across the bridge, in safety, passed the train.
 And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
 Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
 True greatness needs no title and no crest
 To win from men just honor and reward;
 Nobility is not of rank, but mind,—
 And is inborn, and common in our kind.
 He is most noble whose humanity
 Is least corrupted. To be just and good
 The birthright of the lowest born may be;
 Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
 And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
 True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

At the funeral, a crown of green leaves and white roses rested upon the coffin, and many who came to look into the grave, while it remained open, threw flowers into it. The closing stanza of the poem alludes to this beautiful incident.

He sleeps as he should sleep,—among the great
 In the old Abbey; sleeps amidst the few
 Of England's famous thousands whose high state
 Is to lie with her monarchs,—monarchs too.
 Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
 By might of wit and humor, wisdom, lore;
 Music of spoken line or sounded string,—
 Of Art that lives when artists are no more.
 His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
 This shrine within her shrine; and all around
 Is no name but, in Letters or in Art,
 Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.
 Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust;
 Of some, but marble forms and names are here;
 But grave or cenotaph,—remains or bust,
 They will find place for thee, their latest peer.
 Make room, O tuneful Handel, at thy feet;
 Make room, O witty Sheridan, at thy head;

Shift, Johnson, till thou leave him grave space meet ;
 Garrick, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

Macaulay, many-sided mind, receive
 By thine the frame that housed a mind as keen
 To take an impress, or an impress leave,
 From things, or on things, read, or heard, or seen.

Welcome, O Addison, with calm, wise face,
 His coming, who has peopled English air
 With types of humor, tenderness, and grace,
 Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,—
 Thackeray,—bend thy brow with kindly cheer
 On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tossed,
 Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbor here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
 Without the pomps that follow great ones' ends ;
 No mourners, save the natural ones that pressed
 About the father's coffin, or the friend's ;

No sable train, with plume, and plate, and pall ;
 No long parade of undertaker's woe,
 Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall,—
 All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer morn,
 Humbly and hopefully they laid him down,
 And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
 His children's love, like England's lays a crown.

LITTLE NELL'S FUNERAL.—CHARLES DICKENS.

In its most pathetic and beautiful passages, the prose of Dickens runs easily and naturally into rhyme and meter, and shows him to be a poet no less than a novelist, of high order. This tendency of his writing is very vividly illustrated by the account of the funeral of Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," which is appended exactly as it stands in the book, with the exception of a few slight verbal alterations.

And now the bell,—the bell
 She had so often heard by night and day,
 And listened to with solemn pleasure,
 E'en as a living voice,—
 Rung its remorseless toll for her
 So young, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
 And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
 Poured forth,—on crutches, in the pride of strength
 And health, in the full blush
 Of promise, the mere dawn of life,—
 To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
 Whose eyes were dim
 And senses failing,—
 Grandames, who might have died ten years ago,
 And still been old,—the deaf, the blind, the lame,
 The palsied,
 The living dead in many shapes and forms,
 To see the closing of this early grave.
 What was the death it would shut in,
 To that which still could crawl and keep above it!
 Along the crowded path they bore her now;
 Pure as the new fallen snow
 That covered it; whose day on earth
 Had been as fleeting.
 Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven
 In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
 She passed again, and the old church
 Received her in its quiet shade.
 They carried her to one old nook,
 Where she had many and many a time sat musing,
 And laid their burden softly on the pavement.
 The light streamed on it through
 The colored window,—a window where the boughs
 Of trees were ever rustling
 In the summer, and where the birds
 Sang sweetly all day long.

ARTEMUS WARD AT THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

C. F. BROWN.

I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shak-
speare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit.
 If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of lit-
 eratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife Betsey, when I left home, that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birthplace of Shakspeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it profitble cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man,—a worthy villager; "Shakspeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talking to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentators and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, coming from one so young and inexperunced, set people to thinkin there might

be something in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorius career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

And shure, I was tould to come in till yer honor,
 To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat,
 He's gone for a soger, is Misther O'Conner,
 Wid a sthripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what 'ill ye tell him? shure it must be aisy
 For the likes of yer honor to spake wid the pen,
 Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy,
 (The baby, yer honor,) is better again.

For when he wint off, so sick was the crayther
 She never hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
 And when I'd be cryin' he'd look at me wild like,
 And ax "would I wish for the counthry's disgrace."

So he left her in danger, and me sorely gravin',
 And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
 And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
 And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

Tell him to sind us a bit of his money,
 For the rint and the docther's bill due in a wake,
 And—shure there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
 I' faith I've no right wid such fradom to spake.

I'm over much thriffling, I'll not give ye trouble,
 I'll find some one willin'—oh, what can it be?
 What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
 Yer honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me.

Dead! Patrick O'Conner! O God, it's some ither,
 Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
 And the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
 It hasn't had time yet, yer honor, to dhry.

Dead! dead! O God, am I crazy?

Shure it's brakin' my heart ye are, tellin' me so,
And what en the world will I do wid poor Daisy?

Oh what can I do? Oh where can I go?

This room is so dark I'm not seein' yer honor;

I think I'll go home.——And a sob, hard and dry,
Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
But never a tear drop welled up to her eye.

NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—JOHN PIERPONT.

Oh no, no,—let *me* lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die.
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory felloes of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
Oh, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave.
I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of those piles I've seen:
The one at Lexington, upon the green
Where the first blood was shed,
And to my country's independence led;

And others on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.

Ay, and abroad a few more famous still:
Thy "tomb" Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis;
And thine too have I seen,—
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout.
But, as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin, white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths. Or let me leave
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends, are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare,
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits.—spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

In my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor, have no power
To bear the spirit up.
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup

That all must drink at last,
 Oh, let me draw refreshment from the past!
 Then let my soul run back,
 With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
 And see that all the seeds
 That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
 Have sprung up, and have given,
 Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven.

And though no grassy mound
 Or granite pile says 'tis heroic ground
 Where my remains repose,
 Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps—that those
 Whom I have striven to bless—
 The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless—
 May stand around my grave,
 With the poor prisoner and the lowest slave,
 And breathe an humble prayer,
 That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON.

T. F. MEAGHER.

A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the lord chief justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my Lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done,—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even

here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No; I do not despair of my poor old country,—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country, I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up; to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal,—I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court.

Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth,—as I have done on every other occasion of my short career,—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal, a tribunal where a judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

JACK HORNER.—MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

“Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, ‘What a great boy am I!’”

Ah! the world has many a *Horner*,
Who, seated in his corner,
Finds a Christmas pie provided for his thumb;
And cries out with exultation,
When successful exploration
Doth discover the predestinated plum.

Little Jack outgrows his sire,
And becometh John, Esquire,
And he finds a monstrous pasty ready-made,
Stuffed with notes, and bonds, and bales,
With invoices and sales,
And all the mixed ingredients of trade.

And again it is his luck,
To be just in time to pluck,
By a “clever operation,” from the pie
An unexpected plum;
So he glorifies his thumb,
And says, proudly, “What a mighty man am I!”

Or, perchance, to science turning,
And, with weary labor, learning
All the formulas and phrases that oppress her,
For the fruit of others baking,
So a fresh diploma taking,
Comes he forth a full accredited professor.

Or, he’s not too nice to mix
In the dish of politics;
And the dignity of office he puts on;
And he feels as big again
As a dozen nobler men,
While he writes himself the “Honorable John.”

Not to hint at female Horners,
Who, in their exclusive corners,
Think the world is only made of upper crust,
And in the funny pie
That we call *society*,
Do their dainty fingers delicately thrust.

Till it sometimes comes to pass,
 In the spiced and sugared mass,
 One may compass (don't they call it so?) a catch
 And the gratulation given,
 Seems as if the very heaven
 Had outdone itself in making such a match.

Oh, the world keeps Christmas day
 In a queer perpetual way;
 Shouting always, "What a great big boy am I!"
 Yet how many of the crowd,
 Thus vociferating loud,
 And all its accidental honors lifting high,
 Have really, more than Jack,
 With all their lucky knack,
 Had a finger in the making of the pie.
 —*Mother Goose for Grown Folks.*

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.—T. B. MACAULAY.

The first six lines of the following poem are not in the original, but have been added as an introduction and to make the commencement less abrupt:

"Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?"
 "Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home.
 On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
 The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right,
 Oh, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
But look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.

Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,—
 The house that^a envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,

Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal
gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this
way;
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the
prey;
With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, be-
reft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that, in this hand, I clutch what still can
save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the
slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow,—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou shalt
never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one
more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but
this!"
With that, he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the
side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she
died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment break forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered
nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on
high:
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his
way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with
steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his
head!"

He looked upon his clients,—but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors,—but they trembled and stood
still.

And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left;
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done
in Rome.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.—HENRY HARBAUGH.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant, that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And, fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,—
The Arab's Gimel el Bahr,—
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.

In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,
Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven.
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore;
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
O prince of the noble! O sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine!

Have you heard this tale,—the best of them all,—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but his life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, his loss is our gain,—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall,—
Must pass from the view, and die away;
And then will the fruit appear;
The grain, that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain;
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Sitting in my humble doorway,
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult
With a kind of sad delight,—

Wait I for the loved who comes not,
One whose step I long to hear,
One who, though he lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.

Soft! he comes,—now heart be quick,
Leaping in triumphant pride;—
Oh! it is a *stranger* footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

All the night seems filled with weeping,
Winds are wailing mournfully,
And the rain-tears together
Journey to the restless sea.

I can fancy, sea, your murmur,
As they with your waters flow,
Like the griefs of single beings
Making up a nation's woe.

Branches, bid your guests be silent;
Hush a moment, fretful rain;
Breeze, stop sighing,—let me listen,
God grant not again in vain!

In my cheek the blood is rosy,
Like the blushes of a bride.
Joy! Alas! a stranger footstep
Goes by on the other side.

Ah! how many wait forever
For the steps that do not come!
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home.

Many, in the still of midnight,
In the streets have lain and died,
While the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—D. JERROLD.

Now, Mr. Caudle,—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; There's an end of the marriage state, I think,—an end of all confidence between man and wife,—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still,—not that I care much about it,—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? *Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it;* I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—*you're not?* Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion,—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason,—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason,—when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute! —yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you

might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me,—you'll tell your own Margaret? *You won't?* You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers!
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,

Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality;
 His great fires up the chimney roared;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning time-piece never ceased,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
 Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
 And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient time-piece makes reply,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care

And death, and time, shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

THE BALLOT-BOX.—E. H. CHAPIN.

I am aware that the ballot-box is not everywhere a consistent symbol; but to a large degree it is so. I know what miserable associations cluster around this instrument of popular power. I know that the arena in which it stands is trodden into mire by the feet of reckless ambition and selfish greed. The wire-pulling and the bribing, the pitiful truckling and the grotesque compromises, the exaggeration and the detraction, the melo-dramatic issues and the sham patriotism, the party watchwords and the party nicknames, the schemes of the few paraded as the will of the many, the elevation of men whose only worth is in the votes they command,—*vile* men, whose hands you would not grasp in friendship, whose presence you would not tolerate by your fireside,—*incompetent* men, whose fitness is not in their capacity as functionaries, or legislators, but as organ pipes;—the snatching at the slices and offal of office, the intemperance and the violence, the finesse and the falsehood, the gain and the glory; *these* are indeed but too closely identified with that political agitation which circles around the ballot box.

But, after all, they are not *essential* to it. They are only the masks of a genuine grandeur and importance. For it is a grand thing,—something which involves profound doctrines of right,—something which has cost ages of effort and sacrifice,—it is a grand thing that here, at last, each voter has just the weight of one man; no more, no less; and the *weakest*, by virtue of his recognized manhood, is as *strong* as the *mightiest*. And consider, for a moment, what it is to cast a vote. It is the token of inestimable privileges, and involves the responsibilities of an hereditary trust. It has passed into your hands as a right, reaped from fields of suf-

fering and blood. The grandeur of history is represented in your act. Men have wrought with pen and tongue, and pined in dungeons, and died on scaffolds, that you might obtain this symbol of freedom, and enjoy this consciousness of a sacred individuality. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it were, the dignity of the sceptre and the potency of the sword.

And that which is so potent as a *right*, is also pregnant as a *duty*; a duty for the present and for the future. If you will, that folded leaf becomes a tongue of justice, a voice of order, a force of imperial law; securing rights, abolishing abuses, erecting new institutions of truth and love. And, however you will, it is the expression of a solemn responsibility, the exercise of an immeasurable power for good or for evil, now and hereafter. It is the medium through which you act upon your country,—the organic nerve which incorporates you with its life and welfare. There is no agent with which the possibilities of the republic are more intimately involved, none upon which we can fall back with more *confidence* than the ballot-box.

THE RAZOR SELLER.—PETER PINDAR.

A fellow in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteenpence;
 Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man would buy, with cash and sense.
 A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
 Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
 That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.
 With cheerfulness the eighteenpence he paid,
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.
 "No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
 Provided that the razors *shave*;
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,
 And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze:

'Twas a vile razor,—then the rest he tried,—

All were impostors; “Ah!” Hodge sighed,

“I wish my eighteenpence were in my purse.”

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,

And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:

His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not loose its ruff,

So kept it,—laughing at the steel and suds:

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,

On the vile cheat that sold the goods:

“Razors! a mean, confounded dog,

Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge sought the fellow,—found him,—and begun:

“P'rhaps, Master Razor rogue, to you 'tis fun,

That people flay themselves out of their lives:

You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,

With razors just like oyster knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,

To cry up razors that can't *shave*.”

“Friend,” quoth the razor man, “I'm not a knave:

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul I never thought

That they would shave.”

“Not think they'd shave!” quoth Hodge, with wondering
eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,

“What were they made for, then, you dog?” he cries;

“Made!” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“*to sell*.”

GINEVRA.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

If ever you should come to Modena,

(Where among other relics you may see

Tassoni's bucket,—but 'tis not the true one,)

Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,

Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.

Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you ; but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri,—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot;
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,—
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestors,—
That by the way,—it may be true or false,—
But don't forget the picture; and you *will not*,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child,—her name Ginevra,—
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come,—the day, the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried,
“’Tis but to make a trial of our love!”
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
’Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not.

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived, and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,—
Something he could not find,—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless,—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were passed, and all forgotten,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and ’twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“Why not remove it from its lurking place?”
’Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst,—it fell,—and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,
Engraven with a name,—the name of both,—
“Ginevra.”

There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.—C. F. ALEXANDER.

“And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.” Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—
Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—Oh wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the nills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

Has the gentleman *done*? Has he *completely* done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order,—why? Because the limited talents of *some* men render it impossible for them to be severe *without* being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the *accuser* is lost in the magnitude of the *accusation*. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when *not* made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask why not “traitor,” unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of

Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned,—not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

J. R. PLANCHE.

At Trin. Col. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
 Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided
 One Harry Dashington, a youth excelling
 In all the learning commonly provided
 For those who choose that classic station
 For finishing their education.

That is, he understood computing
 The odds at any race or match;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
 Could kick up rows, knock down the watch,

Play truant and the rake at random,
 Drink, tie cravats, and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,
 Seemed but to make his lapses greater;
 Till he was warned that next offence
 Would have this certain consequence—
 Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
 To guess, that, with so wild a wight,
 The next offence occurred next night;
 When our incurable came rolling
 Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,
 And rang the college bell:—no answer.

The second peal was vain; the third
 Made the street echo its alarum;
 When, to his great delight, he heard
 The sordid janitor, old Ben,
 Rousing and growling in his den:
 "Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-Scarum."
 "'Tis I, my worthy Ben,—'tis Harry."
 "Ay, so I thought,—and there you'll tarry;
 'Tis past the hour,—the gates are closed,—
 You know my orders,—I shall lose
 My place, if I undo the door."
 "And I," young Hopeful interposed,
 "Shall be expelled, if you refuse,
 So prythee"—Ben began to snore.
 "I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin;
 Hip! hallo! Ben, don't be a niany;
 Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
 So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
 Half overjoyed and half in dudgeon,
 "Now you may pass, but make no fuss,
 On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."
 "Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
 Cried Harry, as he passed the gate,
 "I've dropped a shilling,—take the light,
 You'll find it just outside,—good-night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
 Dripping with rain that never stopped,

Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wondered at,

Because no shilling had been dropped;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regained the door, and found it fast.

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once,—twice,—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry, mimicking old Ben:—

"Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud,—I've locked the gate,
I know my duty; 'tis too late,—
You wouldn't have me lose my place?"

"Psha! Mr. Dashington; remember
This is the middle of November;

I'm stripped; 'tis raining cats and dogs"—
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.

"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.

"No,—all or none,—a full acquittance;
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But you have fixed the price, not I;
I won't take less; I can't afford it."

So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you'll give me," growled the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."

"Oh, surely, surely," Harry said;
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drowned, and quite undressed,
I'll give you," said the generous fellow,
Free, as most people are when mellow,
"I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

THE CHANGED CROSS.—MRS. CHAS. HOBART.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to his might
Who says, "We walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
'The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear."

Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around;
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause,—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music filled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One, to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," he said, "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, he led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,—
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook:

The sparkling jewels, fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if any there could ease my pain;
But, one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed,—and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping I laid each heavy burden down,
As my guide gently said, "No cross,—no crown."

At length to him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bade its doubts depart;
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there,—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,—
A cross I quickly found, of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,—
The only one, of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized *my own old cross* again.

But, oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!

No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That he, who knows me best, should choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best,—because he knows the end.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—SHAKSPEARE

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly,—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar *less*, but that I loved Rome *more*. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart:—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.—SHAKSPEARE

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervi.—
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

Oh! now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honorable!
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood;—I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

GRIZZLY GRUMBLER'S ADVICE.

MY DEAR FELLOW-GRUMBLERS:—Poets, philosophers, and fools, in all ages, have been writing and preaching on the art of being happy, without a mighty sight of *seals* to their ministry, I guess.

But, as many can't be satisfied unless *miserable* in body and mind, I am going to show all such persons the several means to be used for the attainment of such a desirable end.

In the first place, my beloved whiners, in order to attain any end, you must get up a stiff resolution and determination to *conquer*. Yes, my hearers, you must set down your foot, grit your teeth, let your resolution be as stiff as boiler-plate, let your firmness be as unwavering as the rocks of Gibraltar. Be determined to be miserable, and you shall get your desires. Never mind what people tell you about the bounties of Providence and the beauties of Nature, the balmy breezes of spring, the twittering and warbling of birds,—you must sheer off from them like a wealthy upstart from a poor relation.

Put on a sour, savage, snapping-turtle physiognomy; look daggers, and *act out* your feelings; this is the first great commandment with misery: Think you are the most forsaken mortal that misery ever held a mortgage on. *Hate* mankind; call 'em all liars, cheats, swindlers, villains. Look at everything on the wrong side. If it has no dark side, *make* one, just so as to enjoy yourself looking at it. Take it for granted that everybody about is especially interested to torment you. Fight everybody and everything. You can't hit amiss. The world is all *wrong*. Everybody is a villain but *yourself*, and it is your duty to teach mankind manners. Go at 'em. You can't *fail* to be miserable.

THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.—CAROLINE A. SOUTHEY.

I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,
 There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar?
 It's brewing up down westward; and look there!
 One of those sea gulls! ay, there goes a pair;
 And such a sudden thaw! If rain comes on,
 As threats, the water will be out anon.
 That path by the ford is a nasty bit of way,—
 Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children join in this request; but the mother resolves that they shall set out,—the two girls, Lizzy and Jenny, the one five, the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so,—

One last fond kiss,—

"God bless my little maids," the father said,
 And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

"Now, mind and bring
 Jenny safe home," the mother said. "Don't stay
 To pull a bough or berry by the way;
 And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
 Your little sister's hand till you're quite past;
 That plank is so crazy, and so slippery,
 If not overflowed, the stepping-stones will be;
 But you're good children,—steady as old folk,—
 I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzy's cloak,
 A good gray duffle, lovingly she tied,
 And amply little Jenny's lack supplied

With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
 "To wrap it round, and knot it carefully,
 Like this, when you come home, just leaving free
 One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away;
 Good will to school, and then good right to play."

The mother watches them with foreboding, though she
 knows not why. In a little while the threatened storm
 sets in. Night comes, and with it comes the father from
 his daily toil;

There's a treasure hidden in his hat,—
 A plaything for his young ones; he had found
 A dormouse nest; the living ball coiled round
 For its long winter sleep; and all his thought,
 As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught
 But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
 And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise,
 When he should yield, by guess, and kiss, and prayer,
 Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

No little faces greet him as wont at the threshold; and
 to his hurried question,—

"Are they come?" 'twas "no."

To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
 The old cracked lantern from its dusty nook,
 And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word
 That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,
 Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
 To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbor goes with him, and the faithful dog follows
 the children's tracks.

"Hold the light

Low down, he's making for the water. Hark!
 I know that whine; the old dog's found them, Mark;"
 So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
 Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone!
 And all his dull, contracted light could show,
 Was the black void, and dark swollen stream below.
 "Yet there's life somewhere, more than Tinker's whine,
 That's sure," said Mark. "So, let the lantern shine
 Down yonder. There's the dog,—and hark!"
 And a low sob came faintly on the ear, "Oh, dear!"
 Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
 Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught
 Fast hold of something,—a dark, huddled heap,—
 Half in the water, where 'twas scarce knee-deep

For a tall man, and half above it propped
 By some old ragged side-piles, that had stopped,
 Endways, the broken plank, when it gave way
 With the two little ones, that luckless day.
 "My babes, my lambkins!" was the father's cry;
 One little voice made answer, "Here am I."
 'Twas Lizzy's. There she crouched, with face as white,
 More ghastly, by the flickering lantern light,
 Than sheeted corpse; the pale blue lips drawn tight,
 Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
 And eyes on some dark object underneath,
 Washed by the turbid water, fixed like stone;
 One arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown,
 Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.
 There *she* lay, *drowned*. * * * *

They lifted her from out her watery bed;
 Its covering gone, the lovely little head
 Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,
 And one small hand; the mother's shawl was tied,
 Leaving *that* free, about the child's small form,
 As was her last injunction, "fast and warm;"
 Too well obeyed,—too fast! A fatal hold
 Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold,
 That caught and pinned her to the river's bed;
 While, through the reckless water overhead,
 Her life breath bubbled up.

"She might have lived,
 Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
 The wretched mother's heart when she heard all,
 "But for my foolishness about that shawl."

"Who says I forgot?
 Mother, indeed, indeed I kept fast hold,
 And tied the shawl quite close,—she can't be cold,
 But she won't move. We slept, I don't know how,
 But I held on, and I'm so weary now,
 And it's so dark and cold! Oh dear! oh dear!—
 And she won't move—if father were but here!"

All night long from side to side she turned,
 Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
 With now and then the murmur, "She won't move;"
 And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
 Shone on that pillow,—passing strange the sight,—
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!

THE PARTING HOUR.—EDWARD POLLOCK.

There's something in "the parting hour"

Will chill the warmest heart,—

Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,

Are fated all to part;

But this I've seen,—and many a pang

Has pressed it on my mind,—

The one who goes is happier

Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,—

Adventurous, dangerous, far

To the wild deep, or bleak frontier,

To solitude, or war,—

Still something cheers the heart that dares,

In all of human kind;

And they who go are happier

Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home

With doubtings and with tears,

But does not Hope her rainbow spread

Across her cloudy fears?

Alas! the mother who remains,

What comfort can she find

But this,—the gone is happier

Than the one she leaves behind?

Have you a trusty comrade dear,—

An old and valued friend?

Be sure your term of sweet concourse

At length will have an end.

And when you part,—as part you will,—

Oh take it not unkind,

If he who goes is happier

Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so, and so it is;

The pilgrims on their way,

Though weak and worn, more cheerful are

Than all the rest who stay.

And when, at last, poor man, subdued,

Lies down, to death resigned,

May he not still be happier far

Than those he leaves behind?

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As *human beings*, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead.

But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their *country* they yet *live*, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and *will* live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man,—when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift,—is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind: so that, when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows; but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live,—perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age,—who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own senti-

ments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind; infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others; or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree Which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American revolution will appear less than it is,—one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in *human* affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in *producing* that momentous event.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FLEA POWDER.

A Frenchman once,—so runs a certain ditty,—
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But, lacking pupils, vain was all his skill;
His fortunes sank from low to lower still;
Until, at last,—pathetic to relate,—
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.
Standing, one day, beside a cook-shop door,
And gazing in, with aggravation sore,
He mused within himself what he should do
To fill his empty maw, and pocket too.
By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,
And thus to execute it straight began:
A piece of common brick he quickly found,
And with a harder stone to powder ground,
Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece
Of paper, labelled "Poison for de Fleas,"

And sallied forth, his roguish trick to try,
 To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.
 From street to street he cried, with lusty yell,
 "Here's grand and sovereign *flea poudare* to sell!"
 And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,
 For soon a woman hailed him as he passed.
 Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,
 And made him five crowns richer on the spot.
 Our wight, encouraged by this ready sale,
 Went into business on a larger scale;
 And soon, throughout all London, scattered he
 The "only genuine poudare for de flea."
 Engaged, one morning, in his new vocation
 Of mingled boasting and dissimulation,
 He thought he heard himself in anger called;
 And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled—
 In not a mild or very tender mood—
 From the same window where before she stood:
 "Hey, there," said she, "you Monsher Powder an!
 Escape my clutches, now, sir, if you can;
 I'll let you dirty, thieving Frenchmen know
 That decent people won't be cheated so."
 Then spoke Monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,
 With humble attitude and tearful eye,
 "Ah, Madame! s'il vous plait, attendez-vous,
 I vill dis leetle ting *explain* to you:
 My poudare gran! *magnifique!* why abuse him?
 Aha! I show you *how to use him*;
 First, you must wait until you *catch de flea*;
 Den, tickle he on de petite rib, you see;
 And when he laugh,—aha! he ope his throat;
 Den *poke de poudare down!*—BEGAR! HE CHOKE."

IN THE OTHER WORLD.—H. BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
 A world we do not see;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.
 Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
 Amid our worldly cares
 Its gentle voices whisper love,
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitates the veil between
 With breathings almost heard.

The silence,—awful, sweet, and calm,—
 They have no power to break;
 For mortal words are not for them
 To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
 So near to press they seem,
 They seem to lull us to our rest,
 And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
 'Tis easy now to see
 How lovely, and how sweet a pass
 The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
 And gently dream in loving arms,—
 To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 To feel all evil sink away,
 All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
 Press nearer to our side,
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
 With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
 A dried and vanished stream,—
 Your joy be the reality,
 Our suffering life the dream.

VERY DARK.

The crimson tide was ebbing, and the pulse grew weak and faint,
 But the lips of that brave soldier scorned e'en now to make complaint;
 "Fall in rank!" a voice called to him; calm and low was his reply:
 "Yes, I will if I can do it,—I *will* do it, though I die."

And he murmured, when the life-light had died out to just
a spark,

"It is growing very dark, mother,—growing very dark."

There were tears in manly eyes, then, and manly heads
were bowed,

Though the balls flew thick around them, and the cannons
thundered loud;

They gathered round the spot where the dying soldier lay,
To catch the broken accents he was struggling then to say;
And a change came o'er the features where death had set
his mark,—

"It is growing very dark, mother—very, very dark."

Far away his mind had wandered, to Ohio's hills and vales,
Where the loved ones watched and waited with that love
that never fails;

He was with them as in childhood, seated in the cottage
door,

Where he watched the evening shadows slowly creeping on
the floor;

Bend down closely, comrades, closely, he is speaking now,
and hark,—

"It is growing very dark, mother,—very, very dark."

He was dreaming of his mother,—that her loving hand was
pressed

On his brow for one short moment, ere he sank away to
rest;

That her lips were now imprinting a fond kiss upon his
cheek,

And a voice he well remembered spoke so soft, and low, and
meek;

Her gentle form was near him, her footsteps he could mark,—
But—"It's growing very dark, mother,—very, very dark."

And the eye that once had kindled, flashing forth with pa-
triot light,

Slowly gazing, vainly strove to pierce the gathering gloom
of night;

Ah, poor soldier! ah, fond mother! you are severed now for
aye;

Cold and pulseless, there he lieth, where he breathed his
life away;

Through this heavy cloud of sorrow shines there not one
heavenly spark?

Ah! it has grown dark, mother,—very, *very* dark.

THE FIREMAN.--ROBERT T. CONRAD.

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! O horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry:
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but him would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.
He mounts the stair,--it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;

The sinking floors his hurried step betray;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way;
Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is braved;
Still on! yet on! once more! *Thank Heaven, she's saved!*

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT.—F. M. WHITCHER.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me, one winter evenin', as we was a settin' by the fire; I was a knittin', (I was always a wonderful great knitter,) and he was a smokin', (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time.) Well, he took his pipe out o' his mouth, and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he most ginerally always called me Silly, 'cause 'twas handier, you know.) Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem. I tell you, he had a sollem countenance naterally,—and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldnt wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest and amazin' weakness in the spine o' his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part o' the time, and bein broke o' his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to't for breath when he laid down.

Why, it's an onaccountable fact, that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he

was married, and for five or six year after, I shouldent desire to see a ruggedder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year; and, oh dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married.

I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and, lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but, lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now there's Miss Jinkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejusest indiwidoal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly;" says I, "What?" I didnt say "What, Hezekier?" for I didnt like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin'. "Hezekier Bedott" says I. "Well, I would give up if I had such a name;" but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minnit o' marryin' the governor. Is'pose you think it's curus we should ha' named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and he and inother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gination to gination. But we always call him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me, I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she's a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott, she's a *leetle* out o' her reckonin'. But I was gwine to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly;" I says, says I, "What?" If I didnt say "what," when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on sayin' "Silly" from

time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and i ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was.

Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly;" says I, "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say; dident know out what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as *he* did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'; think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but *he* didnt. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one-hoss shay out to Boonville, to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them 'ere flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a-sittin' there husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a perdicckerment, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didnt. He only said, says he, "Consarn it!" How did we get out, did you ask? Why, we might a been sittin' there to this day, fur as I know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out.

But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I could see by the light o' the fire (there didnt happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles 'ceptin' when we had company), I could see by the light o' the fire that his mind was uncommonly solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly;" I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all poor critters!*"

—*Widow Bedott Papers.*

BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD LUCRETIA.—J. H. PAYNE

Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore. Behold that frozen corse!

See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue.
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never-resting thought is all on fire.
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her. The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful,
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds,
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How, from the shade of those ill neighboring plants,
Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,
Bloomed in unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have called back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
Might have abashed the boldest libertine,
And turned desire to reverential love,
And holiest affection. O my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task,—all ran,
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies!
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence,—gone! gone! gone!
Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poisoned brother,—
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse,—'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound, Revenge! Revenge!

And we *will* be revenged, my countrymen!
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

Brutus your king? No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one,—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul among the stars. On! Brutus leads you;
On to the Forum! the *fool* shall set you free.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—CAROLINE GRISWOLD

The snowflakes are falling swiftly,
The children are wild with glee,
As they dream of the merry pastime
The morrow's morn will see;
And faces are bright in their youthful glow
As they watch the falling, beautiful snow.

Within that pleasant parlor,
The mother alone is still,
She feels not the snow that falls without,
But her throbbing heart is chill,
As she turns away from the fireside glow
To look abroad on the beautiful snow.

God help those eyes despairing,
That gaze at the snow-clad earth;
God pity the mad rebellion
Which in that heart had birth.
The children are gone, and a sound of woe
Breaks through the night o'er the beautiful snow

The woman's face, all ghastly,
Lies pressed to the window pane,
But no sound of human anguish
Escapes her lips again;
'Twas the cry of a woman's heart crushed low,
Whose hopes lay dead 'neath the beautiful snow.

The firelight glanced and sparkled,
In contrast to her gloom,
It gilded the books and pictures,
And lit up the cheerful room,
While, through the casement, its crimson glow
Threw a band of light on the beautiful snow.
She shrank from the mocking brightness,
That sought to win her there;
Far better to watch the snowflakes
Than gaze at a vacant chair,—
A chair that never again could know
A form *now* still 'neath the beautiful snow.
Many a night-watch had he known,
And many a vigil kept,
While the snowflakes fell around him,
And all his comrades slept;
For his heart was strong, in its patriot glow,
As he gazed abroad at the beautiful snow.
He too had watched the snowflakes,
And laughed as they whirled him by,—
Had watched, as they drifted round him,
With bright, undaunted eye;
But now there rests not a stone to show
The soldier's grave 'neath the beautiful snow.
The mourner's eye roved sadly,
In search of the vacant chair,
To rest in loving wonder
On a young child slumbering there;
And she caught from his baby lips the low
Half murmured words, "The beautiful snow!"
With a sudden, passionate yearning,
She caught him to her breast,
And smiled in the eyes that, in their calm,
Rebuked her own unrest,—
Eyes that had caught their kindling glow
From the father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow.
Again she stood at the casement,
And smiled at her baby's glee,
As he turned from the feathery snowflakes
Her answering smile to see,—
Her little child, that never could know
The father that lay 'neath the beautiful snow.

Ah! many a widowed heart doth throbb
In its bitterness alone,
And many an orphan's tears still fall
Above some honored stone.
Fond hearts must bleed, and tears must flow,
For the loved who lie 'neath the beautiful snow.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope, with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm'—and he held it out so proudly before me—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow.'

"'Go, then, go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:—

“DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

“You know I promised Jemmie Carr’s mother, I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie’s turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late.”

“God be thanked!” interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. “I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep *carelessly* at his post.”

“They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances,—‘time to write to you,’ our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat ~~them~~ to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Saviour in a better, --better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said solemnly, "Amen."

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me; but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly

opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want, so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straight forward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "*Send this dispatch at once.*"

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to

the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: "*The Lord be praised!*"

THE COMET.--THOMAS HOOD.

Among professors of astronomy,
 Adepts in the celestial economy,
 The name of Herschel's very often cited;
 And justly so, for he is hand in glove
 With every bright intelligence above;
 Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
 Watching the stars, upon the house's top,
 That once upon a time he got benighted
 In his observatory thus coquetting,
 With Venus or with Juno gone astray,
 All sublunary matters quite forgetting
 In his flirtations with the winking stars,
 Acting the spy, it might be, upon Mars,—
 A new Andre;
 Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping
 At Dian sleeping;
 Or ogling through his glass
 Some heavenly lass,
 Tripping with pails along the Milky way;
 Or looking at that wain of Charles, the Martyr's.
 Thus was he sitting, watchman of the sky,
 When lo! a something with a tail of flame
 Made him exclaim,
 "*My stars!*"—he always put that stress on *my*,—
 "*My stars* and garters!
 "A comet, sure as I'm alive!
 A noble one as I should wish to view;
 It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not due
 Till eighteen thirty-five.

Magnificent! How fine his fiery trail!

Zounds! 'tis a pity, though, he comes unsought,

Unasked, unreckoned,—in no human thought;

He ought—he ought—he ought

To have been caught

With scientific salt upon his tail.

"I looked no more for it, I do declare,

Than the Great Bear!

As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,

It really entered in my head

No more than Berenice's hair!"

Thus musing, heaven's grand inquisitor

Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor,

Till John, the serving man, came to the upper

Regions, with "Please your honor, come to supper."

"Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup,

Except on that phenomenon,—look up."

"Not sup!" cried John, thinking with consternation

That supping on a *star* must be *star*-vation,

Or even to batten

On *ignes fatui* would never fatten.

His visage seemed to say, "That very odd is,"

But still his master the same tune ran on,

"I can't come down; go to the parlor, John,

And say I'm supping with the heavenly bodies."

"The heavenly bodies!" echoed John, "ahem!"

His mind still full of famishing alarms,

"Zounds! If your honor sups with *them*,

In helping, somebody must make long arms."

He thought his master's stomach was in danger,

But still in the same tone replied the knight,

"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite;

Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."

Quoth John, not much *au fait* in such affairs,

"Wouldn't the stranger take a bit down stairs?"

"No," said the master, smiling, and no wonder,

At such a blunder,

"The stranger is not quite the thing you think;

He wants no meat or drink;

And one may doubt quite reasonably whether

He has a mouth,

Seeing his head and tail are joined together.

Behold him! there he is, John, in the south."

John looked up with his portentous eyes,
 Each rolling like a marble in its socket;
 At last the fiery tadpole spies,
 And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
 "A rare good rocket!"

"A what? A rocket, John! Far from it!
 What you behold, John, is a comet;
 One of those most eccentric things
 That in all ages
 Have puzzled sages
 And frightened kings;
 With fear of change, that flaming meteor, John,
 Perplexes sovereigns throughout its range."
 "Do he?" cried John;
 "Well, let him flare on,
 I ha'ven't got no sovereigns to change!"

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
 Upon the school-house play-ground, that sheltered you and
 me;

But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to
 know,

Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare footed boys at play
 Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
 But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er
 with snow,

Afforded us a sliding-place, some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are re-
 placed

By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced;
 But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to
 and fro;

Its music's just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same
 old tree;

I have forgot the name just now,—you've played the same
 with me,

On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing
so and so;
The loser had a task to do,—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less
wide;

But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we
played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts,—pretty girls,—just twenty years
ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spread-
ing beech,

Is very low,—'twas then so high that we could scarcely reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed, since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine
the same;

Some heartless wretch has leveled the bark, 'twas dying sure
but slow,

Just as *she* died, whose name *you* cut, some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came to my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;

I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the
sea;

But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me:
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.—MOLLIE E. MOORE.

Going out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light,
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night.
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin;
Ceaseless streams of restless pilgrims
Going out and coming in.

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine,
To the trumpet tones of glory,
Where the bays and laurels twine;
From the loving home caresses
To the chill voice of the world,
Going out with gallant canvas
To the summer breeze unfurled.
Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death;
Weary of all empty flattery,
Weary of all ceaseless din,
Weary of its heartless sneering;
Coming from the bleak world in.
Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrow dark;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with mastless barque;
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving,
Wreaths of fame or love to win;
From the doorways of the homesteads
Going out and coming in.

THE LEPER.—N. P. WILLIS.

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

“Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov’st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

“Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o’er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

“Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river’s grassy brink.

“And pass not thou between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain;
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

“And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod;—
Depart, O leper! and forget not God.”

And he went forth alone. Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,—
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For God had cursed the leper.

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched

The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying he might be so blest,—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a lofty lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear; yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His statue modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved; and stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

PLEADING EXTRAORDINARY.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT,—*Gentlemen of the Jury*: You sit in that box as the great reservoir of Roman liberty, Spartan fame, and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense community, in hydraulic majesty, and conjugal superfluity. You are the great triumphal arch on which evaporates the even scales of justice and numerical computation. You are to ascend the deep arcana of nature, and dispose of my client with equiponderating concatenation, in reference to his future velocity and reverberating momentum. Such is your sedative and stimulating character. My client is only a man of domestic eccentricity and matrimonial configuration, not permitted, as you are, gentlemen, to walk in the primeval and lowest vales of society, but he has to endure the red-hot sun of the universe, on the heights of nobility and feudal eminence. He has a beautiful wife of horticultural propensities, that hen-pecks the remainder of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity, that makes the nectar of his pandemonium as cool as Tartarus.

He has a family of domestic children, that gathers around the fireplace of his peaceful homicide in tumultuous consanguinity, and cry with screaming and rebounding pertinacity for bread, butter, and molasses. Such is the glowing and overwhelming character and defeasance of my client, who stands convicted before this court of oyer and terminer, and *lex non scripta*, by the persecuting pettifogger of this court, who is as much exterior to me as I am interior to the judge, and you,—gentlemen of the jury.

This Borax of the law here has brought witnesses into this court, who swear that my client has stolen a firkin of butter. Now, I say every one of them swore to a lie, and the truth is concentrated within them. But if it is so, I justify the act on the ground that the butter was necessary for a public good, to tune his family into harmonious discord. But I take no other mountainous and absquatulated grounds on this trial, and move that a quash be laid upon this indictment.

Now I will prove this by a learned expectoration of the principle of the law. Now butter is made of grass, and it is laid down by St. Peter Pindar, in his principle of subterraneous law, that grass is *couchant* and *levant*, which in our obicular tongue, means that grass is of a mild and free nature; consequently my client had a right to grass and butter both.

To prove my second great principle, "let facts be submitted to a candid world." Now butter is grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the emaciated regions of Liberia and California; consequently my client cannot be tried in this horizon, and is out of the benediction of this court. I will now bring forward the *ultimatum respondentia*, and cap the great climax of logic, by quoting an inconceivable principle of law, as laid down in Latin, by Pothier, Hudibras, Blackstone, Hannibal, and Sangrado. It is thus: *Hæc hoc morus multicaulis, a mensa et thoro, ruta бага centum*. Which means, in English, that ninety-nine men are guilty, where one is innocent.

Now, it is your duty to convict ninety-nine men first; then you come to my client, who is innocent and acquitted according to law. If these great principles shall be duly depreciated in this court, then the great North pole of liberty, that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness, shading these publican regions of commerce and agriculture, will stand the wreck of the Spanish Inquisition, the pirates of the hyperborean seas, and the marauders of the Aurora Blivar! But, gentlemen of the jury, if you convict my client, his children will be doomed to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony; and his beautiful wife will stand lone and delighted, like a dried up mullen-stalk in a sheep-pasture.

UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT.—ANNIE R. BLOUNT.

Under the lamplight, watch them come,
Figures, one, two, three;
A restless mass moves on and on,
Like waves on a stormy sea.
Lovers wooing,
Billing and cooing,

Heedless of the warning old,—
 Somewhere in uncouth rhyme told,—
 That old Time, Love's enemy,
 Makes the warmest heart grow cold.
 See how fond the maiden leaneth
 On that strong encircling arm,
 While her timid heart is beating
 Near that other heart so warm ;
 Downcast are her modest glances,
 Filled her heart with pleasant fancies.
 Clasp her, lover!—clasp her closer,—
 Time the winner, thou the loser!
 He will steal
 From her sparkling eye its brightness,
 From her step its native lightness;
 Or, perchance,
 Ere another year has fled,
 Thou mayst see her pale and dead.
 Trusting maiden,
 Heart love-laden,
 Thou mayst learn
 That the lip which breathed so softly
 Told to thee a honeyed lie ;
 That the heart now beating near thee
 Gave to thee no fond return,—
 Learn—and die !
 Under the lamp-light, watch them come.
 Figures, one, two, three ;
 The moon is up, the stars are out,
 And hurrying crowds I see,—
 Some with sorrow,
 Of the morrow
 Thinking bitterly ;
 Why grief borrow ?
Some that morrow
 Ne'er shall live to see.
 Which of all this crowd shall God
 Summon to his court to-night ?
 Which of these many feet have trod
 These streets their last ? Who first shall press
 The floor that shines with diamonds bright ?
 To whom of all this throng shall fall
 The bitter lot
 To hear the righteous Judge pronounce :

"Depart ye cursed,—I know ye not!"
 Oh, startling question!—*who?*

Under the lamp light, watch them come,
 Faces fair to see,—

Some that pierce your very soul
 With thrilling intensity:

Cold and ragged,
 Lean and haggard,—

God! what misery!

See them watch yon rich brocade,
 By their toiling fingers made,
 With the eyes of poverty.

Does the tempter whisper now:

"Such may be thine own!"—but *how?*

Sell thy woman's virtue, wretch,
 And the price that it will fetch

Is a silken robe as fine,

Gems that glitter, hearts that shine,—

But pause, reflect!

Ere the storm shall o'er thee roll,

Ere thy sin spurns all control,

Though with jewels bright bedecked,

Thou wilt lose thy self respect;

All the good will spurn thy touch,

As if 'twere an adder's sting,

And the price that it will bring

Is a ruined soul!

God protect thee,—keep thee right,
 Lonely wanderer of the night!

Under the lamplight, watch them come,—

Youth with spirits light;

His handsome face I'm sure doth make

Some quiet household bright

Yet where shall this lover,

This son, this brother,

Hide his head to-night?

Where the bubbles swim

On the wine-cup's brim;

Where the song rings out

Till the moon grows dim;

Where congregate the knave and fool

To graduate in vice's school.

Oh turn back, youth!

Thy mother's prayer
 Rings in thy ear,
 Let sinners not
 Entice thee there.

Under the lamplight, watch them come,
 The gay, the blithe, the free;
 And some with a look of anguished pain
 'Twould break your heart to see.
 Some from a marriage,
 Altar and priest;
 Some from a death-bed,
 Some from a feast;
 Some from a den of crime, and some
 Hurrying on to a happy home;
 Some bowed down with age and woe,
 Praying meekly as they go;
 Others,—whose friends and honor are gone,—
 To sleep all night on the pavement stone;
 And losing all but shame and pride,
 Be found in the morning, a suicide.
 Rapidly moves the gliding throng,—
 List the laughter, jest, and song;
 Poverty treads on the heels of wealth;
 Loathsome disease near robust health.
 Grief bows down its weary head;
 Crime skulks on with a cat-like tread.
 Youth and beauty, age and pain,
 Vice and virtue, form the train:
 Misery, happiness, side by side;
 Those who had best in childhood died,
 Close to the good;—on they go,
 Some to joy, and some to woe,
 Under the lamplight, watch them glide,—
 On, like the waves of a swelling sea,
 On, on, on to Eternity.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The ship's bell tolled, and slowly o'er the deck
 Came forth the summoned crew. Bold, hardy men,
 Far from their native skies, stood silent there,
 With melancholy brow. From a low cloud

That o'er the horizon hovered, came the threat
Of distant muttered thunder. Broken waves
Heaved up their sharp white helmets o'er the expanse
Of ocean, which in brooding stillness lay,
Like some vindictive king, who meditates
On hoarded wrongs, or wakes the wrathful war.

The ship's bell tolled, and lo! a youthful form,
Which oft had boldly dared the slippery shrouds
At midnight's watch, was as a burden laid
Down at his comrades' feet. Mournful they gazed
Upon his sunken cheek, and some there were
Who in that bitter hour remembered well
The parting blessing of his hoary sire,
And the big tears that o'er his mother's cheek
Went coursing down, when his beloved voice
Breathed its farewell. But one who nearest stood
To that pale shrouded corse, remembered more:
Of a white cottage, with its shaven lawn
And blossomed hedge, and of a fair-haired girl
Who, at her lattice veiled with woodbine, watched
His last, far step, and then turned back to weep.
And close that comrade, in his faithful breast
Hid a bright chestnut lock, which the dead youth
Had severed with a cold and trembling hand,
In life's extremity, and bade him bear,
With broken words of love's last eloquence,
To his blest Mary. Now that chosen friend
Bowed low his sun-bronzed face, and, like a child,
Sobbed in deep sorrow.

But there came a tone,
Clear as the breaking morn o'er stormy seas,
"*I am the resurrection.*" Every heart
Suppressed its grief, and every eye was raised.
There stood the chaplain, his uncovered brow
Unmarked by earthly passion, while his voice,
Rich as the balm from plants of Paradise,
Poured the Eternal's message o'er the souls
Of dying men. It was a holy hour;
There lay the wreck of youthful beauty, here
Bent mourning manhood, while supporting Faith
Cast her strong anchor 'neath the troubled wave.

There was a plunge! The riven sea complained,—
Death from her briny bosom took his own.

The awful fountains of the deep did lift
Their subterranean portals, and he went
Down to the floor of ocean, mid the beds
Of brave and beautiful ones. Yet to my soul,
In all the funeral pomp, the guise of woe,
The monumental grandeur, with which earth
Indulgeth her dead sons, was nought so sad,
Sublime, or sorrowful, as the mute sea
Opening her mouth to whelm that sailor youth.

FOES UNITED IN DEATH.

There was no fierceness in the eyes of those men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream; the strife and the anger had all gone now, and they sat still,—dying men, who but a few hours before had been deadly foes,—sat still and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke: "We haven't either of us a chance to hold out much longer, I judge."

"No," said the other, with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness, "you did that last job of yours well, as that bears witness," and he pointed to a wound a little above the heart, from which the life-blood was slowly oozing.

"Not better than you did yours," answered the other with a grim smile, and he pointed to a wound a little higher up, larger and more ragged,—a deadly one. And then the two men gazed upon each other again in the dim light; for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among the stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked a soft feeling stole over the heart of each toward his fallen foe,—a feeling of pity for the strong manly life laid low,—a feeling of regret for the inexorable necessity of war which made each man the slayer of the other; and at last one spoke: "There are some folks in the world that'll feel worse when you are gone out of it."

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed, ghastly features. "Yes," said the man in husky tones, "there's one woman with a boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that it will well nigh kill to hear of this;" and

the man groaned out in bitter anguish, "O God, have pity on my wife and children!"

And the other drew closer to him: "And away down among the cotton fields of Georgia, there's a woman and a little girl whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done;" and then the cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart, "O God, have pity upon them!"

And from that moment the Northerner and the Southerner ceased to be foes. The thought of those distant homes on which the anguish was to fall, drew them closer together in that last hour, and the two men wept like little children.

And at last the Northerner spoke, talking more to himself than to any one else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word:—

"She used to come—my little girl, bless her heart!—every night to meet me when I came home from the fields; and she would stand under the great plum tree that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making yellow brown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes when she heard the click of the gate,—I see her now,—and I'd take her in my arms, and she'd put up her little red lips for a kiss; but my little darling will never watch under the old plum tree by the well, for her father, again. I shall never hear the cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate. I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms again!"

"And then," said the Southerner, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, that used to watch in the cool afternoons for her father, when he rode in from his visit to the plantations. I can see her sweet little face shining out now, from the roses that covered the pillars, and hear her shout of joy as I bounded from my horse, and chased the little flying feet up and down the veranda again."

And the Northerner drew near to the Southerner, and spoke now in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying men were glazing fast, "We have fought here, like men, together. We are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

The Southerner tried to speak, but the sound died away in a murmur from his white lips; but he took the hand of

his fallen foe, and his stiffening fingers closed over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace. When the next morning's sun walked up the gray stairs of the dawn, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead, with their hands clasped in each other, by the stream which ran close to the battle-field. And the little girl with golden hair, that watched under the plum tree among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright brown hair, that waited by the roses among the green fields of Georgia, were *fatherless*.

THE JESTER CONDEMNED.—H. SMITH.

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
 A royal jester
 Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
 Who used to pester
 The court with tricks inopportune,
 Venting on the highest folks his
 Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
 Which wholesome rule
 Occurred not to our jackanapes,
 Who consequently found his freaks
 Lead to innumerable scrapes,
 And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
 Which only seemed to make him faster
 Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond ail measure,
 Incurred the desperate displeasure
 Of his serene and raging Highness;
 Whether he twitched his most revered
 And sacred beard,
 Or had intruded on the shyness
 Of the seraglio, or let fly
 An epigram at royalty,
 None knows: his sin was an occult one,
 But record tells us that the Sultan,
 Meaning to terrify the knave,
 Exclaimed, "Tis time to stop that breath;

Thy doom is sealed;—presumptuous slave!
 Thou stand'st condemned to certain death
 Silence, base rebel!—no replying;
 But such is my indulgence still,
 That, of my own free grace and will,
 I leave to thee the *mode* of dying."

"Thy royal will be done,—'tis just,"
 Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust,
 "Since, my last moments to assuage,
 Your majesty's humane decree
 Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
 I'll die, so please you, of *old age*!"

HEAVEN.—M. SOPHIE HOLMES.

Is it where the spiral stairway,
 Set with gems, leads up the blue?
 Are the gleams that pierce the ether
 Eyes of angels looking through?
 Is that great white road that stretches,
 Paved with stars, across the skies,
 The way—beyond poor mortal reaches—
 That the ransomed spirit flies?

Is that land of wondrous glory
 Undivined by human sight?
 Like Creation's mystic story
 Hieroglyphed on scroll of Night?
 Ah! not so; faint heart, despair not,
 Heaven is very near to you;
 Though thy burden weighs, yet fear not,
 With the Father's house in view.

For without the prophet's vision,
 The mysterious lines to read,
 That God, for man's blest intuition,
 Writes in every guileless deed,
 Ye may see—if not soul-fettered
 By the blinding bands of sin—
 Thy soul's wall sublimely lettered,
 "Heaven's kingdom is within!"

If within be peace and gladness,
 Love for all things, great and small,
 Pity, nigh akin to sadness,
 For an erring brother's fall,
 For enemies a meek prayer, rather
 Than revenge's fiendish due,
 Lowly breathed, "Forgive them, Father,
 For they know not what they do!"—

Humility, when wreath of laurel
 Crowns thee conqueror, in a field
 Where self stood trembling in the quarrel,
 Urging thee to dastard yield;
 But martyr firmness, when thy spirit
 At life's fiery stake is tried,
 Though no palm awards the merit
 That has stemmed the raging tide;—

And, withal, a hopeful nature,
 Sifting out the grain of good,
 The one redeeming better feature,
 Found in every evil brood,
 Feeding Hate and Falsehood only
 With the sweet fruit of the true,
 Loving, though unloved and lonely,—
 Say, can Heaven be far from you?

Ah! nearer, nearer for the crosses
 That have strewn thy way of life;
 Nearer for the hallowing losses;
 Nearer for the conquered strife;
 Nearer for the wise ordeal
 That leads thee rough-shod o'er the stone,
 Till thou canst bravely bear the real:
 And trusting say, "Thy will be done!"

Never upward look for Heaven,
 If no Heaven's begun below;
 Never onward look for Heaven,
 For you pass it as you go;
 Never outward look for Heaven,
 Outward lies the slough of sin,
 The old corrupt, fermenting leaven,—
 Look for Heaven alone within.

EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM.—THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can,
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then reaping on his feet upright :
 Some moody turns he took,—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook,—
 And lo! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book.

“My gentle lad, what is't you read,
 Romance or fairy fable?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable?”
 The young boy gave an upward glance,—
 “It is ‘The Death of Abel’ ”

The usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain,—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
 Whose deeds tradition saves;
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves;
 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
 Shriek upward from the sod,—
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod;
 And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain,
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain;
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain.

“And well,” quoth he, “I know, for truth,
 Their pangs must be extreme,—
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
 Who spill life's sacred stream!

For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold;
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill.

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again;
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal;
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky
From the heaven's topmost height,

I hear a voice,—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!’

“I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is *nothing but a dream!*

“Down went the corpse with hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
Mid holy cherubim.

“And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red.

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin has rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning like the *first*
Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I *hid* the murdered man;

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And *still* the corpse was bare.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones;
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,

And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones.

"O God! that horrid, *horrid* dream
Besets me now, *awake*;
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing *pursues* my soul,—
It stands before me *now*!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.—SHAKESPEARE.

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances;
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help;
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys; you say so,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not *say*,
Hath a *dog* money? is it possible
A *cur* can lend *three thousand ducats*? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this?
 Fair sir, you *spit on me* on Wednesday last;
 You *spurned* me such a day; another time
 You called me—*dog*; and for these *courtesies*
 I'll *lend you* thus much *moneys*.

JOSH BILLINGS ON "GONGS."—H. G. SHAW.

Josh Billings relateth his first experience with the gong thusly: I kan never holi eradicate from my memory the sound ov the first gong I ever herd. I was settin on the frunt step ov a tavurn in the sity ov Bufferlow, pensively smokin. The sun was goin to bed, and the hevins fur and near was a blushin at the performance. The Ery Kanal with its golden waters was on its way to Albany, and I was perusin the line botes a floatin by, and thinking of Italy (wher I uste to live) and gondolers and gallus wimmin. Mi entire sole, was, as it were, in a swet—I wanted to klimb—I felt grate, I aktuually gru. There are things in this life not tu be trifled with: there are times when a man brakes luce from hissself, when he sees spiruts, or when he kin almost tuch the mune, and feels az if he could fil both hans with the stars of hevin, and almost swear he was a bank president,—that's what ailed me.

But the koarse ov tru luv never did run smuthe, (this is Shakspeare's opinyun tu,—I and he often thunk thru one quill,)—jist az I waz duin mi best,—dummer, dummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, roar, jam, dummer, rip, whang, roar, menjus, rally, jump, I struck the centre ov the sidewalk, with anuther I klared the gutter, and with anuther I struck the middle ov the street, snortin like an injun pony at a band uv musick. I gazed in despair at the tavurn, and mi heart was swelled up as big as a outdore uven, my teeth were as loose as a string ov bedes. I thot all the crockery in the tavurn had fell down. I thot of fenomonons. I thot of Gabril and hiz horn. I was jist on the pint ov thinkin somethin else when the landlord kum to the front step uv the

tavurn, holdin by a string the bottom of a brass kittle. He kawled me gentli with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my fearz, he said it was a gong. I saw the kussed thing. He said supper was reddy.

OUT IN THE STREETS.—T. D. ENGLISH.

The light is shining through the window-pane;
 It is a laughing group that side the glass;—
 Within, all light; without, pitch-dark, and rain;
 I see, but feel no pleasure as I pass,
 Out in the streets.

Another casement, with the curtain drawn:
 There the light throws the shadow of a form,—
 A woman's, with a child,—a man's: all gone!
 They with each other. I am with the storm,
 Out in the streets.

There at the open window sits a man,
 His day's toil over, with his pipe alight;
 His wife leans o'er him, with her tale began
 Of the day's doings. I am with the night,
 Out in the streets.

All these have homes, and hope, and light, and cheer,
 And those around who love them. Ah! for me,
 Who have no home, but wander sadly here,
 Alone with night and storm and misery,
 Out in the streets. *

The rain soaks through my clothing to the skin;
 So let it. Curses on that cheery light!
 There is no light with me, and shame, and sin;
 I wander in the night and of the night,
 Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,
 Whose very touch could thrill me through and through—
 When you first sought me, did you think of this?
 My curse—but why waste time in cursing you,
 Out in the streets?

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand
 Above reproach; you know no wrong nor guile;

Foremost among the worthies of the land,
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,
Out in the streets.

You have a daughter, young and innocent;
You love her, doubtless. I was pure as she,
Before my heart to be your lackey went.
God guard her! never let her roam like me,
Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs?
What makes the pavement heave? Ah! wet and chill,
I hear the little children singing hymns
In the village church,—how peaceful now, and still,
Out in the streets!

But why this vision of my early days?
Why comes the church-door in the public way?
Hence with this mocking sound of prayer and praise!
I have no cause to praise, I dare not pray,
Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again grows warm;
The air is fragrant as an infant's breath;
Why, where's my hunger? Left me in the storm?—
Now, God forgive my sins! this, this is death,
Out in the streets.

ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.—CICERO.

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed? that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate? that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night be-

fore;—the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council, takes part in our deliberations, and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter. And we all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury.

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too *late* than any man too *cruelly*.

But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic, without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy variest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason,—the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state, than thou in plotting its destruction.

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.—GEORGE CROLY.

Conscript Fathers:

I do not rise to waste the night in words;
 Let that Plebeian talk, 'tis not *my* trade;
 But *here* I stand for right,—let him show *proofs*,—
 For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
 Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves*!
 His charge is false;—I *dare* him to his proofs.
 You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned
 And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me,—turning out
 The Roman from his birthright; and for what?

To fling your offices to every slave!
 Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
 And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;

(*To the Senate.*)

Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
 From daily contact of the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
 Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
 But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords!
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face!
 Your Consul's merciful;—for this, all thanks.
 He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I *return!* This—*tria!*
 Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, *my Lords!*
 For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
 I go; but when I come, 'twill be the burst
 Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
 In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
 You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
 Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! (*To the Lictors.*)
 I will return.

HIS EYE WAS STERN AND WILD.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold
 as clay;
 Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
 He mused awhile, but not in doubt,—no trace of doubt was
 there;
 It was the steady, solemn pause of resolute despair.
 Once more he looked upon the scroll,—once more its words
 he read,
 Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him
 spread.
 I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue, cold, gleaming
 steel,
 And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel.
 A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head;
 I could not stir, I could not cry,—I felt benumbed and dead;
 Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
 I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.
 Again I looked; a fearful change across his face had passed;
 He seemed to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was
 cast;

He raised on high the glittering blade; then first I found a
 tongue,—
 ‘Hold, madman! stay thy frantic deed!’ I cried, and forth
 I sprung;
 He heard me but he heeded not; one glance around he
 gave;
 And ere I could arrest his hand, he had—*begun to shave!*

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

Hold the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
 There’s more blood to see than this stain on the snow;
 There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
 And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
 Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
 To search for our dead, you would be a fair sight?

You’re his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
 Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
 In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
 His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
 So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
 While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! then no faintings! Give me the light,
 And follow my footsteps,—my heart will lead right.
 Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
 All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
 These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
 Ye weep, oh, ye weep o’er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could nevermore know
 Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
 Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
 How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
 Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
 Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
 That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
 These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
 Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
 You had heard that his place was worst of them all,—
 Not mid the stragglers,—where he fought he would fall.

There’s the moon thro’ the clouds: O Christ, what a scene!
 Dost thou from thy heavens o’er such visions lean,
 And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?

Hark, a groan! there another,—here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek: poor soul, do not start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled down 'mong the
dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth. Oh, the
blood

Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned sick;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of War.

He's not here,—and not here. What wild hopes flash
through

My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;
See, the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead;
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.—ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been
bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had
spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are
o'er;
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no
more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I,—ha! ha!—
must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Pay-
nim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate,—has come to seek me
here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot;—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him
not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was
spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud
old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers
poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around
the board;

While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men; pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop;—thanksgiving to
the vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true? mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the
brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not; draw forth each trusty
sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
board;—

I hear it faintly;—louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafen-
ing cry

That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on
high.

"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves; traitors! have ye
flown?

Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him; let him come!" Down rang the massy cup
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-
way up;

And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on
his head,

There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat,—
dead!

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.—CHARLES DICKENS.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they
are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangs-
by should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as

him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown; that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink. I'm more cumfbler nor you can't think, Mr. Sangsby. I'm wery sorry that I done it; but I didn't go for to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and giv a illness to the lady as wos and yet as war'nt the t'other lady, and none of em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being so good and my having been s'unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin so quiet, and don't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin on day and night, and when he come a bendin over me and a speakin up so bold, I see his tears a fallin, Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I wos thinkin on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was thinkin on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that when I wos moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn't be moved no furdur, whether you might be so good, p'raps, as to write out, wery large, so that anyone could see it anywheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do

it; and that though I didn't know nothink at all, I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and was allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin could be made to say it verry large he might."

"It shall say it, Jo: verry large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. Its verry kind of you sir, and it makes me more cumfblor nor I wos afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown,—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many,—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

(Another scene.—Enter Mr. Woodcourt.)

"Well, Jo, wnat is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am verry thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other genlmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin to theirselves, or a passin blame on the t'others, and not a talkin to us. We never knowd nothink. I never knowed what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as was very good to me; very good to me indeed, he was. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo, by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee sir! Thankee sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin—a gropin—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's very good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a comin, sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead.

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

NONGTONGPAW.—C. DIBDIN.

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago, to peep at France;
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
 Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answered John in heathen Greek:
 To all he asked 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas, "*Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*"

John to the Palais-Royal come,
 Its splendor almost struck him dumb:
 "I say, whose house is that there here?"
 "House! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
 "What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John:
 "This fellow is some mighty Don:
 No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marle's height,
 And cried, astonished at the sight,
 "Whose fine estate is that there here?"
 "State! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
 "His? What! the land and houses too?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew:
 On *everything* he lays his claw;
 I'd like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 "What lovely wench is that there here?"
 "Ventch! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*"
 "What, he again? Upon my life!
 A palace, lands, and then a wife
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw;
 I'd like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.
 "*Je vous n'entends pas.*"—"What, is he gone?
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
 Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave!
 His race is run, his game is up;—
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;
 But since he chooses to withdraw,
 Good-night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw."

THE RUINED MERCHANT.—CORA M. EAGER.

A cottage home with sloping lawn, and trellised vines and
flowers,
And little feet to chase away the rosy-fingered hours;
A fair young face to part, at eve, the shadows in the door;—
I picture thus a home I knew in happy days of yore.

Says one, a cherub thing of three, with childish heart elate,
“Papa is *to*min’ let me *do* to meet ’im at *te* date!”

Another takes the music up, and flings it on the air,
“Papa has come, but why so slow his footstep on the stair?”

“O father! did you bring the books I’ve waited for so long,
The baby’s rocking-horse and drum, and mother’s ‘angel
song?”

And did you see”—but something holds the questioning
lips apart,
And something settles very still upon that joyous heart.

The quick-discerning wife bends down, with her white hand
to stay

The clouds from tangling with the curls that on his fore-
head lay;

To ask, in gentle tones, “Beloved, by what rude tempest
tossed?”

And list the hollow, “Beggared, lost,—all ruined, poor, and
lost!”

“Nay, say not so, for I am here to share misfortune’s hour,
And prove how better far than gold is love’s unfailing dower,
Let wealth take wings and fly away, as far as wings can soar,
The bird of love will hover near, and only sing the more.”

“All lost, papa? why here am I; and, father, see how tall;
I measure fully three feet four, upon the kitchen wall;
I’ll tend the flowers, feed the birds, and have such lots of
fun,

I’m big enough to work, papa, for I’m the oldest son.”

“And I, papa, am almost five,” says curly-headed Rose,

“And I can learn to sew, papa, and make all dolly’s clothes.
But what is ‘poor,’—to stay at home, and have no place to go?
Oh! then I’ll ask the Lord, to-night, to make us always so.”

“I se here, papa; I isn’t lost!” and on his father’s knee
He lays his sunny head to rest, that baby-boy of three.

“And if we get too poor to live,” says little Rose, “you know
There is a better place, papa, a heaven where we can go.

"And God will come and take us there, dear father, if we pray,
 We needn't fear the road, papa, he surely knows the way."
 Then from the corner, staff in hand, the grandma rises slow,
 Her snowy cap-strings in the breeze soft fluttering to and fro:
 Totters across the parlor floor, by aid of kindly hands,
 Counting in every little face, her life's declining sands;
 Reaches his side, and whispers low, "God's promises are
 sure;
 For every grievous wound, my son, he sends a ready cure."
 The father clasps her hand in his, and quickly turns aside,
 The heaving chest, the rising sigh, the coming tear, to hide;
 Folds to his heart those loving ones, and kisses o'er and o'er
 That noble wife whose faithful heart he little knew before.
 "May God forgive me! What is wealth to these more pre-
 cious things,
 Whose rich affection round my heart a ceaseless odor flings?
 I think he knew my sordid soul was getting proud and cold,
 And thus to save me, gave me *these*, and took away my *gold*.
 "Dear ones, forgive me; nevermore will I forget the rod
 That brought me safely unto you, and led me back to God.
 I am not poor while these bright links of priceless love
 remain,
 And, Heaven helping, never more shall blindness hide the
 chain."

THE DEATH-BED.—THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,—
 Her breathing soft and low,—
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.
 So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers,
 To eke her living out.
 Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied,—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.
 For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
 Another morn than ours.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.—LEIGH HUNT.

About Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

A HUSBAND'S EXPERIENCE IN COOKING.

I found fault, some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry, and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening, and set the cakes myself. I got the flour, and the salt, and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any

lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered: "Yeast! yeast, to be sure!" I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cent's worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove, and went to bed. In the morning I got up early, and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then got a fire in the kitchen, and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn, while trying to turn it around. Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me; I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and staid away three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

MAGDALENA.

"The night is dreary and cold,
But the winds are mad with glee;
And the Storm-king, wild, and cruel, and bold,
To-night holds jubilee.
Patter, pitiless rain,
From the clouds with passion gray;
Toll! mad winds, toll! for my lost soul
Is passing from earth away.
"Oh, blackest of nights! to you
All other nights are day;
For the sable wings of a hellish crew
Have shut all light away.
Leave me alone with death;
Dark spirits of sea and sky,
Ye goblin things, with sable wings,
I do not fear to die!
"Wasted, and haggard, and old;
Old, and haggard, and thin;

Wasted and haggard with suffering untold ;

Old and haggard with sin.

Steeped in crime to the lips ;

With sorrow and anguish gray.

Toll, mad winds, toll, a human soul

Is passing from earth away.

“Hark to the old church-bell

That swings in the church-tower gray ;

O'er meadow and hill, o'er dell and stream,

Its music calls away ;—

Away from carking care,

Away from strife and sin ;

Come, come away, 'tis his own day,—

To his courts enter in.

“Brightly the sunlight gleams ;

Softly the sweet airs blow ;

Mid verdant hills the happy streams

With tuneful babblings flow.

We pass the church-yard wall,

Mother, Effie, and I,

And the green grass waves o'er lowly graves,

And the trailing willows sigh.

“Hark ! that is his step, I know ;

Ah, no ! it has passed me by ;

Ah ! white, cold moon, you are like the snow,

I shrink from your searching eye.

But you cannot know his love ;

His kisses are not for you ;

I pity you so, with your heart of snow,

On your throne in the starry blue.

“Where am I ? O God ! it is past,—

The dream of guileless years ;

Howl, fiends of night, on the whirling blast,

And mock these idiot tears.

I will not fear to die,

Though all beyond is gloom !

Toll ! mad winds, toll ! for my lost soul

Is passing unto doom.”

Wasted, and haggard, and old ;

Old, and haggard, and thin ;

She's sleeping to-night 'neath the church-yard mould,

Crushed 'neath a weight of sin.

Not hers the deadly guilt;
Hers only the love and shame,—
Only the pang of a deathless love,
Only a blighted name.

Alone in the black midnight,
Haunted by goblin and ghoul;
The mad winds tolled, death's billows **rolled**
Across her shuddering soul.

LAST HOURS OF WEBSTER.—EDWARD EVERETT.

Extract from a speech delivered October 27th, 1852.

Among the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed forever, the most remarkable are those which have been quoted by a previous speaker: "I still live." They attest the serene composure of his mind,—the Christian heroism with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon himself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him, we trust, already lighted from above) which connects this world with the world to come. But I know not what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving,—“I still live.” This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which it was taken, but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose services I have consecrated my days. “I still live.” The icy hand of death is already laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend.

In the long and honored career of our lamented friend, there are efforts and triumphs which will hereafter fill one of the brightest pages of our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene—the height of the religious sublime—does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find the parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation; the thoughtfulness for the public business when the sands of

life were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife, and children, and kindred, and friends, and family, —down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when “all that was mortal of Daniel Webster should cease to exist;” the dimly-recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray; the last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers; Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed ages after the glories of the forum and the senate are forgotten.

“His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

“But ere the sun, in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
He passed through glory’s morning gate,
And walked in paradise.”

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.—F. BRET HARTE.

(*Table Mountain*, 1870.)

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne.
Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand.
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broad-cloth counts no more
Than home-spun frock of gray.
To-day let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand.
While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,—
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat,
A man's a man to-day.

EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC.—THOMAS DEQUINCEY.

After Joan had been made prisoner, she was finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch, and for this end Joan was tried for sorcery. At her trial she resolutely defended herself from this absurd accusation.

Never, from the foundation of the earth, was there such a *trial* as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its malignity of attack. O child of France, shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect,—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark,—that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! “Would you examine me as a witness against *myself*?” was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a *fairer* victim by *baser* means.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman! cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do *one* thing as well as the best of men,—you can *die grandly*! On the twentieth of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, “*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*” Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last, and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowy volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan’s side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in

his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. “Go down,” she said; “lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end.” Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to Heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

Few spectators of this martyrdom were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. “She dies a martyr!” “Ah, we are lost, we have burned a saint!” “Would to God that *my* soul were with *hers*!” Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan’s last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove, rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she stood.

ICARUS; OR, THE PERIL OF BORROWED PLUMES.

JOHN G. SAXE.

There lived and flourished long ago, in famous Athenstown,
 One *Dædalus*, a carpenter of genius and renown;
 ('Twas he who with an *auger* taught mechanics how to *bore*,—
 An art which the philosophers monopolized before.)

His only son was *Icarus*, a most precocious lad,
 The pride of Mrs. *Dædalus*, the image of his dad;
 And while he yet was in his teens such progress he had made
 He'd got above his father's size, and much above his trade.

Now *Dædalus*, the carpenter, had made a pair of wings,
 Contrived of wood and feathers and a cunning set of springs,
 By means of which the wearer could ascend to any height,
 And sail about among the clouds as easy as a kite.

"O father," said young *Icarus*, "how I should like to fly!
 And go like you where all is blue along the upper sky;
 How very charming it would be above the moon to climb,
 And scamper through the zodiac, and have a high old time
 "Oh, wouldn't it be jolly, though,—to stop at all the inns;
 To take a luncheon at *The Crab*, and tipple at *The Twins*:
 And, just for fun and fancy, while careering through the air,
 To kiss the *Virgin*, tease the *Ram*, and bait the biggest *Bear*?
 "O father, please to let me go!" was still the urchin's cry;
 "I'll be extremely careful, sir, and won't go *very* high;
 Oh, if this little pleasure-trip you only will allow,
 I promise to be back again in time to fetch the cow."

"You're rather young," said *Dædalus*, to tempt the upper air;
 But take the wings, and mind your eye with very special care;
 And keep at least a thousand miles below the nearest star,—
 Young lads, when out upon a lark, are apt to go too far."

He took the wings, that foolish boy, without the least dismay,
 (His father stuck 'em on with wax,) and so he soared away;
 Up, up he rises, like a bird, and not a moment stops
 Until he's fairly out of sight, beyond the mountain-tops.

And still he flies,—away, away; it seems the merest fun;
 No marvel he is getting bold, and aiming at the sun;
 No marvel he forgets his sire, it isn't very odd
 That one so far above the earth should think himself a god.

Already, in his silly pride, he's gone too far aloft;
 The heat begins to scorch his wings; the wax is waxing soft;
 Down, down he goes! Alas! next day poor *Icarus* was found
 Afloat upon the *Ægean* sea, extremely damp and drowned.

The moral of this mournful tale is plain enough to all:—
 Don't get above your proper sphere, or you may chance to fall;
 Remember, too, that borrowed plumes are most uncertain
 things,
 And never try to scale the sky with other people's wings.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
 Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
 Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
 With flapping arms from stake or stump,

Or, spreading the tail
 Of his coat for a sail,
 Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
 And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
 And flap and flutter and wish and try—
 If ever you knew a country dunce
 Who didn't try that as often as once,
 All I can say is, that's a sign
 He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :
 The son of a farmer, age fourteen ;
 His body was long and lank and lean,—
 Just right for flying, as will be seen ;
 He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
 And a freckled nose that grew between,
 A little awry—for I must mention
 That he had riveted his attention
 Upon his wonderful invention,
 Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
 And working his face as he worked the wings,
 And with every turn of gimlet and screw
 Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
 Till his nose seemed bent
 To catch the scent,
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
 Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting Dædalus of yore
 And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
 He had read of in the old almanacks.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion
 That the air is also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late shall navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me ;
 And if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,
"That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter'n we be?

Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Doos the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?

Jest show me that!

Ur prove 't the bat

Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
He argued further: "Nur I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—

Ain't my business

Important's his'n is?

That Icarus

Made a perty muss—

Him an' his daddy Dædalus
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.

I'll make mine o' luther,

Ur suthin' ur other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned
"B't I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand."

So he kept his secret from all the rest,

Safely buttoned within his vest;

And in the loft above the shed

Himself he locks, with thimble and thread

And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,

And all such things as geniuses use;—

Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!

A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;

Some wire, and several old umbrellas;

A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;

A piece of harness; and straps and strings;

And a big strong box,

In which he locks

These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke

And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk

Around the corner to see him work—
 Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
 He plugged the knot-holes and caulked the cracks;
 And a dipper of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh,
 For Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let the dipper of water fly.
 "Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
 And he sings as he locks
 His big strong box:—

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
 An' he is little an' long an' slim,
 An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
 An' ef you'll be
 Advised by me,
 Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' bim!"

So day after day
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
 Till at last 'twas done—
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,
 And the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by—
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
 Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go
 Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
 I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
 An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,

I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
An' practise a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"

Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!

I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—

My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "'Sho!

Guess ye better go."

But Darius said, "No!

Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,

'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red

O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."

For all the while to himself he said:—

"I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,

To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got

The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,

I'll astonish the nation,

An' all creation,

By flyin' over the celebration!

Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;

I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;

I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;

I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!

I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,

'What world 's this 'ere

That I've come near?"

Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;

An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;

And, seeing the others were gone, he said,

"I'm gittin' over the cold 'n my head."

And away he sped,

To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,

When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,

"What is the feller up to, hey?"

"Don'o'—the 's suthin' ur other to pay,

Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed tu hum to-day."

Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!

He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,

Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!

Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,

An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
 "Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
 And a very astonishing sight was that,
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.

And there they hid;
 And Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
 "While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail—
 From head to foot an iron suit,
 Iron jacket and iron boot.
 Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail,
 (I believe they called the thing a helm,)
 Then sallied forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagaus that plagued the realm—
 So this *modern* knight
 Prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light—
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
 "He's up in the shed!"
 He's opened the winder—I see his head!
 He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near;—
 Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
 He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He's a climbin' out now—Of all the things!
 What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
 An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
 An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!

Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
 Peeks over his shoulder; this way an' that,
 Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;
 But the 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
 To see— The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!

Flop—flop—an' plump
 To the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin, all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels--
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars, and various things;
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
 And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
 "Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
 Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
 He said; "but the ' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here :
 And this is the moral—Stick to your sphere.
 Or if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is—Take care how you light.

Part Fourth.

*Each of the Four Numbers of
"100 Choice Selections" contained
in this volume is pageꝑ separately,
and the Index is made to corres-
pond therewith. See EXPLANATION on
first page of Contents.*

*The entire book contains nearly
1000 pages.*

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 4.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.—FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—M. A. KIDDER.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it !
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted ;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.
There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure :
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven ;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.
Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

REPLY OF PITT TO WALPOLE, 1741.

William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham—one of the greatest orators of modern times, and especially endeared to Americans for his eloquent appeals in their behalf—was born Nov. 15, 1708.

Sir,—the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is *he* to be abhorred, who as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modeled by experience. I*

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment,—age, which always brings *one* privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

“In the Parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees,—withy, oak, elm, and ash,—and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.”—FULLER.

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow, he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail;
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life;

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

FARM-YARD SONG.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes :
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in giant hand ;
In the poplar-tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing ;
 The early dews are falling ;
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
 Cheerily calling,
 " Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
 " Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day :
Harness and chain are hung away ;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
 The cooling dews are falling ;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
 His cattle calling,
 " Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
 " Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes :
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great ;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
 While the pleasant dews are falling ;
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye ;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
 Soothingly calling,
 " So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes :
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed :
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long ;
The heavy dew's are falling :
The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,
"Co' boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So boss! so!"

HALLOWED GROUND.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed ;
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told

Run molten still in memory's mould,
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above,
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love!

Peace, love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine;
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not:
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?

See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt
 That man can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
 Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan!
 But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban,—
 Its space is heaven;

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
 Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
 Ye must be heaven's that makes us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round;
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

DEATH OF MORRIS.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortu-

nate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance, Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honored as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh. He prayed but for life; for life he would give all he had in the world; it was but *life* he asked—LIFE, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations; he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have bid ye live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to *me*, that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed; while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long descended; you

could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battenning on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you ! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command, in Gaelic, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterward. As the murderers, or executioners—call them as you will—dragged him along, he recognized me, even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "Oh, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me!—save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large, heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there, about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, above which, however, his last death-shriek, the yell of mortal agony, was distinctly heard.

The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake; and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him; and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

JIM.— BRET HARTE.

Say there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offence:
Thar aint no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *you*
Aint of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much:
That aint my kind;
I aint no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange;
Why it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
Eh?
The *deuce* you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star,
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
Derned much to break
You and your bar.

Dead !
 Poor—little—Jim !
 Why thar was me,
 Jones, and Bob Lee,
 Harry and Ben,—
 No-account men ;
 Then to take *him* !
 Well, thar— Good by,—
 No more, sir,—I—
 Eh ?
 What's that you say ?
 Why, dern it !—sho !—
 No ? Yes ! By Jo !
 Sold !
 Sold ! Why you limb,
 You ornery,
 Derned old
 Long-legged Jim !

GATES AJAR.—ANNA L. RUTH.

Gazing where the setting sun-rays
 Steeped the clouds in gorgeous dyes,
 Stood my little maid last evening,
 All her soul within her eyes.
 "Mamma?" cried she, earnest, breathless,
 With a faith no doubt could mar,
 "Isn't that what you've been reading?
 Isn't that the 'Gates Ajar?'"
 "I can almost see the shining
 Of the streets all paved with gold !
 I can almost see the gleaming
 Of the harps the angels hold !
 Almost, mamma ! for the glory
 Shines so bright it dazzles me.
 Mamma !" here the soft voice faltered,
 "Aint I good enough to see !
 "Is it cause I cried this morning
 When you called me from my play ?
 If I try again to-morrow,
 Be real careful all the day,
 Give you not the smallest trouble,
 Study all my might and main,

Wont God let me see it plainly,
When he ope's the gates again?"

"Nay, my darling, years of striving,
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Every duty still fulfilling,
Could not give the wondrous power;
Yet would mist of sun and weakness
From your gaze the vision bar;
Never human eyes, unaided,
Penetrate the gates ajar!"

Filled with wonder, vague yet wistful,
Gazed the soft blue eyes in mine,
Reading not my hidden meaning,
Loath the bright dream to resign.
"Never, mamma! shall I never
See that heaven so bright and fair,
Till I leave you, mamma, darling,
Till the angels take me there?"

"Nay, my child, that heavenly radiance
Ne'er on earthly vision falls;
But to those whose hope and treasure
Garnered are within its walls,
God gives oft-times spirit glimpses
Of their glorious home afar,
And to cheer life's thorny pathway
Sets the golden gates ajar!

"Then how petty seem the trials
That beset their onward way!
Of what little worth the baubles
Pleasures show to tempt astray!
No more weak and no more weary—
What this perfect bliss can mar!
While Faith's eyes behold the glories
Gleaming through the gates ajar!

"Oh, my darling, grasp the promise,
Bind it on your baby heart,
That for those who love him, Jesus
Mansions bright hath set apart!
Upward, then, towards the radiance,
Steadfast shining like a star,
Unbetrayed your feet shall journey
Till they reach the gates ajar."

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.—HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
How the little white-angel May,
Sat ever beside the portal
Sorrowing all the day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the golden bar—
“O angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
Let the beautiful gates ajar—
Only a little, I pray you,
Let the heavenly gates ajar!

“I can hear my dear mother there weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
Where the gates closed after me.
One gleam of the golden splendor,
O warden, would shine so far,
But the angel he whispered, “I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar.”
Spoke low as he answered: “I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar.”

Then up rose Mary the blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
And lo! in the child's angel fingers,
Stood the heavenly gates ajar.

“And this key for no further using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar;
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates forever ajar!

ARNOLD WINKELRIED.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

In the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, this martyr-patriot perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms and won the victory.

“Make way for liberty!” he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland,
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshaled once more at freedom’s call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where’er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line ’twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants’ feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour
Annihilates the invader’s power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as ’twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed ;
 Behold him—Arnold Winkelried !
 There sounds not to the trump of fame
 The echo of a nobler name.
 Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
 In rumination deep and long,
 Till you might see, with sudden grace,
 The very thought come o'er his face ;
 And by the motion of his form,
 Anticipate the bursting storm ;
 And, by the uplifting of his brow,
 Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
 The field was in a moment won !
 " Make way for liberty !" he cried,
 Then ran, with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
 " Make way for liberty !" he cried ;
 Their keen points crossed from side to side ;
 He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
 And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
 " Make way for liberty !" they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
 While, instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic seized them all ;
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free—
 Thus death made way for liberty.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

I had never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religion, there in the silver-mines, to precede such a meal with whiskey cocktails. Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the

country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except a whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers, but Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing that I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were eluded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said :

“ Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance: now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between eastings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curbstone.

“ Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred,—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the ‘inelines,’ maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don’t go down but two hundred, any way you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the castings come nearer or approach each other, you may say, that is when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that

they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?"

I said to myself: "Now I just knew how it would be,—that whiskey cocktail has done the business for me; I don't understand any more than a clam." And then I said aloud, "I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but, I—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but that vile cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will—no, I do understand, for that matter; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again, and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, "Why what I was after, was this:—[Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.] This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or maybe twelve hundred, it don't really matter, before you drift; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it, where the sulphurets—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced among us could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea

of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said sorrowfully: "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"Oh, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt,—though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again—"

"Don't now, for goodness' sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning. [He leaned far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and I, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish.] You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising as possible the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

I said: "Oh, blame my wooden head! it aint any use, it aint any use to try,—I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstasy of laughter. I looked at

Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold,—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that didn't mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but, with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.*

WILL CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a women of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman, that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't make it quite clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to an' fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout,
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious an' ready any day,
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;

*From "Farm Ballads," by permission. "Over the Hill from the Poor-house," by Will Carleton, will be found in No. 19 of this Series.

For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in trying to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've
done;

Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks
condemn,

But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—

I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old
and gray,

I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other
way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seem'd to be,
The Lord of hosts he come one day an' took him away from
me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or
frown,

Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile;
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine 'twas carryin' things too
fur;

An' I told her once 'fore company (an' it almost made her
sick),

That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—

They was a family of themselves, and I another one;

And a very little cottage one family will do,

But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye

An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;

But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'r'n
three,

'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas' buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'r'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'r'n dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Beside her mother sat a darling child,
Wasted by sickness, from whose cheek the bloom
Had passed away; her large blue eyes—as mild
And soft, as lovely as the sky in June—
Were fixed upon the morning star, so soon,
Like her own life, to melt in glorious day;
And as its pale beams trembled in the room,
Her heart throbbed wildly, for they seemed to say
In whispers, to her spirit, "Come with us away!"

"Mother, dear mother, lift my weary head,
And lay it gently on your own dear breast;
Now kiss me, mother, let your smiles be shed
Upon my heart; for soon your child will rest,
Far from your care, with saints and angels blest;

For I have had a dream of that bright land
Where spirits dwell ; and like the golden west
At sunset was the glory of the band I saw,
And soon shall with them near the Saviour stand.

“See, mother, that bright star is almost gone !

It wears to me a blissful smile, and fain
My aching heart would have it live—it shone
So sweetly on me that it stilled the pain.

Come, lift me up, and let me see again
Its mellow light before it dies, and sing—
I feel so well—the little hymn, the same
You taught me, months ago, that e’er would bring
Our souls so near to heaven as on an unseen wing.”

The mother’s heart was lifted up in prayer,
As rose the infant voice upon her ear ;
The note hung quivering on the balmy air,
Like that of some sweet birdling, soft and clear ;
While round the child, dispelling every fear,
Came floating visions from the land her dream
Had pictured to her happy soul so near ;
Then, as the song poured forth, the warbled theme
But seemed an anthem echoed from a brighter scene.

She stopped, her head drooped low; the trembling strain
Was broken where the gushing melody
Was softly lingering on the hallowed name
Whose praises angels sound eternally.
Quickly the mother sunk upon her knee,
And from her snowy forehead threw the long,
Dark tresses, and gazed upon her wildly ;
The note seemed fluttering yet upon her tongue !
But she was dead,—her heart had broken with her song!

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.—J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

Come, now, my incredulous friends, and follow me to
the bed of the dying believer. Would you see in what
peace a Christian can die? Watch the last gleams of
thought which stream from his dying eyes. Do you see
anything like apprehension? The world, it is true, be-
gins to shut in. The shadows of evening collect around
his senses. A dark mist thickens and rests upon the ob-
jects which have hitherto engaged his observation. The

countenances of his friends become more and more indistinct. The sweet expressions of love and friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well-known voices of his children; and the soothing accents of tender affection die away, unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its close; and the curtain is descending which shuts out this earth, its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun.

Oh! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul; that I could reveal to you the light which darts into the chambers of his understanding! He approaches the world which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide.

Friends, do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death. Why are you so still and silent? Fear not to move; you cannot disturb the last visions which entrance this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs which enwrap his hearing in ecstasy. Crowd, if you choose, around his couch; he heeds you not,—already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices,—these material, these gross consolations? No! He is going to add another to the myriads of the just that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven! He is entering on a nobler life. He leaves you, he leaves *you*, weeping children of mortality, to grope about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a worldly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. Will you not join him there? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith? There are your predecessors in virtue; there, too, are places left for your contemporaries. There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus,—the Mediator of the new covenant,—and God, the Judge of all.

AN APPEAL TO THE "SEXTANT" FOR AIR.

O sextant of the mæetin house, wich sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to ! and makes fires,
 And lites the gass, and suntimes leaves a screw loose
 in wich case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile ;
 And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dies,
 to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths ;
 And for the servusses gets \$100 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it ;
 Gettin up before starlite in all wethers and
 Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlin ;
 i wouldn't be hired to do it for no sum,—
 But O Sextant ! there are 1 kermoddity
 Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin
 Worth more than anything except the sole of man !
 i mean pewer *Are*, Sextant, i mean pewer *are* !
 O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
 Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts !
 In short, its jest as "free as are" out dores,
 But O Sextant, in our church, its scarce as buty,
 Scarce as bank bills, when agints beg for mischuns,
 Wich some say is purty often (taint nothin to me,
 wat I give aint nothin to nobody) but, O Sextant,
 U shet 500 men, wimmin and children,
 Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,
 Some has bad breths, none aint 2 sweet,
 Some is fevery, some is scrofilous, some has bad teeth
 And some haint none, and some aint over clean ;
 But every 1 on 'em brethes in and out, and out and in,
 Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half breths an our
 Now how long will a church ful of are last at that rate,
 I ask you—say 15 minits—and then wats to be did ?
 Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
 And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
 At least 10 times. and let it up agin ; and wats more
 The same individool don't have the priviledge
 of brethin his own are, and no one's else,
 Each one must take whatever comes to him.
 O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
 To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out ;
 and how can bellusses blo without wind,
 And aint wind *are* ? i put it to your conschens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to elox,
 Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,
 Or little pills unto an omepath,
 Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe ;
 What signifies who preaches if i cant brethe ?
 Wats Pol ? Wats Pollus to sinners who are ded ?
 Ded for want of breth, why Sextant, when we dy,
 Its only coz we cant brethe no more, thats all.
 And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you
 To let a little are into our church
 (Pewer are is sertain proper for the pews.)
 And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,
 It aint much trouble, only make a hole
 And the are will come of itself ;
 It luvs to come in where it can git warm.
 And O how it will rouze the people up,
 And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
 And yawns, and figgits, as effectoal
 As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels of.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.*—GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells !
 Each one its creed in music tells,
 In tones that float upon the air,
 As soft as song, as pure as prayer ;
 And I will put in simple rhyme
 The language of the golden chime ;
 My happy heart with rapture swells
 Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

“In deeds of love exeel ! exeel !”
 Chimed out from ivied towers, a bell ;
 “This is the church not built on sands,
 Emblem of one not made with hands ;
 Its forms and sacred rites revere,
 Come worship here ! come worship here !
 In rituals and faith exeel !”
 Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

“Oh heed the ancient landmarks well !”
 In solemn tones exclaimed a bell ;

*This very beautiful poem, and now famous recitation, originally appeared in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE, but is now published in a handsomely illustrated form, with the present additions. The poem is used here by special permission.

"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan ;
With God there can be nothing new ;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well ! is well ! is well !"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell !"
In mellow tones rang out a bell ;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scriptures saith :
Oh swell ye rising waters, swell !"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul !" said a soft bell ;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began ;
Do well ! do well ! do well ! do well !"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell ! farewell ! base world, farewell !"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell ;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven ;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God ;
Say to the world, Farewell ! farewell !"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell ! we tell !"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell ;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see !
Our Lord has made salvation free !
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, amen !
Salvation's free, we tell ! we tell !"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"In after life there is no hell !"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell ;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way !

There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life ; be just and right.
No hell ! no hell ! no hell ! no hell ! ”
Rang out the Universalist bell.

“ The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice,” pealed forth a bell ;
“ No fetters here to clog the soul ;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well ! ”
Pealed out the Independent bell.

“ No pope, no pope, to doom to hell ! ”
The Protestant rang out a bell ;
“ Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No images where incense fell ! ”
Rang out old Martin Luther’s bell.

“ All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross ! ” exclaimed a bell ;
“ Lean o’er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this ;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine !
All hail ye saints, the chorus swell ! ”
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

“ Against the wrong brave souls rebel,”
Was the suave language of a bell.
“ Be wise and wary, bold and free,
True to the cross of Calvary ;
Undaunted in the holy fight
In the defense of truth and right.
Hope’s charter who would dare to sell,”
Exclaimed the Congregational bell.

“ Departed souls anear us dwell
In spirit-land,” said a mystic bell.
“ Christ is the Saviour—He alone
Is God supreme upon the throne ! ”
Though we are plodding mortals here,
The home of saints in heaven is near.

All doubt expel! expel! expel!"
Then dreamily chimed the New Church bell.
Each bell its creed in music tells:
Faith blends in harmony the bells,
Though many-voiced, their choral chime
Gives cadence to the creed sublime
Of trust in the dear God above,
Whose home is heaven, whose thought is love.
Each happy heart with rapture swells,
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells!
"Ye workers who have toiled so well,
To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

THE BRIDAL FEAST.*—F. C. LONG.

A merry peal of marriage bells
Steals softly on the evening air;
Their silver harmony foretells
The weal or woe of some fond pair.
A festal throng had met at night,
And joy beamed in the face of all;
A thousand gems were flashing bright
Beneath the lamps within the hall.
Music arose with dulcet swell,
And strains of mirth were constant heard;
Peans of gladness rose and fell
Like warbles of some forest bird,
Or like the sound of limpid streams
Which laugh adown the vale of dreams.
The guests were seated here and there,
On silken lounge and damask chair;
And mid the din, and dance and song,
Soft words were whispered in the throng,
And tender eyes a tale expressed,
Which tongue had never yet confessed.

*This story, told in prose, will be found in No. 2, and a dramatization of the same in Dramatic Supplement to No. 14.

The bride was young, the bride was fair,
With laughing eyes and golden hair ;
The groom was young, and brave was he
As e'er to maiden bent a knee ;
A nobler pair, in sooth, than they
Have not been seen in many a day.

“ Come, pledge with wine ! Come, pledge with wine ! ”
A young and thoughtless gallant cried ;
“ In amber juice of Gascon vine
We'll pledge the happy groom and bride ! ”
A brimming chalice then was poured,
And offered to the bridal twain ;
While round the glad and festal board,
The proffered toast was passed again.
The rose forsook the fair bride's face,
And left a lily in its place ;
For she had cause to dread the fell
Distillments from the press of hell ;
Still she took up the goblet there,
And viewed it in the lamps' red glare,
Then slowly raised it to her lip,
As if she was about to sip
The purple vintage, rich and rare ;
And then she paused, and with an eye
Which seemed through distant space to pry,
Gazed on the cup with eager stare.
The merry jeer, the idle joke,
Were hushed, as by a wizard's thrall ;
And through the lofty banquet hall,
No sound the solemn stillness broke.
One jeweled finger she upraised,
Ornate with gems a queen might wear,
And on the blushing cup she gazed,
As though she saw a spectre there.
And thus she spake :

“ I see a mountain range, whose purple busts
Are lifted to the sky ; while o'er its brows
Gossamer clouds hang like a bridal veil.
Bright flowers are blooming on its ragged sides,
And joyous birds are caroling in the shade
Of giant oaks and beeches. A crystal rill,
Merrily laughing, leaps from cliff to cliff,
Eager to gambol in the vale beneath ;
And over all, a shadowy, cloud-like mist,

Mellows the harsher outlines of the crags.
There! there! within a deep, cavernous gorge,
I see the half-nude forms of savage men
Flitting like phantoms, 'mong the umbrageous trees,
And in their midst I see a manly form
Stretched lowly on the cold and danksome sward.
How deathlike is the pallor of his cheek!
How gleams the fire of madness in his eye,
As the wild fancies of delirium,
Like Etna's flood, roll o'er his fevered brain!
One faithful friend kneels by him, and his head
Is pillowed on his breast as tenderly
As 'twere a mother with a dying child.
'Genius in ruins!' Oh, that noble youth!
Why should death single out a mark so young?
See how he throws the damp locks from his brow
Of marble whiteness! See him clasp his hands!
Hear his appalling shrieks for help, for life!
Mark how he clutches at that kneeling form,
Imploring to be saved! Oh! stones might weep
A rivulet of tears to hear him call
Upon his father's name! See him entwine
His icy fingers, as he vainly shricks
For his loved sister, twin of his fond soul,
Who weeps for him in a far distant land!
And now his arms are lifted up to heaven,
Praying for mercy; and his language bears
Such fearful agony upon its tones,
The red men move away with noiseless feet,
And leave them quite alone.

“ 'Tis evening now,
And like a warrior's shield, the great white moon
Stalks through the eastern sky. One silver beam,
Piercing the thickness of the clustering leaves,
Lights up the features of the dying youth.
His eyes are fixed and dim; he does not heed
The kindly words his friend pours in his ear.
And now his head sinks back, he gasps for breath,
His pulse is still—ah, no, it beats again!
'Twas a mere fancy; it will beat no more,
For death's cold hand is on him,—he is dead!
They hollow out a grave within that glen;
Without a shroud they lay him in the earth,
Where he shall sleep until the end of time.
No sculptor's burin ever shall emboss

A marble shaft to mark his lonely tomb.
 Dear friends, the youth who died in that strange land
 Was my twin brother; and he owed his death
 To ardent drink. Shall I now taste the cup?

"Say, shall I taste the cup?" she cried;
 "No! no!" a score of tongues replied;
 And he who first for wine did call,
 Cried "No!" the loudest of them all.
 "Then shun the cup," she cried again,
 "'Twill brand you with the mark of Cain;
 Forswear at once the tempting bowl,
 That ruins body, mind and soul!
 Think of my brother's lonely grave,
 Far by the bland Pacific's wave;
 Think of the hungry infant's wail;
 Think of the mother's visage pale;
 Think of the teeming prison's cell,
 Where rum-incited felons dwell;
 Think of our lovely sisters' doom,
 When wine has nipped them in their bloom;
 Ay! pause and think of every shame,
 Of every crime too dark to name;
 And let the wine-fiend's spell be riven,
 And turn your thoughts to home and heaven!"

"Grave fathers all, whose foreheads show
 The weight of many a winter's snow,
 Abjure the wine-cup from to-night,
 And with the *Temperance Army* fight.
 Full many a noble youth is here,
 Who scarce has felt a barber's shear;
 I charge you flee the demon's spell,
 As you would flee the curse of hell!
 For in the sparkling vintage lies
 A monster dressed in tempting guise,
 Who'll lure you from the path of right,
 By wizard wiles, and false delight.
 Rum will destroy your forms divine
 As Circe changed her guests to swine.
 O lovely maids, to whom are given
 The beauties that embellish heaven!
 None of you are too pure, or fair
 To dally with the dreadful snare.
 Never for all Pactolus' wealth,
 In wine let lover drink your health"

They feasted late, they feasted long,
The guests were loud in laugh and song;
But no one touched a drop of wine,
Though rich Champagne, and limpid Rhine,
And Muscatel,—all sparkling bright,—
And purple Port, stood full in sight.
Among the crowd were those who'd quaffed
For years the soul-destroying draught;
But then and there they soothly swore
To touch the tempting cup no more,
But ever drink what God had given,
And sent them, on the clouds, from heaven!

VERRES DENOUNCED.—CICERO.

An opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the State, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the prætorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But this prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures.

Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Are you not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosa-nus! And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips,—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection,—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship, once sacred,—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin on the Commonwealth!

THE BOYS.—O. W. HOLMES.

This poem was addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains, in a high degree, the freshness and joyousness of youth addresses his classmates as "boys."

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;

The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue or with pen ;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS !

THE ANGEL FERRY.—H. S. CORNWELL.

Oh, when shall the boatman ferry me o'er
To the friends who wait on the further shore ?
Along a wild and toilsome way,
I have journeyed for many a weary day,
Over the graves of early hope
And up misfortune's thorny slope,
Till my mortal sun hath past its noon,
And my heart beats time to a ceaseless tune :
When shall the boatman ferry me o'er
To the friends who wait on the further shore ?

Through the wrecks of many a fairy dream
I come to the banks of the mystic stream ;
I have waited so long for a tardy sail,
I can feel my strength begin to fail ;
And while I faintly call and pray,
My wind-swept locks are turning gray.
But I know he is true, and will come ere quite
My deep'ning day shall sink to night ;
And I walk the sands till he bear me o'er
To the friends who wait on the further shore.

He is fair and beautiful, I know,
And his shining robe is white as snow ;
And the tender love of his starry eyes
Is caught from the glory of other skies ;
And his silver-sandaled feet have trod
The banks of the crystalline river of God.
Oh, boatman, haste from the land of rest,
And pillow my head upon thy breast !
Speed thy swift shallop, and bear me o'er
To the friends who wait on the further shore !

The shadows deepen one by one,
The sun is set, the day is done ;
And like a star on my growing sight,
I can see at last the signal light ;
High over the rocking wave it rides,
And swiftly toward the margin glides ;
I can hear the rush of that spirit barque,
And mellow splendors pierce the dark !
Adieu, dim world ! ere I'm wafted o'er
To the friends who wait on the further shore.

CIVIL WAR.—CHARLES D. SHANLEY.

“Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vedette ;
Ring me a ball on the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet !”

“Ah, captain ! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune !”
Crack ! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

“Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood,—
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud !”

“Oh, captain ! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vedette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

“But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold ;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array.”

“Ha ! rifleman, fling me the locket !—’tis she,
My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—hush ! soldier, ’twas Heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon !

“But, hark ! the far bugles their warnings unite ;
War is a virtue, weakness a sin ;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night—
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in !”

THE BATTLE.—SCHILLER.

Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column;

Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the Major along the front;
"Halt!"

And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music,—the drum and fife!
How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the
 strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone,—
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their
 thunder!
From host to host with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round;
Ay, shout it forth to life or death,—
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
 The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes—
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.

To the right, to the left, and around and around,
 Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
 God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight;
 Over the hosts falls a brooding night!
 Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more.

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
 And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
 And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
 Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.
 "What? Francis!—Give Charlotte my last farewell."
 As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—
 "I'll give—O God! are their guns so near?
 Ho! comrades! yon volley! look sharp to the rear!
 I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!
 Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
 The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
 Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
 Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.
 Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
 In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
 The adjutants flying;
 The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
 Their thunder booms in dying—
 Victory!
 Terror has seized on the dastards all,
 And their colors fall!

 Victory!
 Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
 And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night!
 Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
 The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
 Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
 There's another, in which we shall meet you once more.

Translation from the German by Bulwer.

BOMBASTIC APPEAL TO A JURY.

Gentlemen of the jury, it is with feelings of no ordinary communion that I rise to defend my injured client from the attacks that have been made on his hitherto-

fore unapproachable character. I feel, gentlemen, that though a good deal smarter than any of you, even the judge himself, yet I am utterly incompetent to present this case in the magnanimous and heart-rending light which its importance demands; and I trust, gentlemen, that whatever I may lack in presenting the subject will be immediately made up by your own natural good sense and discernment—if you have got any.

The counsel for the prosecution, gentlemen, will undoubtedly attempt to heave dust in your eyes. He will tell you that his client is pre-eminently a man of function,—that he is a man who would scorn to fetch an action against another merely to gratify his own personal corporosity, but, gentlemen, let me cautionate you how to rely upon such specious reasoning like this. I myself apprehend that this suit has been wilfully and maliciously fetched, gentlemen, for the sole and only purpose of browbeating my client here, and in an eminent manner grinding the face of the poor; and I apprehend, also, that if you could but look into that man's heart, and read there the motives that have impelled him to fetch this suit, such a picture of moral turpentine and heart-felt ingratitude would be brought to light as has never before been exhibited since the falls of Niagara.

Now, gentlemen, I want to make a brilliant appeal to the kind symmetries of your nature, and see if I can't warp your judgments a little in favor of my unfortunate client here, and then I shall fetch my argument to a close. Here is a poor man, with a numerous wife and child, depending upon him for their daily bread and butter, wantonly fetched up here, and arranged before an intellectual jury on the charge of ignominiously hooking—yes, hooking—six quarts of new cider. You, gentlemen, have all been placed in similar situations, and “know how it is yourself,” and you can therefore feel for the misfortunes of my client; and I humbly calculate that you will not permit the gushing of your symperthizing hearts to be squenched in the bud by the surrup-

tions and superogating arguments of my ignorant opponent on the other side.

The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakspeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice and fetch him in unblameworthy. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion, and reflect with pleasure that you did as you would be done by; but if, on the other hand, you disregard this great principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair corn-field, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be pretty apt to light on you some of these dark nights, as a gray cat lights on a sassar of new milk.

SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill,—
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain;

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer;

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold.

By a whisper sow we blessings,
 By a breath we scatter strife;
 In our words and looks and actions
 Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
 Leave us not to sow alone!
 Bid Thine angels guard the furrows
 Where the precious grain is sown,
 Till the fields are crowned with glory,
 Filled with mellow ripened ears,
 Filled with fruit of life eternal
 From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
 Stay the hasty, heedless hands;
 Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
 Mar our fair and pleasant lands!
 Father, help each weak endeavor,
 Make each faithful effort blest,
 Till Thine harvest shall be garnered,
 And we enter into rest.

ST. PIERRE TO FERRARDO.—J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

An extract from the drama of "The Wife," adapted for recitation. St. Pierre, having possessed himself of Ferrardo's dagger, compels him to sign a confession of his villainy.

Know you me, duke? Know you the peasant boy
 Whom, fifteen years ago, in evil hour,
 You chanced to cross upon his native hills;
 In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit
 Which suited you, and tempted it? He took
 Your hint, and followed you to Mantua
 Without his father's knowledge,—his old father,
 Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
 Man could not rob him of, and Heaven would spare,
 Blessed him one night, ere he lay down to sleep,
 And, waking in the morning, found him gone!

[Ferrardo tries to rise.

Move not, or I shall move! You know me.
 Oh, yes! you trained me like a cavalier—
 You did, indeed! You gave me masters, duke,
 And their instructions quickly I took up,
 As they did lay them down! I got the start
 Of my contemporaries!—not a youth

Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,
Or rule a horse, with me! You gave me all—
All the equipments of a man of honor—
But soon you found a use for me, and made
A slave, a profligate, a pander, of me! [Ferrardo rising.
I charge you keep your seat!

Ten thousand ducats?
What, duke! Is such your offer? Give me, duke,
The eyes that looked upon my father's face,
The hands that helped my father to his wish,
The feet that flew to do my father's will,
The heart that bounded at my father's voice,
And say that Mantua were built of ducats,
And I could be its duke at cost of these,
I would not give them for it! Mark me, duke!
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the head-stone read my father's name!
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come—
To seek the child that had deserted him—
And died here, ere I knew it. Heaven, alone,
Can tell how far he strayed in search of me!
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And, rising thence, I fled nor had returned,
But tyrant hunger drove me back again
To thee—to thee!—my body to relieve,
At cost of my dear soul! I have done thy work—
Do mine! and sign me that confession straight.
I'm in thy power, and I'll have thee in mine!
There is the dial, and the sun shines on it,
The shadow on the very point of twelve—
My case is desperate! Your signature
Of moment is most vital to my peace!
My eye is on the dial! Pass the shadow
The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair,
As can my eye discern—and, that unsigned,
The steel is in thy heart! I speak no more!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon

the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest, he acknowledged no criterion but success, he worshiped no god but ambition, and, with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry.

Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse and wore without shame the diadem of the Cæsars. Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama.

Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune

was great, his genius was transcendent ; decision flashed upon his counsels ; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable ; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount ; space no opposition that he did not spurn ; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed the air of history ; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation ; kings were his people, nations were his outposts ; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chessboard. Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room, with the mob or the levee, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown, banishing a Braganza or espousing a Hapsburg, dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic, he was still the same military despot.

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters ; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy ; the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning. Such a medley of contradictions and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were

never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign, a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self,—a man without a model, and without a shadow.

THE COURTIN'.—JAMES RUSSELL. LOWELL.

God makes sech nights; all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o'wood in,—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The old queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin';
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Aint modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em.
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to've got a new soul,
 F'or she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"

"Wall . . . no . . . I come designin'--"

"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
 Says she "Think likely, Mister;"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is, they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

KING WILLIAM THANKS HIS GOD.

[During the Franco-Prussian war, 1870-71.]

The sombre pall of night had spread
 Upon the horrid scene,
 The field was thickly strewn with dead,
 The struggle fierce had been;
 And heaps of rigid, gory men,
 Lay pillowed on the sod;
 For this, by telegram and pen,
King William thanks his God!

The trumpet's clarion voice was hushed,
 Nor flaunting banner stirred,

As from a heap of slain and crushed
This dying moan was heard :
“ My helpless babes and wife—O Lord !
Have mercy—spare the rod.”
Electric flashes pass the word;
“ King William thanks his God !”

Two thousand peasants' homes, by fire,
Bavarian brutes destroy,
Nor let the helpless weak retire,
But rush with fiendish joy,
And hurl them to their awful fate
With ball and bayonet prod;
For these and other mercies great,
King William thanks his God !

Great God ! shall king's ambition slay
And prostrate to the dust
Thy creatures, legions, day by day,
And then proclaim Thee just ;
Deal desolation through the world,
Spread ruin at their nod,
And then by lightning have it hurled,
“ King William thanks his God ?”

If these are Thine anointed, Lord,
And thus they do thy will,
The lowly ones can ill afford
To work each other ill ;
And would prefer, though little worth,
Obscurely on to plod,
Than telegraph, throughout the earth,
Offensive thanks to God.

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.—CHARLES DICKENS.

“ Floy,” said Paul, “ What is that ?” “ Where, dearest ?” “ There ! at the bottom of the bed.” “ There's nothing there except papa !” The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said, “ My own boy, don't you know me ?” Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father ? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain ; and, before he could reach out both his

hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart; but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite happy!" His father, coming and bending down to him,—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside,—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling: why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear." "Whose,

Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant,—longer perhaps, but it seemed no more,—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please." "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy."

* * * *

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

* * * *

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on: and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy, I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS.*

SUE M. REMAK.

As sunset's glow illumed the sea
 One balmy day of June,
 And golden stars shone o'er the lea
 To greet the rising moon,
 One light of wondrous brilliancy
 Went out—alas, how soon!

Great England's son! His noble name
 She'll proudly call her own,
 Exalted on her roll of fame;
 Yet not her pride alone;
 All nations shall his worth proclaim,
 The world his genius own.

E'en while his genial heart beat high,
 Mid friendly smile and cheer,
 An unseen guest was hovering nigh,—
 Death's shadow drawing near,
 To bear him to his rest on high,
 From love and labor here.

O'ershadowed by the angel's wing,
 Unconsciously he lay,
 Saw not the shaft, felt not the sting,
 But gently passed away;

*Died June 9, 1870.

And while the bells their vespers ring,
He gains eternal day.

"*Out with the tide,*" his life of love
On to the sea shall flow,—
The boundless sea of God's pure love,—
Nor waves of sorrow know ;
But share with ransomed souls above
Bliss earth could ne'er bestow.

His name indeed a "*Household Word*"
Through ages now shall be,
The cheerful sound of "*Chimes*" be heard
Like notes of melody ;
And "*Christmas Carol,*" word for word,
"Keep green his memory."

Oh! could he, with his parting breath,
Have whispered what he felt;
Revealed his earnest thoughts of death
To those who near him knelt;—
As once he spake, through "*little Paul,*"
His dying words might be—

"*How fast the river runs,*" (for all),
"*It's very near the sea ;*"
"*How green the banks—and rushes tall ;*"
"*My mother's face I see ;*"
And then—"thank God!"—above it all
"*For Immortality !*"

MONSIEUR TONSON.

There lived, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclept Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke ;
In short, for strokes of humor quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivaled shone ;
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
Would crowd his stories and *bon-mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humor flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight;
 A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
 Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
 If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
 Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,
 Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight.
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp displayed a twinkling light.

Around this place there lived the numerous clans
 Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,
 Known at that time by name of refugees.
 The rod of persecution from their home
 Compelled the inoffensive race to roam,
 And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were sauntering through the street
 In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,
 When, in a window near, a light they view;
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seemed the prologue to some merry play,
 So towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering knock
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock).
 "I'll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here."
 "Thompson," cries t'other, "who the mischief's he?"
 "I know not," King replies, "but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came;
 One hand displayed a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they called *culotte*;
 An old striped woolen nightcap graced his head,
 A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread;
 Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous smiled,
 And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee:
 "Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
 I beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait;
 Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know.
As by your house I chanced to-night to go
(But really, I disturbed your sleep, I fear),
I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here?"

The shivering Frenchman, though not pleased to find
The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugged out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spoke :

"No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here."

Our wag begged pardon, and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed.

But King resolved not thus to drop the jest ;
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest

He knocked,—but waited longer than before ;
No footstep seemed approaching to the door ;

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thundered then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain ;

And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturbed his sleep.

The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes,

"Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here?"

The Frenchman faltered, with a kind of fright,

"Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night

(And here he labored with a sigh sincere),

No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,

No Monsieur Tonson here,—I told you so ;

Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here!"

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursued his old career.

'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,

And then he uttered, in a piteous cry,

"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
 And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster;
 Anxious, she strove his errand to inquire,
 He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
 The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
 And begged he'd call at proper time of day.
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
 At last he wakes; he rises; and he swears;
 But scarcely had he tottered down the stairs,
 When King attacked him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
 To his tormentor *mildly* to complain,
 And straight in rage began his crest to rear:
 "Sare, vat the reason make you treat me so?
 Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
 And now—I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
 Between the harassed Frenchman and his wife,
 Which would descend to chase the fiend away.
 At length, to join their forces they agree,
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood.
 The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,
 He deemed it then the safest plan to fly,
 With "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night to plague, the Frenchman went,
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit.
 They throw out water; for the watch they call;
 But King expecting, still escapes from all.
 Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happened that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime;
Six lingering years were there his tedious lot.
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
"Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said;
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds the place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day,—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the same;
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonished hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seemed bewildered with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore;
Then, starting, he exclaimed, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come again!"
Away he ran,—and ne'er was heard of more.

ROLL CALL.—N. G. SHEPHERD.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell,—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
 These men of battle, with grave dark looks,
 As plain to be read as open books,
 While slowly gathered the shades of night.
 The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
 And down in the corn where the poppies grew
 Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
 And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.
 For the foe had crossed from the other side
 That day, in the face of a murderous fire
 That swept them down in its terrible ire;
 And their life-blood went to color the tide.
 "Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
 Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
 Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
 Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.
 "Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
 "Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
 They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,
 And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
 "Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
 "Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
 "Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
 Just after the enemy wavered and broke.
 "Close to the roadside his body lies;
 I paused a moment and gave him drink;
 He murmured his mother's name I think,
 And death came with it and closed his eyes."
 'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear,—
 For that company's roll, when called at night,
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
 Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

GOD.—DERZHAVIN.

The following poem is a translation from the Russian. It has been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial palace at Pekin.

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;

Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Three-in-one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,—
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,
First chaos, then existence; Lord! on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee,—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin; all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious,
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Pyres of crystal light,
A glorious company of golden streams,
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
Suns lighting systems with their joyful beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?

And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against thy greatness,—is a cipher brought
 Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!
 Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom, too;
 Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager toward thy presence; for thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God! and surely thou must be!
 Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!
 Direct my understanding then, to thee;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!
 The chain of being is complete in me;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit,—Deity!
 I can command the lightning and am dust!
 A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
 Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously
 Constructed and conceived? Unknown! this clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy;
 For from itself alone it could not be!
 Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
 Created me! Thou source of life and good!
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
 Thy light, thy love, in the bright plenitude,
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
 Even to its source, to thee, its author there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! Oh visions blest!
 Though worthless our conception all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast.

And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being, wise and good;
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

WHICH COULD I SPARE?—FRANCES B. M. BROTHERSON.

I sometimes wonder, that if death should come,
With stealthy tread, unto my happy home,
To tell me, that of those I love so well,
One, in his silent, shadowy realm must dwell;

No hope, no refuge, from his fatal dart;
Which could I yield him first? oh! loving heart,
Which of mine own, my blessed household band
Could I resign, though for the better land?

Not he to whom my early vows were given,
Whose love has made this earth seem like a heaven.
Oh, no! oh, no! the dark and cheerless tomb
May not enclose him with its voiceless gloom!

Not she, who first made glad my parent-heart;
Our first to love, of our young life a part;
Whose opening bloom has blest us day by day;
O Death! I pray thee take not her away.

Nor him, of noble soul and manners mild,
Whom one short year we've loved to call our child;
Oh, no, not him—that high and loving heart
I fain would shield from thy unerring dart.

Our absent child? oh, no! destroyer, no!—
Near her bright path, I pray thee do not go;
We wait to welcome her around our hearth,
And long to listen to her voice of mirth.

Our fair, young boy, with free and happy soul,
Enjoys the moments that so brightly roll;
I would not see that flashing eye grow dim,
Sealed in thy slumbers—ask thou not for him.

Not my loved parents! take thou not from me
The arms that were my childhood's panoply;
Life would be sad and drear unto their child,
Missing the love that o'er my days has smiled.

My own dear brother? no, thy ways pursue;
 Ye may not take him—for we are but two;
 My heart with keenest sorrow would o'erflow,
 If to the grave this cherished one should go.

All—all too dear! each golden link so bright—
 Death! cast no shadow on love's rosy light.
 Father! thou gavest them all—to thee we look;
 To us the future is a sealed book.

MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

If there's anything in the world I hate,—and you know it,—it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me. *What do I want now?* As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows! What do you say? *If it's painful why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke,—one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day,—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh! Caudle, how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May?" *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for

'em over the pew. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and ——What do you say? *I needn't count 'em?* *You know how many there are?* That's just the way you take me up! *Well, how much money will it take?* Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching,—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What! *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. What do you say? *Ten pounds enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want frocks and bonnets?* How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it!

I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no sir! No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths,—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle,—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any; or not a farthing! No, sir; no,—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable. What do you say? *You'll give me fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no, not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do!

SONG OF THE DRUNKARD.—W. HARGREAVES.

A figure all dirty and ragged,
 Sat on a rickety chair
 As it rocked itself to and fro—
 'Twas the picture of woe and despair.
 It rocked, rocked, rocked
 Itself on the chair to and fro,
 And sang aloud, in a doleful strain,
 This song of grief and woe:
 "Drink—drink—drink!
 And destroy the vigor of youth;
 Drink—drink—drink!
 And blight all virtue and truth.
 Better, far better 'twould be
 With the savage and heathen to dwell,
 Than with swillers of brandy, beer and wine
 And sink in the *drunkard's hell*.
 "Drink—drink—drink!
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Drink—drink—drink!
 Till eyes are bloodshot and dim;

While all around is drear,
And the landlord refuses a drink
Of burning, fiery rum, to cheer
The soul on perdition's brink.

"Drink—drink—drink !
The appetite never flags ;
What are its wages ? Beds of straw,
Want—penury—and rags ;
A roofless house, a naked floor ;
No chairs nor tables are there ,
A house that's a picture of woe and want,
With walls all blank and bare.

"Drink—drink—drink !
And waste your precious time ;
Drink—drink—drink !
Though it lead to sin and crime.
You never can drown the voice
Of conscience, if you try,
By all the rum ever yet distilled ;
Nor make God's truth a lie.

"Oh, moderate drinker, beware !
The snare of the mocker fly !
Quick dash the poison chalice down,
Ere the drunkard's death you die.
My fate is already sealed ;
Repentance comes too late ;
Once there was time, but now, alas !
Tears cannot blot my fate."

Thus the inebriate sang,
And rocked on his chair to and fro ;
Would that all could have heard him sing,
And the pois'nous cup forego !
He gave a shriek, when his song was done,
And starting up with dread—
"Back ! back ! ye fiends !" he wildly cried,
Then fell—his spirit had fled.

Oh, temperate drinker, beware !
He that is dead, we know,
Once felt as safe—and spoke as loud
'Gainst intemperance as you ;
And yet, died mad with drink,
Oh, who may his doom foretell ?
God give us power to banish rum,
And save *all* from the drunkard's hell !

THE MANIAC.—MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
 She is not mad who kneels to thee;
 For what I'm now too well I know,
 And what I was, and what should be.
 I'll rave no more in proud despair;
 My language shall be mild, though sad;
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad; I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
 Which chains me in this dismal cell;
 My fate unknown my friends bewail,
 Oh, jailer, haste that fate to tell!
 Oh, haste my father's heart to cheer!
 His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
 To know, though kept a captive here,
 I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
 He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
 His glimmering lamp still, still I see,—
 'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
 Cold, bitter cold!—no warmth, no light!
 Life, all thy comforts once I had;
 Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
 Although not mad; no, no,—not mad!

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain,
 What! I, the child of rank and wealth,—
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
 Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which nevermore my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart, how burns my head;
 But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
 A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
 Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
 Nor how with her you sued to stay;
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
 They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
 None ever bore a lovelier child,
 And art thou now forever gone?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
 I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
 His chain some furious madman breaks;
 He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
 Help! Help!—He's gone!—Oh, fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
 My brain, my brain,—I know, I know
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for, lo! yon—while I speak,
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air.
 Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends; I feel the truth;
 Your task is done,—I'M MAD! I'M MAD!

THE INDIAN CHIEF TO THE WHITE SETTLER.—EDWARD EVERETT.

Think of the country for which the Indians fought!
 Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from
 his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

———“throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,

as he looked down, and beheld the lovely scene which
 spread beneath, at the summer sunset, the distant hill-tops
 glittering as with fire, the slanting beams streaming
 across the waters, the broad plains, the island groups,
 the majestic forest,—could he be blamed, if his heart
 burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no

tardy process, from beneath his control, into the hands of the stranger?

As the river chieftains—the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains—ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe, the fishing-place disturbed by his saw-mills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, the chief of the Pocomtuck Indians, who having ascended the summit of the Sugar-loaf Mountain (rising as it does before us, at this moment, in all its loveliness and grandeur,) in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say:

“White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn.

“Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

“The stranger came, a timid suppliant,—few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchments over the whole, and says, ‘It is mine.’

“Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison

in the white man's cup ; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers whither shall I fly ? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots ? Shall I wander to the west, the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, the great water is before me. No, stranger ; here I have lived, and here I will die ; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

"Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction ; for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps ; the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee ; when thou liest down by night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood ; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes ; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife ; thou shalt build, and I will burn,—till the white man or the Indian perish from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety ; but remember, stranger, *there is eternal war between me and thee.*"

EARLY RISING.—JOHN G. SAXE.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep

His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent-right !

Yes,—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration ;)

But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name or age or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off,—early rising !

“Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
 But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
 And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
 Is in the morning, if I reason right;
 And he who cannot keep his precious head
 Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
 Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the “Seasons,” said
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
 But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
 At ten o'clock A. M.,—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
 But when, alas! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
 Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
 For the soft visions of the gentle night;
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
 To live as only in the angels' sight,
 In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
 Cried, “Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
 The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!”

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest;

And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
The Lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower, and hall,—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead;

"To one, whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,—
So holy 'tis and true;

To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "My mother!"

LADY CLARE.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lovers long-betrothed were they;
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thanked," said Alice, the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair,
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice, the nurse,
"I speak the truth; you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
Oh, mother," she said; "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice, the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"Oh, mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower ;
"Oh, Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed,
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald.
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail ;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turned and kissed her where she stood :

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood,—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages,—from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature ; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains, and from the capitals of various nations,—all of them saying in their hearts, We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark ; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us. The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur,—“Home is not far away.” And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done for ship and passengers. At noon there came noiselessly stealing from the north that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance, unconscious; and at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right to-

ward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect!) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship, for now the waters gaining upon the hold, and rising upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind, had he stood to execute sufficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of fireman, engineers, waiters, and crew, rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men, to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of *collision* to the catastrophe of *SINKING*!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial-service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

THE IRISH PICKET.—ORPHEUS C. KERR.*

I'm shtandin' in the mud, Biddy,
 Wid not a spalpeen near,
 An' silence, spaichless as the grave,
 Is all the sound I hear.
 Me gun is at a "showldher arms,"
 I'm wetted to the bone,
 An' whin I'm afther shpakin' out,
 I find meself alone.

This Southern elimate's quare, Biddy,
 A quare and bastely thing,
 Wid winter absint all the year,
 And summer in the spring.
 Ye mind the hot place down below?
 And may ye niver fear
 I'd dhraw comparisons—but then
 It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
 Is one shmall star, asthore,
 An' that's forninst the very cloud
 It was behind before;
 The watchfires glame along the hill,
 That's swellin' to the south;
 An' whin the sintry passes thim
 I see his oogly mouth.

It's dead for shlape I am, Biddy,
 And drhamin' shwate I'd be,
 If thim owld rebels over there
 Would only lave me free;
 But when I lane against a shtump,
 An' shtrive to get repose,
 A musket ball be's comin' shtraight
 To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
 A shparkin' here wid me,
 And thin, avourneen, hear ye say,
 "Acushla, Pat, machree!"
 "Och, Biddy, darlint," thin says I,
 Says you, "Get out of that,"
 Says I, "Me arrum mates your waist,"
 Says you, "Be daycint, Pat."

*R. H. NEWELL.

An' how's the pigs, and ducks, Biddy?

It's thim I think of, shure,
That looked so innosint and shwate
Upon the parlor flure;
I'm sure you're aisy with the pig,
That's fat as he can be,
An' fade him wid the best, because
I'm towld he looks like me.

Whin I come home agin, Biddy,
A sargint tried and thrue,
It's joost a daycint house I'll build,
And rint it chape to you;
We'll have a parlor, bed-room, hall,
A duck-pond nately done,
With kitchen, pig-pen, pratey-patch,
An' garret—all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapin' round a tree,
An' well I know the crathur's there,
To have a shot at me.

Now, Misther Rebel, say yer prayers,
And howld yer dirthy paw,
Here goes! —be jabbers, Biddy, dear,
I've broke his oogly jaw!

“AH-GOO!”—CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
Ven I goes to hees crib at der preak of der day?
Und oudt vrom der planket peeps ten leedle toes,
So pink und so shveet as der fresh plooming rose,
Und twisting und curling dhemselves all aboutt,
Shust like dhey vas saying: “Ve vant to get oudt!”
While dot baby looks oup, mit dhose bright eyes so plue,
Und don'd could say nodings; shust only: “Ah goo!”

Vot vos id mine baby vas dinking aboutt,
Vhen dot thumb goes so quick in hees shveet leedle mout?
Und he looks right away like he no undershtandt
Der reason he don'd could quite shvallow hees handt;
Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt into hees eyes,
Vhich fills hees oldt fader mit fear und surbrise;
Und vhen mit dhose shimnasdic dricks he vas droo,
He lay back und crow, und say nix budt: “Ah-goo!”

Vot makes dot shmalle baby shmile when he's ashleep;
 Does he dink he vas blaying mit some von, "bopeep?"
 Der nurse say dhose shmiles vas der sign he haf colic—
 More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;
 I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles some day,
 Und dhen eef *she* shmiles, I pelief vot she say;
 Vhen dot baby got cramps he find someding to do
 Oexcept shmile, und blay, und keep oup hees: "Ah-goo!"

I ask me, somedimes, when I looks in dot crib:
 "Vill der shirdt-frondt, von day, dake der blace off dot bib?
 Vill dot plue-eyed baby, dot's pooling mine hair,
 Know all vot I knows aboutt drouble und care?"
 Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its pride und its sins,
 Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas twins,
 Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
 Budt shust laugh und crow, und keep saying: "Ah-goo!"
 —*Youth's Companion.*

BATTLE OF FONTENOY.—THOMAS DAVIS.

May 11th, 1745.

Upon the death of Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, in 1740, his daughter Maria Theresa discovered that the sovereigns of Europe, instead of being true to their oaths and to her, made immediate claims upon her territories, and prepared to enforce them by open hostilities. In a short time the question became a European quarrel, to be settled only by the doubtful issue of war. Louis XV. of France and Frederick the Great opposed her, whilst England, Holland, Hungary, Bavaria, and Hanover, aided her in the protection of those rights which had been guaranteed to her. In prosecution of this war, an army of 79,000 men, commanded by Marshal Saxe, and encouraged by the presence of both king and dauphin, laid siege to Tournay, early in May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of 55,000 men, chiefly English and Dutch, to relieve the town. After a fearful and bloody battle, terribly disastrous to both sides, Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, and Buckley with Fitz James's horse. O'Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets, without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted on the slope of a hill, and up that slope the brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order. "They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of '*Cuimhnigídh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach,*' (Remember Limerick and British faith,) was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France." The capture of Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Oudenarde followed the victory of Fontenoy.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
 And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain
 assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.

As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at even-tide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread;
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;

Steady they step adown the slope; steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load; steady they fire, moving right onward still;
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force—

Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;

As stubble to the lava-tide, French squadrons strew the ground;

Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired;

Fast from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod, King Louis turns his rein:

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then,—fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day,—

The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could
 dry,
 Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
 parting cry,
 Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
 overthrown,—
 Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
 Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles
 were.
 O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands:
 "Fix bay'nets—charge!" Like mountain-storm, rush on
 these fiery bands.
 This is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
 Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gal-
 lant show.
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle
 wind,—
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men be-
 hind!
 One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surg-
 ing smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
 Irish broke.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
 "Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanagh!"
 Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
 with gore;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
 flags they tore;
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
 staggered, fled,—
 The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
 Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun.
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and
 won!

"THE IRISH BRIGADE" AT FONTENOY.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

By our camp fires rose a murmur,
 At the dawning of the day,
 And the tread of many footsteps
 Spoke the advent of the fray;

And as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
Our footmen to array ;
The willing steed has bounded,
Impatient for the fray ;
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy,
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner,
To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows ;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high,
To smite to-day the Saxon's might,
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,—
'Tis a voice from our own land ;
God of battles, God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot's brand ;
There are stains to wash away ;
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks,—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks !
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabres reel,
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse ;
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
We swept upon their line ;
Then rang along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,

And we smote them down, still cheering,
"Erin, slanthagal go bragb." *

As prized as is the blessing
 From an aged father's lip,
 As welcome as the haven
 To the tempest-driven ship,
 As dear as to the lover
 The smile of gentle maid,—
 Is this day of long-sought vengeance
 To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
 A broken, routed line;
 See, England, what brave laurels
 For your brow to-day we twine.
 Oh, thrice blest the hour that witnessed
 The Briton turn to flee
 From the chivalry of Erin,
 And France's *"fleur de lis."*

As we lay beside our camp fires,
 When the sun had passed away,
 And thought upon our brethren,
 Who had perished in the fray,—
 We prayed to God to grant us,
 And then we'd die with joy,
 One day upon our own dear land
 Like this of Fontenoy.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S POETRY.

F. M. WHITCHER.

Yes,—he was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jenkins says (she 'twas Poll Bingham), *she* says, I never found it out till after he died, but that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest a piece with everything else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poitry I writ to his memory, nobody wouldn't think I dident set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it; it ginerally affects me wonderfully, seems to har-

*Ireland, the bright toast forever.

rer up my feelin's,—but I'll try. Dident know I ever writ poitry? How you talk! used to make lots on't; haint so much late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had a bee, I sent him an amazin' great cheese, and writ a piece o' poitry, and pasted on top on't. It says:

Teach him for to proclaim
Salvation to the folks;
No occasion give for any blame,
Nor wicked people's jokes.

An' so it goes on, but I guess I wont stop to say the rest on't now, secin' there's seven and forty verses.

Parson Potter and his wife was wonderfully pleased with it; used to sing it to the tune o' Haddam. But I was gwine to tell the one I made in relation to husband; it begins as follers:

He never jawed in all his life,
He never was onkind;
And (tho' I say it that was his wife,)
Such men you seldom find.

That's as true as the Scripturs; I never knowed him to say a harsh word.

I never changed my single lot,
I thought 'twould be a sin—

Though widder Jinkins says it's because I never had a chance. Now 'taint for me to say whether I ever had a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's them livin' that *might* tell if they wos a mind to; why, this poitry was writ on account of being joked about Major Coon, three year after husband died. I guess the ginerality o' folks knows what wos the nature o' Major Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss Jinkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the Major took her "Jack at a pinch,"—seein' he couldent get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get—but I goes on to say:

I never changed my single lot,
I thought 'twould be a sin,—
For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke,
 His anger dident last,
 But vanished like tobacker smoke
 Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be
 The wife of such a man,
 Tell the men that's after me
 To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single jot,
 He called the doctor in—

That's a fact; he used to be scairt to death if anything ailed me. Now only jest think,—widder Jinkins told Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) that she guessed the deacon dident set no great store by me, or he wouldnt a went off to confrence meetin' when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they couldnt git along without him no way. Parson Potter seldom went to confrence meetin', and when *he* wa'n't there, who was ther', pray tell, that knowed enough to take the lead if husband dident do it? Deacon Kenipe hadent no gift, and Deacon Crosby hadent no inclination, and so it all came onto Deacon Bedott,—and he was always ready and willin' to do his duty, you know. As long as he was able to stand on his legs he continued to go to confrence meetin'; why, I've knowed that man to go when he couldnt scarcely crawl on account o' the pain in the spine of his back. He had a wonderful gift, and he wa'n't a man to keep his talents hid up in a napkin, so you see 'twas from a sense o' duty he went when I was sick, whatever Miss Jinkins may say to the contrary. But where was I? Oh!—

If I was sick a single jot,
 He called the doctor in;
 I sot so much store by Deacon Bedott
 I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
 That felt for all mankind;
 It made him feel amazin' bad
 To see the world so blind.

Whisky and rum he tasted not—

That's as true as the Scripturs; but if you'll believe it, Betsy, Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jinkins said one day to their house, how't she'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin! Did you ever! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. I've knowed Poll Bingham from a gal, and she never knowed how to speak the truth,—besides she always had a pertikkeler spite against husband and me, and between us tew I'll tell you why if you won't mention it, for I make it a pint never to say nothin' to injure nobody. Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself, but it's a long story, I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkins is eternally runnin' me down. See,—where had I got to? Oh, I remember now:

Whisky and rum he tasted not,
 He thought it was a sin;
 I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
 I never got married agin.

But now he's dead! the thought is killin',
 My grief I can't control—
 He never left a single shillin'
 His widder to console.

But that wa'n't his fault,—he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it aint to be wondered at he dident lay up nothin; however, it dident give him no great oneasiness. He never cared much for airthly riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back, —begrudged folks their vittals when they came to his house! did you ever! why, he was the hull-souldest man I ever see in all my born days. If I'd such a husband as Bill Jinkins was, I'd hold my tongue about my neighbors' husbands. He was a dretful mean man, used to git drunk every day of his life, and he had an awful high temper,—used to swear like all possests when he got mad, —and I've heard my husband say (and he wa'n't a man that ever said anything that wa'n't true),—I've heard *him* say Bill Jinkins would cheat his own father out of

his eye teeth if he had a chance. Where was I? Oh! "His widder to console,"—ther aint but one more verse, 'taint a very lengthy poem. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he, "What did you stop so soon for?"—but Miss Jinkins told the Crosby's *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun; she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poitry o' hern, I guess it would be astonishin' stuff; and mor'n all that, she said there wa'n't a word o' truth in the hull on't,—said I never cared tuppence for the deacon. What an everlastin' lie! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell, they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunatic Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I wont dwell on't. I conclude as follers:

I'll never change my single lot,
 I think 'twould be a sin;
 The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
 Don't intend to get married agin.

Excuse my cryin'—my feelin's always overcomes me so when I say that poitry—O-o-o-o-o-o!

CAOCH THE PIPER.—J. KEEGAN.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
 When I was a little fellow,
 A piper wandered to our door,
 Gray-headed, blind, and yellow;
 And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
 Though earth and sky looked dreary,
 To see the stranger and his dog,—
 Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his bag,
 Cross-barred with green and yellow,
 I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground,
 There's not so fine a fellow."
 And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee,
 And Eily, Kate, and Mary,

Rushed in, with panting haste to see,
And welcome Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times,
Oh! God be with my childhood,
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day,
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood.
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,
And in the morning early,
He called me up to hear him play,
"The wind that shakes the barley."
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried, "God mark my deary!"
And how I wept when he said "Farewell,
And think of Caoch O'Leary."

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him "dead and gone"
And in the cold clay rotten.
And often when I walked and danced
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well,—twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped,—
'Twas "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah, how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay,—Time is even blending
The colors on his thread-bare bag,
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,
 "Far, far, be hell's black viper;
 Does anybody hereabouts
 Remember Caoch the Piper?"
 With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
 The old man murmured "Deary!
 Are you the silky-headed child,
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"
 "Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
 As if his heart was breaking.
 "And where, *a vhiic machree*," he sobbed,
 "Is all the merry-making
 I found here twenty years ago?"
 "My tale," I sighed, "might weary,
 Enough to say there's none but me
 To weleome Caoch O'Leary."
 "Vo, Vo, Vo!" the old man cried,
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,
 "Pray lead me in, *asthore machree*,
 And I'll *go home* to-morrow.
 My 'peace is made' —I'll calmly leave
 This world so cold and dreary,
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."
 With "Pinch," I watched his bed that night,
 Next day, his wish was granted;
 He died—and Father James was brought,
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted;
 The neighbors came; we dug his grave,
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep,—
 God rest you, Caoch O'Leary.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.—A. C. SPOONER.

'Twas in my easy chair at home,
 About a week ago,
 I sat and puffed my light-cigar,
 As usual, you must know.
 I mused upon the Pilgrim flock,
 Whose luck it was to land
 Upon almost the only rock
 Among the Plymouth sand.

In my mind's eye, I saw them leave
 Their weather-beaten bark—
 Before them spread the wintry wilds,
 Behind, rolled ocean dark.

Alone that noble handful stood
 While savage foes lurked nigh;
 Their creed and watchword, "Trust in God
 And keep your powder dry."

Imagination's pencil then
 That first stern winter painted,
 When more than half their number died,
 And stoutest spirits fainted.

A tear unbidden filled one eye,
 My smoke had filled the other.
 One sees strange sights at such a time,
 Which quite the senses bother.

I knew I was alone—but lo!
 (Let him who dares, deride me;)
 I looked, and drawing up a chair,
 Down sat a man beside me.

His dress was ancient, and his air
 Was somewhat strange and foreign;
 He civilly returned my stare,
 And said, "I'm Richard Warren.

"You'll find my name among the list
 Of hero, sage and martyr,
 Who, in the Mayflower's cabin, signed
 The first New England charter.

"I could some curious facts impart,—
 Perhaps, some wise suggestions,—
 But then I'm bent on seeing sights,
 And running o'er with questions."

"Ask on," said I; "I'll do my best
 To give you information,
 Whether of private men you ask,
 Or our renowned nation."

Says he, "First tell me what is that
 In your compartment narrow,
 Which seems to dry my eye-ball up,
 And scorch my very marrow."

His finger pointed to the grate,
Said I, "That's Lehigh coal,
Dug from the earth,"—he shook his head—
"It is, upon my soul!"

I then took up a bit of stick,
One end as black as night,
And rubbed it quick across the hearth,
When, lo! a sudden light.

My guest drew back, uprolled his eyes,
And strove his breath to catch;
"What necromancy's that?" he cried,
Quoth I, "A friction match."

Upon a pipe just overhead
I turned a little screw,
When forth, with instantaneous flash,
Three streams of lightning flew.

Uprose my guest: "Now Heaven me save,"
Aloud he shouted; then,
"Is that hell fire?" " 'Tis gas," said I,
"We call it hydrogen."

Then forth into the fields we strolled;
A train came thundering by,
Drawn by the snorting iron steed
Swifter than eagles fly.

Rumbled the wheels, the whistle shrieked,
Far streamed the smoky cloud;
Echoed the hills, the valleys shook,
The flying forest bowed.

Down on his knee, with hand upraised
In worship, Warren fell;
"Great is the Lord, our God," cried he;
"He doeth all things well.

"I've seen his chariots of fire,
The horsemen, too, thereof;
Oh, may I ne'er forget his ire,
Nor at his threatenings scoff!"

"Rise up, my friend, rise up," said I,
"Your terrors all are vain,
That was no chariot of the sky,
'Twas the New York mail train."

We stood within a chamber small—
Men came the news to know
From Worcester, Springfield, and New York,
Texas and Mexico.

It came—it went—silent and sure;
He stared, smiled, burst out laughing:
“What witchcraft’s that?” “It’s what we call
Magnetic telegraphing.”

Once more we stepped into the street;
Said Warren, “What is that
Which moves along across the way
As smoothly as a cat?”

“I mean the thing upon two legs,
With feathers on its head;
A monstrous hump below its waist
Large as a feather-bed.

“It has the gift of speech, I *hear*;
But sure it can’t be human!”
“My amiable friend,” said I,
“That’s what we call a woman!”

“A woman! no—it cannot be,”
Sighed he, with voice that faltered:
“I loved the women in my day,
But oh! they’re strangely altered.”

I showed him then a new machine
For turning eggs to chickens,—
A labor-saving hennerly
That beats the very dickens!

Thereat he strongly grasped my hand,
And said, “’Tis plain to see
This world is so transmogrified
’Twill never do for me.

“Your telegraphs, your railroad trains,
Your gas lights, friction matches,
Your hump-backed women, rocks for coal,
Your things which chickens hatches,

“Have turned the earth so upside down,
No peace is left within it.”
Then whirling round upon his heel,
He vanished in a minute.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. FLOOD. (1783.)

H. GRATTAN.

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in its political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution. I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that after an envenomed attack upon the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of government when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example. At such a critical moment, I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose, that with respect to the Constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the Mutiny Bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were—or hereafter might be—passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of Parliament; when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded; but a year and a half after the bill had passed, then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward, and to say that your Constitution has been destroyed by the Perpetual Bill.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the

country for three years, and almost destroyed it; and when an address in 1778, to open her trade, was propounded, to remain silent and inactive. In relation to three fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy, decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth, and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America,—the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, or toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath.

He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say, "Sir, you are mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition you became, on a sudden, *silent*; you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions; and you were silent for money! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry, the address to support the American war, the other address to send four thousand men, which you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America,—to which you had declared yourself a friend. You, sir, who manufacture stage-thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles—you, sir, whom

it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America; and you, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their *freedom*, fighting for *your* freedom, fighting for the great principle, LIBERTY. But you found, at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning), that the king had only dishonored you; the court had bought, but would not trust you; and, having voted for the worst measures, you remained, for seven years, the creature of salary, without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity. You try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary. You give no honest support either to the government or the people; observing, with regard to both prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your sovereign, by betraying the government, as you had sold the people, until, at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers and canvass for mutiny.

Such has been your conduct; and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, *I* now say, and say to your beard, sir,—“*You are not an honest man!*”

THE MORMON WIDOWER'S LAMENT.

And she is dead! and she is dead!
My multitudinous bride!
No more my weary head may rest
Her many forms beside
No more her sixty gentle hands
Shall fondly rest in mine;

No more around her thirty waists
My loving arms shall twine.

For she is dead ; and from those eyes
Of black, and blue, and gray,
And various intermediate dyes,
The light has passed away.
The eighty little orphans' tears
Are mingled with my own,
And eighty hearts of tender years
Are motherless and lone.

The fevers seized her all at once,
And apoplexy, too ;
With corns, hysterics, and the mumps,
And dread *tic douloureux*.
A dozen doctors made her worse ;
They physicked and they bled ;
And though she lived with thirty lives,
No wonder she is dead !

But ere she died, in countless throngs
Her relatives drew nigh,
And waded through each other's tears
To bid my love good-bye.
And even then she thought of me,
And sought my grief to quell ;
And summoned me beside her beds
To say a last farewell.

"Good-by, dear John," she feebly said ;
"I'm going soon," said she ;
"But, oh ! don't marry Widow Smith,
And, oh, don't mourn for me !
For Widow Smith is forty-fold,—
Too many, far, for you ;
And she is artful, sly, and bold,
And quite designing, too.

"And, John, don't leave your flannels off ;
And don't catch cold, my dear ;
Don't die of grief, but calmly live,—
Your children need you here.
I shall not want you over there,
I'd rather be alone ;
'I've had you here quite long enough ;
You'll stay away, my own ?"

And then she closed her eyes in peace,
And fell asleep, and died ;
And left me here to mourn her loss,
My ten times triple bride.

I know I ought to be resigned—
I know my tears are rude ;
But when one's loss is thirty-fold,
He can't feel fortitude.

Oh ! Mary Anne and so forth Jones,
Thou wert a model wife !
Thy virtues, like thyself, were too
Too many for this life !
There's no one now to mend my shirts,
Or hear each other cry ;
I sew my buttons on alone,
And sing the lullaby.

I'll have to marry Widow Smith ;
I can't get on alone ;
The children need a mother's care—
You don't know how they've grown !
You left me for a better world,
Your souls are free from pain ;
I must relieve my own despair,
And try my luck again.

MAN'S MISSION.—MRS. W. R. WILDE.

Human lives are silent teaching,
Be they earnest, mild, and true ;
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few,—
Poet-priests their anthems singing,
Hero-swords on corslet ringing,
When Truth's banner is unfurled ;
Youthful preachers, genius gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
Till their preaching stirs the world.
Each must work as God has given
Hero hand or poet soul ;
Work is duty, while we live in
This weird world of sin and dole.
Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up appealing,
To the throne of heaven's King ;

Stronger natures, culminating
In great actions, incarnating
What another can but sing.

Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
We must strive, must agonize;
We must preach the saint's evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize.
Work for all—for work is holy;
We fulfil our mission solely
When, like heaven's arch above,
Blend our souls in one emblazon,
And the social diapason
Sounds the perfect chord of love.

Life is combat, life is striving,
Such our destiny below;
Like a scythed chariot driving
Through an onward-pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn, and trial
Will but teach us self-denial;
Like the alchemists of old,
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
To be God's refined gold.

We are struggling in the morning
With the spirit of the night,
But we trample on its scorning—
Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
We must watch. The day is breaking;
Soon, like Memnon's statue waking
With the sunrise into sound,
We shall raise our voice to heaven,
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
Would we strike the idols down;
With a purpose of the sternest
Take the cross, and wait the crown;
Sufferings human life can hallow,
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla.
Meekly bear, but nobly try,
Like a man with soft tears flowing,
Like a God with conquest glowing,
So to love, and work, and die!

THE BAYONET CHARGE.—NATHAN D. URNER.

Not a sound, not a breath !
And as still as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonet's shine ;
All is tumult below,
Surging friend, surging foe ;
But not a hair's breadth moves our adamant line,
Waiting so grimly.
The battle smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts
Round the hill where we stand, like a pall for the world ;
And a gleam now and then
Shows the billows of men,
In whose black, boiling surge we are soon to be hurled,
Redly and dimly.

There's the word ! "Ready all !"
See the serried points fall,—
The grim horizontal so bright and so bare.
Then the other word—Ha !
We are moving ! Huzza !
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the glare,
Rushing to glory !
Down the hill, up the glen,
O'er the bodies of men ;
Then on with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt !
Why stumble so, Ned ?
No answer—he's dead !
And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping out,
Crimson and gory !

On ! on ! Do not think
Of the falling ; but drink
Of the mad, living cataract torrent of war !
On ! on ! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel !
Catch the Captain—he's hit ! 'Tis a scratch, nothing more !
Forward forever !
Huzza ! Here's a trench !
In and out of it ! Wrench
From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of fame :
Charge ! charge ! with a yell
Like the shriek of a shell—
O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame !
Back again ? Never !

The rampart! 'Tis crossed—
It is ours! It is lost!
No—another dash now and the glaciis is won!
Huzza! What a dust!
Hew them down. Cut and thrust!
A t-i-g-e-r! brave lads, for the red work is done—
Victory! Victory!

DRUNKARDS NOT ALL BRUTES.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

I said when I began, that I was a trophy of this movement; and therefore the principal part of my work has been (not ignoring other parts) in behalf of those who have suffered as I have suffered. You know there is a great deal said about the reckless victims of this foe being "brutes." No, they are not brutes. I have labored for about eighteen years among them and I never have found a brute. I have had men swear at me; I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face; but he is not a brute.

I think it is Charles Dickens, who says: "Away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written 'woman.'" And so in the heart of the vile outcast, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, on which is written "man." Here is our business, to find that door. It may take time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long-suffering for us and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember Him whose locks were wet with dew.

Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure as you do, just so sure, by-and-by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell, you have knocked at the heart of a man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches *are* men, and not brutes that we have hopes for them. They said "he is a brute—let him alone." I took him home with me and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits, once, chasing her about

the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?" "Well, I shouldn't." "I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute." I asked, "Where do they live?" "They live two miles away from here." "When did you see them last?" "About two years ago." Then he told me his story. I said, "You must go back to your home again."

"I mustn't go back—I wont—my wife is better without me than with me! I will not go back any more; I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?" I went to the house with him; I knocked at the door and his wife opened it. "Is this Mrs. Richardson?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that is Mr. Richardson. And Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house." They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal.

She pulled her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room and said, "Well, William?" And the "brute" said, "Well, Mary?" He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out." He began to fumble about it.

The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?" and she worked away at it; but *her* fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off; their eyes met, and the love-light was not all quenched; she opened her arms gently and he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at one and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute; it is a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his breast."

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Bachelor's hall! What a quare lookin' place it is!

Save me from such all the days o' my life!

Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,

Niver at all to be gettin' a wife!

Pots, dishes, an' pans, an' such grasy commodities,

Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;

The cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,—

Things that had niver been neighbors before.

See the ould bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,

Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;

Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough,

If he were present, to fight with the squire!

He looks for the platter; Grimalkin is scourin' it;

Sure, at a baste like that, swearin's no sin;

His dish-cloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it—

Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his meal's over, the table's left sittin' so;

Dishes, take care o' yourselves if ye can;

Niver a drop o' hot water will visit ye,

Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',

See the ould bachelor kneadin' his dough;

Troth, if his bread he could ate without swallowin',

How it would help his digestion, you know!

Late in the aiv'nin', he goes to bed shiverin';

Niver a bit is the bed made at all;

He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin';

Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

NEARER HOME.—PHEBE CARY.

This beautiful poem, which has comforted so many Christian hearts, will be prized, not only for its own sake, but as a fitting memorial to the gifted writer, who has since gone to her "Father's House," to join her sister in their home beyond "the crystal sea." It was written in 1842, and is in accordance with the author's latest revision. *September, 1871.*

One sweetly solemn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I'm nearer my home to-day

Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!
But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.
Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;
Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

PICTURES OF MEMORY.—ALICE CARY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth to me the best.
I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—

In the lap of that dim old forest,
 He lieth in peace asleep.
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there, the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And one of the autumn eves
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.
 Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face;
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

THE SINGER.*—J. G. WHITTIER.

Years since (but names to me before,)
 Two sisters sought at eve my door;
 Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
 A gray old farm-house in the West.
 Timid and young, the elder had
 Even then a voice too sweetly sad;
 The crown of pain that all must wear,
 Too early pressed her midnight hair.
 Yet ere the summer eve grew long
 Her modest lips grew sweet with song;
 A memory haunted all her words,
 Of clover fields and singing birds.
 Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
 The broad horizons of the West;
 Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold
 Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

* The singer referred to, in this poem, was "Alice Cary," who died Feb. 12, 1871; and the other, her sister who died July 31, 1871.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me;
I queried not with destiny;
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed!

What could I other than I did?
Could I a singing bird forbid?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook?

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before;
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed; through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became;
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her, her fair fame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew;
Ungessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,
She waited for her great release;
And that old friend so sage and bland,
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,
And men who toiled in storm and sun
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed
To healthful themes of life she led;
The out-door world of bud and bloom
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought
Of loss to come within us wrought,
And all the while we felt the strain
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last!
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones! Give the singer place.
To you, to her,—I know not where,—
I left the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between;
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

What to shut eyes has God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?

Oh, silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love;
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

Oh, white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

MARK TWAIN'S DESCRIPTION OF EUROPEAN GUIDES.—S. C. CLEMENS.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the

history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would; and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies any more, we never admired anything, we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation, —full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much im-

pressive fumbling of keys and openings of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent, unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!" Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or,—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass,—procured for such occasions:

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, oh, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name, —is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-possecble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,---happy combination,---very happy combination indeed. Is---is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner; guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world,

perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him :

" See, gentlemen !—Mummy ! Mummy ! "

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

" Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was ? "

" Name ?—he got no name !—Mummy !—'Gyptian mummy ! "

" Yes, yes. Born here ? "

" No. ' *Gyptian* mummy. "

" Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume ? "

" No !—*not* Frenchman, not Roman !—born in Egypta ! "

" Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed ! Is—ah,—is he dead ? "

" Oh, *sacre bleu* ! been dead three thousan' year ! "

The doctor turned on him savagely :

" Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this ? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn ! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us* ! Thunder and lightning ! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out !—or, by George, we'll brain you ! "

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

—*Innocents Abroad.*

THE CHILDREN.—CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed ;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace !
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last ;
Of joy that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild ;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes ;
Those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild ;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 They have taught *me* the goodness of God.
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
 My frown is sufficient correction,
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more;
 Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
 That meet me each morn at the door!
 I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The groups on the green, and the flowers
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
 Their song in the school and the street;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons of life are all ended,
 And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
 May the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me good-night and be kissed!

CLARENCE'S DREAM.—SHAKSPEARE.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time!
 Methought that I had broken from the tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
 And in my company my brother Gloster,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh, Heaven! Methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no! my dream was lengthened after life;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,
"*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies! take him to your torments!*"
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made my dream.

THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.—Dr. NOTT.

A short time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory,—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues,—just tributes of respect, and to the living useful; but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

Approach and behold, while I lift from his sepulchre its covering! Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinating throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! A shroud, a coffin, a narrow, subterraneous cabin!—this is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of him? During a life so transi-

tory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect!

My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit, still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God."

A SWELL'S SOLILOQUY ON THE WAR.

I don't appwove this hawid waw;
 Those dweadful bannahs hawt my eyes;
 And guns and dwums are such a baw,—
 Why don't the pawties compwamise?

Of cawce, the twoilet has its chawms;
 But why must all the vulgah crowd
 Pawsist in spawting unifawms
 In cullaws so extwemely loud?

And then the ladies,—pwecious deahs!
 I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow;
 Bai Jove! I weally have my feahs
 They wathah like the hawid wow!

To heaw the chawming cweatures talk,
 Like patwons of the bloody wing,
 Of waw and all its dawty wawk,—
 It doesn't seem a pwappah thing!

I called at Mrs. Gween's last night,
 To see her niece, Miss Mary Hertz,
 And found her making—cwushing sight!—
 The weddest kind of flannel shirts!

Of cawce I wose and sought the daw,
 With fewy flashing from my eyes!
 I can't appwove this hawid waw;
 Why don't the pawties compwamise?

MINISTERING ANGELS.—EMILY JUDSON.

Mother, has the dove that nestled,
 Lovingly upon thy breast,
 Folded up his little pinion,
 And in darkness gone to rest?
 Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
 But the lost one is not there;
 Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
 Floating on the ambient air?
 It is near thee, gentle mother,
 Near thee at the evening hour;
 Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
 It looks up from every flower.
 And when night's dark shadows fleeing,
 Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
 And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
 Then thy angel babe is there!

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
 On whose manly form thine eye
 Loved full oft in pride to linger
 On whose heart thou couldst rely,
 Though all other hearts deceived thee,
 All proved hollow, earth grew drear,
 Whose protection, ever o'er thee,
 Hid thee from the cold world's sneer,—
 Has he left thee here to struggle,
 All unaided on thy way?
 Nay, he still can guide and guard thee,
 Still thy faltering steps can stay;
 Still, when danger hovers o'er thee,
 He than danger is more near;
 When in grief thou'st none to pity,
 He, the sainted, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished
 Of the gem, that, in thy heart
 Hidden deeply, to thy being
 All its sunshine could impart?

Look above! 'tis burning brighter
 Than the very stars in heaven;
 And to light thy dangerous pathway,
 All its new-found glory's given.
 With the sons of earth commingling,
 Thou the loved one mayst forget;
 Bright eyes flashing, tresses waving,
 May have power to win thee yet;
 But e'en then that guardian spirit
 Oft will whisper in thine ear,
 And in silence, and at midnight,
 Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
 Of the mourners thronging earth,
 Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine;
 Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
 Yet although that gentle bosom,
 Which has pillowed oft thy head,
 Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
 Cannot rest among the dead;
 Still her watchful eye is o'er thee
 Through the day, and still at night
 Hers the eye that guards thy slumber,
 Making thy young dreams so bright.
 Oh! the friends, the friends we've cherished,
 How oft we weep to see them die!
 All unthinking they're the angels
 That will guide us to the sky!

THE MISER FITLY PUNISHED.—OSBORNE.

In the year 1762, a miser, by the name of Foscue, in France, having amassed enormous wealth, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser demurred, pretending that he was poor. To hide his gold he dug a deep cave in his cellar, the descent to which was by a ladder.

He entered this cave, one day, to gloat over his gold, when the trap-door fell and the spring-lock snapped, holding him a prisoner.

Some months afterwards a search was made, and his body was found in the midst of money-bags, with a candlestick lying beside it on the floor. This poem supposes the miser to have just entered his cave, and to be soliloquizing.

So, so! all safe! Come forth, my pretty sparklers,
 Come forth, and feast my eyes! Be not afraid!
 No keen-eyed agent of the government
 Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,
 To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
 For the state's needs. Ha, ha! my shining pets,

My yellow earlings, my sweet golden circlets!
 Too well I loved you to do that,—and so
 I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
 My story was not true. Ha! could they see
 These bags of ducats, and that precious pile
 Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
 Their eyes, methinks, would water. What a comfort
 Is it to see my moneys in a heap
 All safely lodged under my very roof!
 Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
 What eloquence! What beauty! What expression!
 Could Cicero so plead? Could Helen look
 One half so charming—Ah! what sound was that?
 The trap-door fallen, and the spring-lock caught!
 Well, have I not the key? Of course I have;
 'Tis in this pocket—No. In this?—No. Then
 I left it at the bottom of the ladder.
 Ha! 'tis not there. Where then?—Ah! mercy, Heaven!
 'Tis in the lock outside! What's to be done?
 Help, help! Will no one hear? Oh! would that I
 Had not discharged old Simon!—but he begged
 Each week for wages, would not give me credit.
 I'll try my strength upon the door.—Despair!
 I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
 As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
 And no one in the house? no one at hand,
 Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries?
 Am I entombed alive? Horrible fate!
 I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception!
 (*Awakes.*) Darkness? Where am I?—I remember now,
 This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
 No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I
 Immured with my dear gold—my candle out—
 All gloom—all silence—all despair! What, ho!
 Friends!—friends!—I have no friends. What right have I
 To use the name? These money-bags have been
 The only friends I've cared for; and for these
 I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
 To charity, humanity and love!
 Detested traitors! since I gave you all,—
 Ay, gave my very soul,—can ye do naught
 For me in this extremity?—Ho! Without there!
 A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
 Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!
 A pile of ingots for a helping hand!

Was that a laugh? Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
To see a miser in the grip of death.
Offended Heaven! have mercy!—I will give
In alms all this vile rubbish, aid me thou
In this most dreadful strait! I'll build a church,—
A hospital!—Vain! vain! Too late, too late!
Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him!
Heaven will not hear!—Why should it? What have I
Done to enlist Heaven's favor,—to help on
Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?
Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
For any work or any prayer of mine.
But must I die here—in my own trap caught?
Die—die?—and then! Oh! mercy! Grant me time,—
Thou who canst save,—grant me a little time,
And I'll redeem the past—undo the evil
That I have done; make thousands happy with
This hoarded treasure; do thy will on earth
As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!
Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks! All's lost!

CÆSAR PASSING THE RUBICON.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A gentleman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall a private man respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river?—Oh! but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished on the brink, ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!—Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that

feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! —Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused,—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no! he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged! he crossed! and Rome was free no more.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE'S" REPLY.*

Which my name is Ah Sin;
 I don't want to call names,
 But I must, to begin,
 Say of this 'T. James:
 That I am convinced he is rather
 Well up in the sinfullest games.
 Yes, Ah Sin is my name,
 Which I need not deny;
 What it means is no shame;
 You will find, if you try,
 That its meaning is something celestial,
 And how is celestial for high?
 And about that small game
 I did not understand,
 So I made it my aim,
 With a smile that was bland.

* (Ah Sin to Truthful James.) See 'The Heathen Chinees,' by Bret Harte, in No. 3.

To keep my small eyes at their keenest
On Nye as he dealt the first hand.
And the way that he dealt,
There could nothing be finer;
But somehow I felt,
"Mr. Ah Sin, from China,
Because your smile is so child-like,
These fellows play you for a minor!"
But no slouch is Ah Sin,
And from the word "Go!"
I did play for to win,
And Nye—rather so;
And I played the new game as I learned him,
Which showed level head, don't you know?
On my nails there was wax,
But that nothing proves,
When I state the real facts;
I was 'prenticed on shoes,
And the wax that was found on my fingers
Was the kind that our shoemakers use.
And the packs up my sleeve,
My oath I will take,
Were not there to deceive,
But got there by mistake;
I bought them for Ah Sin, the younger,
Who likes some card houses to make.
In my pockets they were
When I sat down that day;
But what with the stir
And excitement of play,
They worked up my sleeve from my pocket,
And strange it was, too, I must say.
Was it right in Bill Nye
When the trump knave I led,
To blacken my eye,
And on me put a head?
Had I known James held the right bower
I'd have played something else in its stead.
But I don't play no more,
For my lot now is cast
On a euchreless shore,
So I "stick" to my "last,"
And my smile, at North Adams, is pensive
At my heathenish days that are past.

MY WELCOME BEYOND.—ALLIE WELLINGTON.

Who will greet me first in heaven,
 When that blissful realm I gain,
 When the hands have ceased from toiling
 And the heart hath ceased from pain;
 When the last farewell is spoken,
 Severed the last tender tie,
 And I know how sweet, how solemn,
 And how blest it is to die?

As my barque glides o'er the waters
 Of that cold and silent stream,
 And I see the domes of temples
 In the distance brightly gleam,—
 Temples of that beauteous city
 From all blight and sorrow free;
 Who adown its golden portals
 First will haste to welcome me?

Ah, whose eyes will watch my coming
 From that fair and beauteous shore?
 Whose the voice I first shall listen
 That shall teach me heavenly lore?
 When my feet shall press the mystic
 Borders of that better land,
 Whose face greet my wondering vision,
 Who shall clasp the spirit hand?

Who will greet me first in heaven?
 Oft the earnest thought will rise,
 Musing on the unknown glories
 Of that home beyond the skies.
 Who will be my heavenly mentor?
 Will it be some seraph bright,—
 Or an angel from the countless
 Myriads of that world of light?

No, not these, for they have never
 Dawned upon my *mortal* view;
 But the dear ones gone before us,—
 They the loved, the tried, the true;
 They who walked with us life's pathway,
 To its joys and griefs were given,
 They who loved us best in earth-land
 Be the first to greet in heaven.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

"Only a penny a box," he said ;
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

"Oh, sir!" he stammered, "you cannot know,"
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow
That the sudden tear might have chance to fall)
"Or I think—I think you would take them all.

"Hungry and cold at our garret-pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

"One penny, and then I can buy the bread!"
The gentleman stopped. "And you?" he said ;
"—I can put up with them, hunger and cold,
But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother before she went,—
She knew I would do it, and died content,—
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I always would think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at his open door,
Such tales he had often heard before ;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear,
"I have nothing less than a shilling here."

"Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack
I'll bring you the change in a moment back.
Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you?—no!
But here is the shilling; take it and go."

The gentleman lolled in his cozy chair,
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all abed ;
Kiss me 'good-night,' and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."

Just then came a message—"A boy at the door—"
 But ere it was uttered he stood on the floor
 Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and strange;
"I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought you the change."

"Mike's hurt, sir; 'twas dark; the snow made him blind,
 And he didn't take notice the train was behind
 Till he slipped on the track; and then it whizzed by—
 And he's home in the garret; I think he will die.

'Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do
 But out through the snow I must hurry to you;
 Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard,
 And so you might think *he had broken his word.*"

When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
 Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"You did it—dear Ruby—God bless you!" he said,
 And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.—GEORGE CROLY

'Twas morn—the rising splendor rolled
 On marble towers and roofs of gold;
 Hall, court and gallery, below,
 Were crowded with a living flow;
 Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,
 The bearers of the bow and spear,
 The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
 The slave, the gemmed and glittering page;
 Helm, turban and tiara, shone
 A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
 Shrank backward from his stately stride;
 His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
 A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
 A shudder of instinctive fear
 Told the dark king what step was near;
 On through the host the stranger came,
 It parted round his form like flame.
 He stooped not at the footstool stone,
 He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne;
 Erect he stood amid the ring,
 His only words—"Be just, O king!"

On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye ;
Yet on the chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell ;
All mute and moveless as the grave
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.
"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke,
Haughty and high the words outbroke :
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare ?
Take back the answer to your band :
Go, reap the wind ; go, plough the sand !
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed !
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave ?"
Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Uplashed to heaven the golden spears.
"King! thou and thine are doomed!—Behold!"
The prophet spoke—the thunder rolled !
Along the pathway of the sun,
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said.
He raised his staff—the storm was stayed ;
"King! be the word of freedom given.
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven ?"
There came no word—the thunder broke !
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield ;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave ;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun!—
Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"
Echoed from earth a hollow roar
Like ocean on the midnight shore !
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled ;

In dust sank roof and battlement ;
Like webs the giant walls were rent ;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague—the flame grew pale ;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail ;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate ;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.
Still swelled the plague—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last.
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea ;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they ? Ask that foaming grave !
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners ;
The riches of earth's richest zone
Gone ! like flash of lightning, gone !

And, lo ! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells ocean on the shrinking shore ;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting !
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, " Be injured Israel free ! "

To heaven the sage upraised his wand ;
Back rolled the deluge from the land ;
Back to its caverns sank the gale ;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale ;
Broad burned again the joyous sun ;
The hour of wrath and death was done.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

My friends,—Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year ; to the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every

day, or once in seven days, at least. I know that occasionally, in meeting, perhaps, a person confesses that he is a poor, miserable sinner, but you tell that person the same fact, out of doors, and he will get mad and tear round dreadfully. We are all honest, good, conscientious people, my friends, no matter what anybody says.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course; for when we are not inclined, who can make us give thanks for anything? We should be thankful that we know more than anybody else; for, are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of? I should like to see the male or female in this audience, who didn't know a great deal more than anybody has any idea of!

We should be thankful that we are all good-looking. Aint we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can "spot" the person who is, in his own estimation, not good-looking. It would be a curious study to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good-looking; but it's none of our personal business if a man has carrotty hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle-irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's, and a body like a crow-bar; comparatively he is good-looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so everybody is good-looking and has a right to put on airs. Let us be very thankful, my friends, that this is so; for, otherwise, some of us would be shut up in "homes for the scare-crows," which government would have to provide.

We should be thankful that we are more pious than anybody else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable, in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to pre-

pare. Who is the person in this room that is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should give thanks that our house is, in many respects, superior to our neighbors'. True, it may not be as big, nor as fine-looking, nor, indeed, as attractive generally; but it is superior, nevertheless, as we always inform any man who wants to purchase,—we should be very thankful that we can turn things so favorably for our own interests.

We should be thankful that our teachers, and editors, and doctors, and lawyers, are such superior men, as we learn they are when they come to die and have their epitaphs written.

We should be thankful, in fact, that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience, and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, no matter if these do conflict with some other person's wishes, and happiness, and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory; and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself, when I retire,

“Here *lies* an honest young man.”

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged Christian who was so poor as to be in an alms-house, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, “*Only waiting.*”

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,

For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices, far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

NOTHING TO WEAR.—WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

ABRIDGED FOR PUBLIC READING.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris ;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris,
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping ;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below ;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills ;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills !

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the
day

This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions.
Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball,—

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—

I considered it only my duty to call,

And ask if Miss Flora intended to go.

The fair Flora looked up, with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why; Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there,
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;

Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star

On the Stuckup horizon—" I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery

Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose,
(That pure Grecian feature,) as much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—
"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker."
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguy dress-maker
Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times, at the least calculation,
And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you,—you men have no feeling;
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretence,—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me," (here the nose went still higher),
"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir,—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo.

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry,—I hardly knew how,
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

“Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?”

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted

A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of “Nothing to wear!”

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street,
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,

As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—
Spoiled children of fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And, oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest, in that upper realm, you have nothing to wear.

IRISH ALIENS.*—R. L. SHIEL.

There is a man of great abilities—not a member of this house, but whose talents and boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who has been heard to speak of the Irish “aliens.” Disdaining all imposture, and abandoning all reserve, he distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; that they are “aliens.” Aliens? Good heavens! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the house of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, “*Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!*” The “battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed,” ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his vic-

*In reply to Lord Lyndhurst (1837), who had stigmatized the Irish as aliens.

tories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory ; Vimeira, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse ; and, last of all, the greatest—Tell me, for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (*Sir Henry Hardinge*), who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast,—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers ; when the artillery of France, leveled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them ; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset ; tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched ! And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived ; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose ; when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe ! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together ; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited ; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust ; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave ! Partakers in every peril ; in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate ?—and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out ?

CLERICAL WIT.

A parson, who a missionary had been,
And hardships and privations oft had seen,
While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
A weary traveler in benighted lands,

Would often picture to his little flock
The terrors of the gibbet and the block ;
How martyrs suffered in the ancient times,
And what men suffer now in other climes ;
And though his words were eloquent and deep,
His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.

He marked with sorrow each unconscious nod,
Within the portals of the house of God,
And once this new expedient thought he'd take
In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake :—
Said he, " While traveling in a distant state,
I witnessed scenes which I will here relate :
'Twas in a deep, uncultivated wild,
Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled ;
Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness howled,
Where bears frequented, and where panthers prowled
And, on my word, *mosquitos* there were found,
Many of which, I think, would weigh a *pound* !
More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark—
They oft were known to climb the trees and *bark* ! "

The audience seemed taken by surprise —
All started up and rubbed their wondering eyes ;
At such a tale they all were much amazed,
Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
And we must say, in keeping heads erect,
It had its destined and desired effect.
But tales like this credulity appalled ;
Next day, the deacons on the pastor called,
And begged to know how he could ever tell
The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.

" Why, sir," said one, " think what a monstrous weight
Were they as large as you were pleased to state ?
You said they'd weigh a pound ! It can't be true ;
We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you ! "
" Ah, but it is ! " the parson quick replied ;
" In what I stated you may well confide.
Many, I said, sir,—and the story's good,—
Indeed I think that *many* of them would ! "
The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
Yet deemed himself relieved, on second thought.
" But then the *barking*—think of that, good man !
Such monstrous lies ! Explain it if you can ! "
" Why, that my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climbed the bark, sir, when they climbed the trees ! "

THE NIGHT BEFORE EXECUTION.

I sneered when I heard the old priest complain
 That the doomed seemed voiceless and dull of brain;
 For why should the felon be other than dumb
 As he stands at the gate of the world to come?
 Let them lock up his Reverence here in the cell
 Waiting the sound of the morning bell
 That heralds his dying and tolls his knell,

And the tick-tock

Of the great jail clock

Will attract him more than the holiest prayer
 'That ever was mingled with dungeon air.

Will it never be morning,—will never arise
 The great red sun in the cold gray skies,
 Thrusting its rays in my iron-barred cell,
 And lighting the city I know so well?
 Is this horrible night forever to be,—
 The phantom I feel, though I cannot see,—
 Is that to be ever alone with me?

Will the tick-tock

Of the ceaseless clock

Beat forever through brain and heart,
 Till the tortured soul from the body part?

And now in the darkness surrounding me
 A hundred figures I plainly see;
 And there are my mother's pitying eyes—
 Why does *she* from her grave arise?
 And there, on the crowd's extremest rim,
 Gashed of throat and supple of limb—
 Why, what do I want to-day with *him*!

To the tick-tock

Of the ceaseless clock

His body is swaying, slowly and free,
 While his shadowy finger points at me.

Will it never be here,—the dawn of the day,
 When the law is to carry my life away;
 And the gaping crowd, with their pitiless eyes,
 Stand eager to see how the doomed one dies?
 Nothing to scatter the terrible gloom
 That fills up the arched and grated room;
 Nothing to herald the hour of doom

But the tick-tock

Of the weariless clock,

And the tread of the tired policeman's feet
As he steadily paces the echoing street.

At last the deep darkness is melting away
At the corpse-like light on the face of the day,
I hear the prisoners in their cells,
I hear the chiming of morning bells,
The rattle of carts in the streets once more,
The careful tread, on the stony floor,
Of the sheriff, who comes to the grated door,
And the tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
And the whispered words of the keepers around,
And every whisper a thunder sound.

What mocking is this in the formal demand,
In the mighty name of the law of the land,
For the body of him who is doomed to die
In the face of men, and beneath the sky?
I am safe in your thrall, but pinion me well,
I might be desperate—who can tell?—
As I march to the sound of the clanging bell,
The tick-tock
Of the great jail clock,
And the voice of the priest as he mumbles a prayer,
And the voices that murmur around me there.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—CHARLES MACKAY

Great King William spread before him
All his stores of wealth untold,—
Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies,
Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
Mournfully he gazed upon it
As it glittered in the sun,
Sighing to himself "Oh, treasure,
Held in care, by sorrow won!
Millions think me rich and happy;
But, alas! before me piled
I would give thee ten times over
For the slumbers of a child!"

Great King William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpets blow;
Saw the crimson banners floating
Of a countless host below;

Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
 As the squadrons trod the sward;
 And he sighed, "Oh, mighty army,
 Hear thy miserable lord:
 At my word thy legions gather,
 At my nod thy captains bend;
 But, with all thy power and splendor,
 I would give thee for a friend!"

Great King William stood on Windsor,
 Looking, from its castled height,
 O'er his wide-spread realm of England
 Glittering in the morning light;
 Looking on the tranquil river
 And the forest waving free;
 And he sighed, "Oh! land of beauty,
 Fondled by the circling sea,
 Mine thou art, but I would yield thee
 And be happy, could I gain,
 In exchange, a peasant's garden,
 And a conscience free from stain!"

THE DEATH PENALTY.—VICTOR HUGO.

I regret, gentlemen, that this question of the abolition of capital punishment—the most important question, perhaps, of all before this body—comes up at a time when we are little prepared for its discussion. For myself I have but few words to say on the subject, but they will proceed from convictions profound and long entertained. You have established the inviolability of the domicile; we ask you to establish an inviolability higher and more sacred, the inviolability of human life! Gentlemen, a constitution, and above all, a constitution made *by* France and *for* France, is necessarily an important step in civilization. If it is not that, it is nothing. Consider, then, this penalty of death. What is it but the special and eternal type of barbarism? Wherever the penalty of death is most in vogue, barbarism prevails. Wherever it is rare, civilization reigns. Gentlemen, these are indisputable facts.

The modification of the penalty was a great forward step. The eighteenth century, to its honor, abolished the torture. The nineteenth century will abolish the death penalty. You may not abolish it to-day, but, doubt not, you will abolish it to-morrow; or else your successors will abolish it. You have inscribed at the head of the preamble of your constitution the words, "IN PRESENCE OF GOD;" and would you begin by depriving that God of the right which to him only belongs,—the right of life and death?

Gentlemen, there are three things which are God's, not man's,—the irrevocable, the irreparable, the indissoluble. Woe to man if he introduces them into his laws! Sooner or later they will force society to give way under their weight; they derange the equilibrium essential to the security of laws and morals; they take from human justice its proportions; and then it happens,—think of it, gentlemen,—it happens that the law revolts the conscience!

I have ascended this tribune to say but a word, a decisive word, and it is this: After the revolution of February came a great thought to the French people. The day after they had burned the throne, they sought to burn the scaffold! But this sublime idea they were prevented from carrying into execution. In the first article of this constitution you have consecrated the people's first thought; *You have cast down the throne!* Now consecrate its second thought, and *cast down the scaffold.* I vote for the entire abolition of the penalty of death.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESSES.—THOMAS HOOD.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age.
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls!
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears!
(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)

Your charming boys, I see, are home,
 From Reverend Mr. Russel's;
 'Twas very kind to bring them both.
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)
 What! little Clara left at home?
 Well now, I call that shabby!
 I should have loved to kiss her so!
 (A flabby, dabby babby!)
 And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never now drops in to sup.
 (The better for our brandy!)
 Come, take a seat; I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day.
 (Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)
 What! must you go? Next time, I hope,
 You'll give me longer measure;
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs;
 (With most uncommon pleasure!)
 Good by! good by! Remember, all,
 Next time you'll take your dinners.
 (Now, David, mind I'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevrault, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear,
 Hymns pealing deep and slow,
 Where a king lay stately on his bier
 In the church of Fontevrault.
 Banners of battle o'er him hung,
 And warriors slept beneath,
 And light as noon's broad light was flung
 On the settled face of death,—
 On the settled face of death
 A strong and ruddy glare;
 Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
 Yet it fell still brightest there;

As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show.
Alas! that seep-tred mortal's race
Had surely elosed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
With a mail-elad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear;
But his proud heart through its breast-plate shook
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And elased hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain.
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he reeked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,—
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,

Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

“O father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father, once again!
I weep,—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire.
Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire,
To hear thee bless thy son.

“Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king, I *must* be heard!
Hushed, hushed,—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

“Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart, at last!
No longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh, for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say,—‘Forgive!’

“Thou wert the noblest king
On royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart.
Oh, ever the renowned and loved
Thou wert.—and *there* thou art!

“Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire, I see thee lie;
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!”

THE BIBLE IN HARMONY WITH TEMPERANCE.

And does that blessed Book of books, which none
But bold bad men despise, its sanction give
To poisonous alcoholic wines? And
Can the Christian plead a Bible charter
For the use of that which history, science,
Reason, and experience, all combined
On amplest scale, have fairly, fully proved
To be inimical to man? Hath God
By inspiration taught frail, erring men
To venture on an awful precipice,
Where danger lurks at every step? Hath he
Whose workmanship we are, no more regard
Or care paternal for his creature man,
Than thus to jeopardize, on ruin's brink,
The fair and beauteous fabric of his hand,
Whence shine creative wisdom, power, and skill,
In lines of brighter hue than all the vast
Of nature's splendid scenery can boast?
Can it be thought that He, whose boundless love
Evolved redemption's scheme of grace immense,
And laid upon his own all-potent arm
The mighty undertaking,—can it be
That He approves the use of that which tends
With constant, uniform, and powerful sway,
To mar, pervert, and frustrate all his work?
Did that same Jesus, from heaven sent
On God-like mission of eternal love,
To spoil the powers of darkness, death, and hell,
And lift from ruin's vortex of despair,
A prostrate, helpless, dying, rebel world,—
Did he, by precept or example, stamp
A signature divine upon that cup
Which, as "a mocker" sparkles to deceive?
Did he, the famous Galilean King,
When first he showed his wonder-working arm,
And poured the glory of his Father forth
At Cana's holy, blest, connubial feast,—
Did he the copious water-plenished jars
Defile with poisonous adder-stinging wine,
And palm upon that unsuspecting group
A serpent sparkling in a raging cup?
And did the holy, harmless, spotless Lamb
Who gave his life for all, a ransom vast,

And sealed with blood the cov'nant of his grace,—
 Did he the parting "cup of blessing" fill
 With lust-inspiring wine? Did he command
 His loved and loving ones to shadow forth
 His dying passion and undying love,
 By drinking at his sacred board of that
 Which, as a second curse, since the old flood,
 Has spread a tide of moral pestilence
 O'er all the earth,—'neath whose corrupting stream
 PROPHET and PRIEST and SAINT. have sunk o'erwhelmed,
 And with unnumbered millions found, alas!
 Perdition's deepest, darkest, direst hell?
 Nay, Christian! startle not; no skeptic's sneer,
 Or scowl of infidel, or jest profane,
 Is couched beneath the queries now proposed.
 We take with firm confiding trust and love
 The sacred volume, and revere the page
 Whose hallowed verities unfold to man
 His nature, origin, and destiny.
 We joyously adore and venerate
 The God of heaven and earth, and lowly bow
 Before his throne, as suppliants for his grace;
 With faith unfeigned we take salvation's cup,
 And call upon the name of him by whom
 Redemption's price was paid for all our race.
 It is because we thus revere God's word,
 And venerate our Father's holy name,
 And cling with faith and love to Jesus' cross,
 That we would seek to wipe away
 The stain, which infidels would be well pleased to view
 Upon the mirror of eternal truth.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled
 with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the
 rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug
 his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race
 of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your
 heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gaz-
 ing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian
 lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze

beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.*—WILL CARLETON.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," say you? I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven,—a difference in our creed;
We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'd the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain, the question was
only—How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

*From "Farm Ballads," by permission. "How Betsey and I made up," by Will Carleton, will be found in No. 5. of this series.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o'dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to
 speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the
 winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with
 me;
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be
 mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph,—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and
 roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'able pay,—
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here.

BETSEY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson
here,
To see that things are regular, and settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business, only a word to say,
(Caleb is staking pea-vines and couldn't come to-day.)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
I want to thank him for something,—'twas kind of him to come;

He's showed a Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true ;
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a
lawyer too.

There!—how good the sun feels, and the grass, and blowin'
trees,
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze ;
You know I wasn't bound to state particulars to that man,
But it's right to tell you, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a-waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea ;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few words
you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a
head.

You see, when we came to division, there was things that
wouldn't divide ;

There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
" I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died on our wedding
day ;

We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay ?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in,—Tryphena, and Eunice,
and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenry'sville ;
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him ; no mendin' nor sort
of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears
false hair.

Still we went on a-talkin' ; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks ;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed :
" Save you climbin' steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last ; then I felt a sinkin', and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-three.
'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was
said,

" Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed
stone dead.

I should like to make confession ; not that I'm going to say
The fault was all on my side, that never was my way ;

But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a-laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted
toil;

And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are
wrong,

If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got
along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neigh-
borhood,

"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephraim gave me, the fall he moved out West;
I'm free to own it riled me that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions,—a cow that milked four gallons a
day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so
cross,

And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break
out,

Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a
doubt.

Then there are p'int's of doctrine, and views of a future state,
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' 'bout when
it's due,

Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think
don't lie

In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come in sorrow, and when we're on our knees;
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim;
I wish, if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with him.
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it isn't clear,
That folks love better in heaven for having quarreled here

I've no such an expectation; why, parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below,
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square:
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there

But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about
 Ben' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
 And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go;
 As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that unstrung me so.
 And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our
 eyes,
 And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more
 wise,
 Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and
 me,
 We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

TO A SKELETON.

The MSS. of this poem, was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the Morning Chronicle for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
 Once of ethereal spirit full.
 This narrow cell was life's retreat,
 This space was thought's mysterious seat.
 What beauteous visions filled this spot,
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
 Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
 Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye;
 But start not at the dismal void;
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
 That eye shall be forever bright
 When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
 If falsehood's honey it disdained,
 And when it could not praise was chained;
 If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke,—
 This silent tongue shall plead for thee
 When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
 Or with the envied rubies shine?
 To hew the rock or wear a gem
 Can little now avail to them.
 But if the page of truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim
 Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the paths of duty trod?
 If from the bowers of ease they fled,
 To seek affliction's humble shed;
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to virtue's cot returned,—
 These feet with angel wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky!

A REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.*

HUGH HENRY BRECKENRIDGE.

Soldiers and countrymen:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat; alike we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp-fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and a knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in this peaceful valley, on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together—God grant it may not be for the last time! It is a solemn time. Brethren, does not the awful voice of nature

*Preached on the eve of the battle of Brandywine, September 10, 1777, in the presence of Washington and his army, at Chadd's Ford.

seem to echo the sympathies of this hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has died away along the plain of Chadd's Ford,—the plain that spreads before us glistening in sunlight; the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream; and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the bloodshed and strife of the morrow.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolated plain, the blood-soddened valley, the burned farmhouse, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer; let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer; let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no sustenance, let her answer, with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle for life,—let the dying mother and her babe answer! It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here, wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods, arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn peered forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest. Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond that cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine retribution! They may conquer us to-morrow! Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field—but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the

heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life,—a withered brain, an accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns where the man of money thrives, while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood, chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death,—these are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and people. Soldiers: I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle—for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will go with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight—to fight for your homesteads, for your wives and your children? My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong! Walton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs, dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered, and a sister outraged; the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they despatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again, in the terrible colors of vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement. But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle to-morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy on your souls. And in the hour of battle when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid

cannon-glare and the piercing musket-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you; he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge. The Awful and the Infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, be of good cheer; for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God; they shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow,—God rest the souls of the fallen!—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to-morrow, and in the memory of all, will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night. When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land.

God in heaven grant it!

THE DECLARATION.—N. P. WILLIS.

’Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange-leaves, and sweet verbenas came
Through the unshuttered window on the air;
And the rich pictures with their dark old tints,
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel,
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stayed
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervor of a lip unused
To the cold breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again

Besought her that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and looked
Earnestly on me—*She had been asleep!*

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.—BRET HARTE.

Have you heard the story the gossips tell
Of John Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well—
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood;
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine;
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.

That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village-green,
Since John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quilting” long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;

And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
 With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :
 "How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
 "Your head's level!" and, "Bully for you!"
 Called him "Daddy"—and begged he'd disclose
 The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
 And what was the value he set on those;
 While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
 Stood there picking the rebels off—
 With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
 And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
 Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
 And something the wildest could understand
 Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
 And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
 Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
 Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
 Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
 In the antique vestments and long white hair,
 The Past of the Nation in battle there.
 And some of the soldiers since declare
 That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
 Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
 That day was their oriflamme of war.
 Thus raged the battle. You know the rest;
 How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
 Broke at the final charge and ran.
 At which John Burns—a practical man—
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns;
 This is the moral the reader learns:
 In fighting the battle, the question's whether
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

BELSHAZZAR.—GEORGE CROLY.

Hour of an empire's overthrow!
 The princes from the feast were gone;
 The idol flame was burning low;—
 'Twas midnight upon Babylon.

That night the feast was wild and high ;
That night was Zion's gold profaned ;
The seal was set to blasphemy ;
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

Mid jeweled roof and silken pall,
Belshazzar on his couch was flung ;
A burst of thunder filled the hall ;
He heard—but 'twas no mortal tongue :

"King of the East! the trumpet calls,
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave ;
A curse is on thy palace walls,
A curse is on thy guardian wave ;

"A surge is in Euphrates' bed,
That never filled its bed before ;
A surge, that, ere the morn be red,
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

"Behold a tide of Persian steel!
A torrent of the Median car ;
Like flame their gory banners wheel ;
Rise, king, and arm thee for the war!"

Belshazzar gazed ; the voice was past,
The lofty chamber filled with gloom ;
But echoed on the sudden blast
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened ; all again was still !
He heard no chariot's iron clang ;
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,
The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept ; in sleep wild murmurs came ;
A visioned splendor fired the sky ;
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name ;
He heard again the prophet cry ;

"Sleep, Sultan ! 'tis thy final sleep,
Or wake, or sleep, the guilty dies ;
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,
Around thee and thy nation, rise."

He started ; mid the battle's yell
He saw the Persian rushing on :
He saw the flames around him swell.
Thou'rt ashes, King of Babylon !

THE UNBELIEVER.—THOMAS CHALMERS.

I pity the unbeliever,—one who can gaze upon the grandeur, and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars, and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the god-like gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all is dark,—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless—cheerless—hopeless! No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.

THE ASTONISHED TIPPLER.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night—
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street, you are drunk: 'tis a very clear case.

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut;
One eye is staring while t'other is shut—
Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame.

Then the street lamps—what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of those lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion! now isn't it odd?
Nothing is sober that I see abroad.
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain;
Better go into the tavern again.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

A touching incident of the Crimean war.

“Captain Graham, the men were sayin’
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I’ve brought ye my boy Sandie,
Tho’ my heart is woful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And nae siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o’er.

“Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true,
Give us ‘Flowers of Edinboro’;
While yon fifer plays it, too.
Captain, heard ye e’er a player
Strike in truer time than he?”
“Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be.”

“I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair.
For Sandie’s aye been good and gentle.
And I’ve nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above.”

Then, her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blessed her boy. The tent was silent;
Not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was reminded
Of a benison, long ago,

Breathed above his head, then golden,
 Bending now, and touched with snow.
 "Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,
 I'll come back some summer day;
 Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
 Ever. Do they, Captain Gra ——?
 One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
 You will know 'tis surely me
 Coming home,—for you will hear me
 Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
 Seemed to link in strange affright,
 As the scudding clouds before them
 Shadowed faces dead and white;
 And the night-wind softly whispered,
 When low moans its light wing bore,—
 Moans that ferried spirits over
 Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
 Might go splashing down in blood,
 Or a helpless hand lie grasping
 Death and daisies from the sod,
 Captain Graham walked swift onward,
 While a faintly-beaten drum
 Quickened heart and step together:
 "Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
 Wounded, lonely, lying here,
 Playing thus the reveille?
 See—the morning is not near."
 A moment paused the drummer boy,
 And lifted up his drooping head:
 "Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
 'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter!
 Morning—and I'm going home;
 That is why I play the measure,
 Mother will not see me come;
 But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"
 Hush, the boy has spoken true;
 To him the day has dawned forever,
 Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.—BARRY CORNWALL

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day,
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!
She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies,—sweet love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth.
Take her, then, forevermore,
Forever—evermore!

A VISION OF FUTURE BLISS.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Rest! how sweet the sound! It is melody to my ears. It lies as a reviving cordial at my heart, and thence sends forth lively spirits which beat through all the pulses of my soul. Rest, not as the stone that rests on the earth, nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave, nor such a rest as the carnal world desires. Oh, blessed rest! when we rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" when we shall rest from sin, but not from worship; from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy. Oh, blessed day! when I shall rest with God; when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord; when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God!

This is that joy which was procured by sorrow; that crown which was procured by the cross. My Lord wept, that now my tears might be wiped away; he bled, that I might now rejoice; he was forsaken that I might not be; he died that I might live. Oh, free mercy, that can exalt so vile a wretch! Free to me, though dear to

Christ; free grace that hath chosen me, when thousands were forsaken.

Oh, sweet reconciliation! happy union! Now the gospel shall no more be dishonored through our folly. No more, my soul, shalt thou lament the sufferings of the saints, or the Church's ruins, or mourn thy suffering friends, or weep over their dying beds or their graves. Thou shalt never suffer thy old temptations from Satan, the world, or thy own flesh. Thy pains and sickness are all cured; thy body shall no more burden thee with weakness and weariness; thy aching head and heart, thy hunger and thirst, thy sleep and labor,—are all gone.

Oh, what a mighty change is this! From persecuting sinners, to praising saints; from a vile body, to this which shines as the brightness of the firmament; from a sense of God's displeasure, to the perfect enjoyment of him in love; from all my fearful thoughts of death, to this joyful life. Blessed change! Farewell sin and sorrow forever; farewell my rocky, proud, unbelieving heart,—my worldly, sensual, carnal heart,—and welcome my most holy, heavenly nature! Farewell repentance, faith, and hope, and welcome love, and joy, and praise!

I shall now have my harvest without plowing or sowing; my joy without a preacher or promise; even all from the face of God himself. Whatever mixture is in the streams, there is nothing but pure joy in the fountain. Here shall I be encircled with eternity, and ever live, and ever, ever praise the Lord. My face will not wrinkle, nor my hair be gray; for this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality; death shall be swallowed up in victory. O death! where is now thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

The date of my lease will no more expire, nor shall I trouble myself with thoughts of death, nor lose my joys through *fear* of losing them. When millions of ages are past, my glory is but beginning; and when millions more are past, it is no nearer ending. Every day is all noon, every month is harvest, every year is a jubilee, every age is a full manhood, and all this is one eternity. Oh, blessed eternity! the glory of my glory, the perfection of my perfection.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.—J. G. SAXE

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!”

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: “Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me ’tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!”

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a snake!”

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
“What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain,” quoth he;
“’Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree.”

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear
Said: “E’en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!”

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,

"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

All is finished, and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day;
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs,
She starts, she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms.
And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer;
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife!
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge, and what a heat,
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee.

ON TO FREEDOM.—A. J. H. DUGANNE.

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
 'Tis the everlasting cry
 Of the floods that strive with ocean,
 Of the storms that smite the sky;
 Of the atoms in the whirlwind,
 Of the seed beneath the ground;
 Of each living thing in nature
 That is bound!
 'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,
 Through the desert wilds of Edom;
 Out of darkness—out of bondage—
 On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
 O thou stony-hearted Pharaoh!
 Vainly warrest thou with God!
 Moveless, at thy palace portals,
 Moses waits, with lifted rod!
 O thou poor barbarian, Xerxes!
 Vainly o'er the Pontic main
 Flingest thou, to curb its utterance,
 Scourge or chain!
 For the cry that led from Egypt,
 Over desert wilds of Edom,
 Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew:
 On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
 In the Roman streets, with Gracchus,
 Hark! I hear that cry outswell;

In the German woods, with Hermann,
And on Switzers' hills, with Tell!
Up from Spartacus, the bondman,
When his tyrant's yoke he clave,
And from stalwart Wat the Tyler,—
Saxon slave!
Still the old, old cry of Egypt,
Struggling up from wilds of Edom,
Sounding still through all the ages:
On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
Gospel cry of laboring Time,
Uttering still through seers and sages,
Words of hope and faith sublime!
From our Sidneys, and our Hampdens,
And our Washingtons they come;
And we cannot—and we dare not
Make them dumb!
Out of all the shames of Egypt,
Out of all the snares of Edom;
Out of darkness—out of bondage—
On to Freedom! On to Freedom!

MARK TWAIN'S "GREAT BEEF-CONTRACT."

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

The origin of this distressful thing was this,—and I assert here that every fact in the following *resume* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government.

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington, Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta,—but he never could overtake him.

At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but, hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died:

THE UNITED STATES,

In acct. with JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE, of New Jersey,
deceased, Dr.

To thirty barrels of beef for Gen. Sherman, @ \$100 \$ 3,000

To traveling expenses and transportation, 14,000

Total, \$17,000

Rec'd Pay't.

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office, when death the great leveler came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on him also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful.

His last words were: "Weep not for me,—I am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul! Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard,—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and, weeping, gave me the beef-contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef-contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

I said, "Sire: On or about the 10th day of October 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence, kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said, "Well, sir?"

I said, "Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

"That will do, sir,—that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, "Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting."

I said, "Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to Gen-

eral Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef-contracts for General Sherman, either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior. I said, “Your Imperial Highness: On or about the 10th day of October—”

“That is sufficient, sir, I have heard of you before. Go,—take your infamous beef-contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.”

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous government till that contract business was settled; I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent-Office. I said, “Your august Excellency: On or about—”

“Perdition! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef-contract, at last? We have nothing to do with beef-contracts for the army, my dear sir.”

“Oh, that is all very well, but somebody has got to pay for that beef! It has got to be paid now too, or I’ll confiscate this old Patent-Office and everything in it.”

“But, my dear sir—”

“It don’t make any difference, sir. The Patent-Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent-Office has got to pay for it.”

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent-Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury. I said, “Most noble,

grave, and reverend Signor : On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—”

“That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury.”

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef-contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division ; the next week I got through the Claims Department ; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends ; to his clerk, rather,—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me without changing more than two, or maybe three times. So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading, “Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?”

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After awhile he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: On or about—"

"You are the beef-contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the Northwest Passage,—as *I* regarded it,—he found the long-lost record of that beef-contract; he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced,—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all,—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! I don't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have

every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. *I know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death must be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the government will never pay that transportation and those traveling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It may possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? Why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young

man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears,—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her, but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand,—here is the beef-contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!”

This is all that I know about the great beef-contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.

THE VALENTINE.—MARY D. BRINE.

Eh! *give you a lift?* Why, surely, jump in, sir, along o' me. (Whoa! Dobbin, you critter!) Wal, yes, sir, the walkin' is rough, I see.

You're a stranger in these parts, I take it. Goin' to stop a spell? S'pose you'll put up to the tavern? Oh, yes, they will feed you well.

What's the news of the village? Wal, stranger, I'll own ye hev me thar,

I aint no hand fur a gossip; don't hear any news, I declar'. An' my old woman, she tells me a man aint only half wise Ef he don't keep his ears wide open, and larn how to use his eyes.

Wal, yes, when I was a youngster, I used to be peart an' spry, An' there ain't a contenteder couple *now* than my wife an' I; But we had a sorrer that come to us more'n ten year ago, An' it sorter shadowed our lives, like a hurt long healin', you know.

Five years would a been long enough, sir, to leave a putty deep scar,

But to double that time seems a'most like pushin' a trouble too far;

An' he was our only child, sir, the boy that ran off to sea, An' though he had been a wild un, we loved him, his mother an' me.

He was just a lad,—but eighteen, sir, the month that he ran
 away,
 An' it's hard to say, but there's come not a line from him
 since that day.
 Whether he's drowned, or killed, only God an' the angels
 may know,
 But his mother an' me are a-waitin' some message to tell us
 so.
 It's lonely enough for us both, but I've done my best, sir, to
 cheer
 An' comfort my dear old woman through each long waitin'
 year;
 An' to-day, while down to the village, a thought came inter
 my head,
 For to-morrer is Valentine's Day, sir, an' so to myself I said:
 "I'll play that Betsey an' me was 'way back to our courtin'
 time,
 An' I'll buy her a valentine,—somethin' nice, with picter
 an' rhyme!"
 An' so I've got it all safe, sir, the purtiest one I could find,
 An' my old woman'll know that I have her allers in mind.
Go home with me, did you say, sir? Wal, I don't know as
 I mind,
 Tho' wife wont be dressed for comp'ny, an' our food aint
 the hotel kind;
 But if you'll jest take pot-luck, sir, why wife an' me'll be
 glad,
 For the sake of your two blue eyes, like them that our own
 boy had.
 What's that you say? *Will I let you give Betsey a valentine
 too?*
 Why, surely, I wont gainsay it, but Betsey aint nothin' to
 you.
 An' it's kind of you, stranger—but see, sir, here is my gate—
 (hold on!
 Why, whar is the feller goin'? This beats creation, I swan!)
 Say, wife, old woman, come out here! (Why, surely that's
 Betsey's scream!)
 Whoa, Dobbin, you pesky critter!—law, I must be hevin'
 a dream,
 Else why is my woman kissin' the face o' that stranger so,
 An'—oh! praise God for his goodness, I've brought her
 our son, I know!

Appendix.

NOTE.

The following pages contain the Supplements to the four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" embraced in this volume, which, for greater convenience in arranging, are here grouped together instead of appearing at the end of the Numbers to which they respectively belong.

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 1

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Our humiliations work out our most elevated joys. The way that a drop of rain comes to sing in the leaf that rustles in the top of the tree all summer long, is by going down to the roots first, and from thence ascending to the bough.

Beecher.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;

And every little absence is an age.

Dryden.

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,

That give mankind occasion to exert

Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues which shun the day.

Addison.

Men

Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief

Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before

Would give preceptual medicine to rage,

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,

Charm ache with air, and agony with words.

Shakspeare.

Mishaps are mastered by advice discreet,

And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.

Spenser.

In this wild world the fondest and the best

Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed.

Crabbe.

A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself.

Beecher.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both. *Addison.*

Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine:
So age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear. *Denham.*

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men;
Nor men the weak anxieties of age. *Roscommon.*

Be not with honor's gilded baits beguiled,
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound her cradle is her grave. *Davenant.*

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind;
Cooped up he seemed, in earth and seas confined.
Dryden.

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.
Cleveland.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long. *Norris.*

In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drowned;
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round.
Pope.

What a man desires he easily believes.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange
tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—swing-
ing perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.
Beecher.

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.
Cumberland.

The will of man is by reason swayed. *Shakspeare.*

Wit consists in discovering likenesses—judgment, in detect-
ing differences.

A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise
man can answer in seven years.

It is enough for me to know
 I've follies of my own,
 And on my heart some care bestow,
 And let my friends alone.

What are another's faults to me,
 I've not a vulture's bill
 To pick at every flaw I see,
 And make it wider still.

Forgive as I forgive, and own;
 As feels the heart, so falls the lot;
 My flowers of life were loving friends,
 My thorns were those who loved me not.

All men think all men mortal but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread.

Men are Stoics in their early years, Epicureans in their
 later,—social in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they
 believe all men honest till they know them to be knaves; in
 later life they believe all to be knaves till they know them
 to be honest.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Shakspeare.

The man that never breaks a rule
 Is little better than a fool.

The warrior, from whose force the lion flies,
 Falls by the serpent's tooth. *Southey.*

But when men think they most in safety stand,
 Their greatest peril often is at hand. *Drayton*

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers, but
 ere the pure and fresh buds can open they are trodden in
 the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the
 foul tread of some brutal hoof. *Paul,*

No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him; there is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will.

Two things indicate a weak mind,—to be silent when it is
 proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

Persian Proverb.

The waters that are the stillest run the deepest, and the
 foe is most to be dreaded who never threatens till he strikes.

- Happy were men, if they but understood,
There is no safety but in doing good. *Fountain.*
- Mankind one day serene and free appear,
The next they're cloudy, sullen and severe. *Garth.*
- On eagle wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die. *Harvey.*
- Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone. *Johnson.*
- Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer. *Ben Jonson.*
- Be still sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining. *Longfellow.*
- A man must serve his time at every trade
Save censure; critics all are ready made. *Byron.*
- 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue. *Campbell.*
- He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise. *Gay.*
- But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay. *Gray.*
- Hope and fear, peace and strife,
Make up the troubled web of life. *Sargent.*
- Order is heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest. *Pope.*
- Nature ne'er meant her secrets to be found,
And man's a riddle, which man can't expound. *Paine.*
- Let not one look of fortune cast you down,
She were not fortune if she did not frown. *Crrery.*
- Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me? *Pope.*
- For all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay. *Spenser.*
- All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas. *Dryden.*
- Ah, me! what is there in earth's various range
Which time and absence may not change? *Sands.*
- That love alone which virtue's laws control,
Deserves reception in the human soul. *Euripides.*

There is always the need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go. *Beecher.*

There are two wings by which a man soars above the world,—Sincerity and Purity. The former regards the intention, the latter the affections: that aspires and aims at a likeness to God, this makes us really like him.

Thomas a Kempis.

When two men quarrel, who owns the coolest head
Is most to blame. *Goethe.*

The best men, doing their best,
Know peradventure least of what they do :
Men usefulest i'the world, are simply used ;
The nail that holds the wood, must pierce it first,
And He alone who wields the hammer, sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow. Take heart.
Mrs. Browning.

Grief should be

Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.
De Vere.

No man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded.

Channing.

Whatever way you wend,
Consider well the end.

Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland without a sun.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

Love what you ought to do, and you can easily do it; oiled wheels run freely.

Never speak unless you have something to say, and always stop when you have done.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid. *Denham.*

Truth can never contradict itself; but is eternal and immutable—the same in all ages; the states of man's reception of it are as various as the principles and subjects of natural creation.

There are some bosoms dark and drear
Which an unwatered desert are;
Yet there a curious eye may trace,
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,
Where little flowers, the weeds between
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

A man might as well fill a tree full of nightingales, and, standing on the ground, attempt to control their notes and to hold them enchoired together, as to attempt to control by his volitions the multiplied thoughts and feelings of his own soul.

Beecher.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

Pope.

When the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snows appears the streaky green.

Dryden.

He is a good orator who convinces himself.

If you cannot bite never show your teeth.

Lawyers houses are built on the heads of fools.

Use well the moment; what the hour
Brings for thy use is in thy power,
And what thou best canst understand,
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

Goethe.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, e'en when she departs:
While joy trips by, with steps as light as wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts of her faint
footfalls.

We see a world of pains taken and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and after all the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is that wisdom, valor, justice and learning cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behavior called good breeding.

Steele.

An Irishman who was fencing in a barren and desolate piece of land, was told that a flock of sheep which he owned, would starve in it. "Sure," said Pat, "wasn't I fencing it to kape the poor beasts *out* of it?"

A dandy in Iowa had legs so attenuated, that the authorities had him arrested because he had no *visible means of support*.

A drowned man was sought to be identified by a marked impediment in his speech.

An orator said: "There is not a man, woman or child in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but has felt this truth thundering through their minds *for centuries*."

"Are you the mate of this ship?" said a passenger to the cook. "No sir, I am the man that *cooks the mate*," said the Irishman.

A Virginia paper describes a fence made of such crooked rails, that every time a pig crawls through, he comes out on the same side.

Two countrymen went into a store to buy hats. They were shown a hat, in the crown of which was a piece of looking glass. One asked what that was for. The other replied: "Why for the man who buys the hat to *see* how it fits him."

A young man from the country, who had purchased a copy of Artemus Ward's book, took it back to the store and asked them to exchange it, saying: "The readin' is middlin' good, but the spellin' ain't right."

A countryman brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it, St. Christopher as large as life. "But," said the artist, "this board is much too small for that purpose." "That's a bad job," said the countryman, "but look ye sir, ye can let his *legs hang down* over the edge of the board."

"James, my son, take this letter to the post office and pay the postage on it." The boy James returned highly elated and said: "Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking, I *slipped yours in for nothing*."

A man who for years had refused to contribute to the support of the Gospel, astonished his neighbors by donating a sum towards the purchase of a bell for a new church, alleging as his reason, that he always put his money where he could hear it *ring*.

An ignoramus, in giving orders for a library, told a book-seller to furnish him all the works of Pope, Milton and Shakspeare, and added: "*If these fellows publish anything new don't fail to let me have them.*"

One of the regulations of the West Boston Bridge Company read: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first *Tuesday* of June, provided the same does not fall on *Sunday*."

A fat man ordered two seats in a coach for himself. The clerk engaged him one seat outside, and the other inside.

A bachelor says: "It is woman and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed."

A banker having married a fat old widow with \$100,000, says: "It wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the *figure*."

Two well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda, labelled, "Executed in terra cotta." Says one: "Where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," replied the other; "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was."

Your arguments are sound, my son, and delivered with force," said the clergyman to his boy, who had been banging away at his drum for an hour or more; "but we have heard quite enough on that head." The boy stopped at once.

A boy who had been watching through the keyhole the antics of a couple of lovers, ran down into the kitchen to announce his discovery to his mother. "Oh, it's such fun!" he exclaimed "What's such fun?" gravely asked the old lady. "Why to see Mr. Fipps and sister Mollie play lunatic asylum!"

"Well, Mr. Jones, how do you like your new neighbor?" "I don't know very much about him, but my impression is that he'd make a first class stranger."

A young girl, looking at the Laocoon group, said; "Ah, yes, firemen. I see. But how did they become so intricately entangled in the hose?"

At a crowded French theatre, a woman fell from the gallery into the pit. When asked if she were injured, she replied: "I should think I was, I have lost the best seat in the middle of the front row."

A man refused to take an emetic, saying that it was of no use as he had tried one and it wouldn't *stay* on his stomach.

Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, happened to be seated at dinner next to a daughter of Sir William Drysdale. She was a charming young lady—unaffected, affable, and clever. To some remark which he made, she replied: "You're a funny man, Mr. Hogg." To which he instantly rejoined: "And you're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale. Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine—ye're not of the bundle."

If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care ;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a young lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" demanded the fop. "Oh, no! I mean the musicians, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

Among the gifts of a newly married pair at a town in New Jersey, was a broom, sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend ;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end.

A young lady graduate entered a large book-store and asked for the "Infantile innocents in the recesses of the forest." The clerk had formerly been connected with the post-office department, was used to hard ones, and at once handed out "Babes in the wood."

A fellow that got a shrew for a wife, says that
Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,
We get one pinch, and that's enough.

An old darkey says:
Woman's lub, like India rubber,
It stretch de more de more you lub her.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" Professor Stearns asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee. "Go to the head, young fellow."

Why is a shoe-black like an editor? Because he polishes the understandings of his patrons.

What is the longest word in the language? *Smiles*, because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because having eyes, they see not, and having ears they hear not.

Why is a fish-monger never generous? Because his business makes him sell-fish.

Why are fatigued persons like a wagon wheel? Because they are always *tired*.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his *fore-fathers*.

How do young ladies show their dislike to moustaches? By setting their faces against them.

Why is a dog biting his own tail like a good financier? Because he makes both ends meet.

Which travels slower, heat or cold? Cold, for you can catch it.

Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive? Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, and has a train following her.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Mile-stones, for you never see two of them together.

What gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill? A draft. (draught.)

What relation is a door mat to a doorstep? A "step farther."

What is the difference between Noah's ark and a down east coaster? One was made of gopher wood, and the other was made to go for wood.

When is coffee like the soil? When it is *ground*.

What is the difference between a bee-hive and a bad potato? None. One is a bee-holder; a bee-holder is a speck'd 'tatur, and a speck'd 'tatur is a bad potato.

What is the most dangerous time of the year to visit the country? When the bull-rushes out, and the cow-slips about, and the little sprigs are shooting all around.

What is majesty deprived of its externals? (M) a jest (Y).

Why is it vulgar to sing and play by yourself? Because it's so-lo. (so low.)

The clam has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than a human being, yet a clam never talks about its neighbor.

A maiden refused to be kissed by a physician, alleging that she would never have a doctor's *bill stuck* in her face.

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied:—"You think differently from your father."

Sheridan excused himself from walking with an elderly lady, on account of the bad weather. Soon afterwards she met him alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Just a little, ma'am, enough for one, but not enough for two."

A blockhead after babbling some time to Sheridan, said: "Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention." "No, no," replied Sheridan, "I have not been listening."

Bus—to kiss; re-bus—to kiss again; blunderbus—to kiss the wrong person; omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room; bus-ter—a general kisser.

"I think," said an old toper, commenting upon the habit of a young man, who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin', he ort to stop."

"Well, I think," said old Beeswax, drily, "he ought to stop before he reaches a pint."

When a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his bootjack, tries to cut kindling for his morning's fire with an ivory paper knife, takes a cold boiled potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers to sleep in his boots and hat, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney sweeping, said he thought the business *sooted him*.

A celebrated lawyer was having his head measured at a fashionable hat store the other day. The man remarked, "Why, how long your head is, sir."—"Yes," said the lawyer, "we lawyers must have long heads." The man went on with his work, and soon exclaimed, "And it is as thick as it is long, sir."

Greeley wrote an execrable hand. He once dismissed an employee by letter, and afterwards found that the man had termed his letter of dismissal one of recommendation, and the third party, unable to decipher it, believed it to be a recommendation, and took the man into his employ.

A tract distributor said to a young lady whose hair was done up in curl papers. "I see you have used my tracts, but you have put them on the *wrong side* of your head."

The reason why "Nature will have her way" is because she is feminine.

I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew;
It's easier far to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you:

Quoth Smith to Jones: "It really is a sin,
You do not get your pretty house fenced in,"

Quoth Jones: "You're wrong, the place is fenced, con-
found it,

My wife is all the time a *railing* round it."

It is said that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They are *grave* Diggers.

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it *still*."

An Irishman assigned as a reason for not putting out a fire in his kitchen with a kettle of boiling water that was near, that it was *hot* water.

A Texas murderer wanted his execution delayed, because he was in poor health.

A bore, meeting Douglas Jerrold, said: "Well, what's *going on* to day?" "I am," said he, as he passed him.

"I laugh," a would-be sapient cried,
"At every one who laughs at me."
"Good land," a sneering friend replied,
"How very *merry* you must be."

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 1

PRACTICAL JOKES.*—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE TOBY, a Joker.

TOM ASHBROOK, with vivid remembrances of the White Mountains.

JIMMY CULVERIN, an admirer of dimples.

LETITIA TENEYCK, }
EMILY TENEYCK, } Nieces of Uncle Toby.

SCENE—*Interior with door in the back, clock on stand or table.
Letitia and Emily discovered seated and embroidering.*

EMILY (*looking at clock*). Letty, they will not be here. See, it is half-past twelve; the train arrives on the stroke of twelve, and we are ten minutes' walk from the station. Uncle Toby must be detained by some business which accounts for his not coming and telling us that Mr. Ashbrook and Mr. Culverin failed to come as they promised. It is twenty minutes past the time; and no girl with any proper appreciation of herself will wait twenty minutes for the properest young man in the world.

LETITIA. We should not blame the gentlemen.

EMILY. Do you mean by that much-abused title to indicate Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin?

LET. I was thinking —

EMILY. Thinking is a very dangerous habit for a young

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woman to fall into. Once there was a young woman who kept thinking that she would surely fall in love, and the consequence was that one day she did so. I never think.

LET. Consequently you will never fall in love.

EMILY. Never!

LET. For the simple reason that you have already so fallen.

EMILY. Letitia TenEyck! You are referring to your perpetual White Mountains and a young unknown man who stood beside me and enjoyed the glories of a sunset. That young man had a companion; that companion stood beside you enjoying the glories of the sunset. What color was that sunset, Letitia TenEyck?

LET. What color?

EMILY. That was my question.

LET. Why—why—well, I should say that golden brown was the predominating tint.

EMILY. Golden brown; in other words, hazel—the color of the eyes of the companion of the young man who stood beside me enjoying the glories of the sunset.

LET. Emily TenEyck, I will dare you to divulge unto me the predominating color of that sunset on the White Mountains.

EMILY. Artists will tell you that no two of us see the same scene alike—consequently my sunset was a heavenly blue.

LET. The color of the eyes of the young man who stood beside you as you enjoyed the glories of the sunset. Seriously, though, Emily, I meant to say that I was thinking that possibly a fresh practical joke was detaining Uncle Toby. It is dreadful that he persists in this rude sort of merriment which constantly sets the house topsy-turvy, makes the most innocent thing dangerous, and robs life of half its peace and security. Practical jokes have had their day, surely, and should be relegated to the times when people had no knives and forks on their tables, and believed in witchcraft; they belong to another age than ours.

EMILY. So does Uncle Toby, for that matter; he is fifty, and we —

LET. Are not fifty—being only two.

EMILY. Exactly. But really, it appears as though Uncle

Toby means to keep it up till the end of the chapter—or the end of confiding people. My greatest fear is that one day he will do something which will get him into a serious difficulty, and not him alone, but us also—for a practical joke scorns one victim only. Had it not been for him Cousin Jeremy would never have inserted that extravagant clause in his will. The idea of Jeremy writing that as you and I had been under the guardianship of Uncle Toby ever since our parents died in our babyhood, doubtless we had imbibed some of his admiration for jests which are made at the expense of others, and therefore, in his will he would show us that we were not the only members of the family who could turn the tables.

LET. And yet it was spiteful, that clause in the will. Fancy his leaving the money to you and me and his wife's two nephews, Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin, provided we should favor each other matrimonially—I Tom, he me; you Jimmy, Jimmy you. And we have never laid eyes on either of the nephews! It is the most preposterous thing I ever heard of.

EMILY. And Uncle Toby immediately entered into the spirit of it. So, apparently, did the nephews—for have they not written that they would come to-day and make our acquaintance?

LET. My dear, it is my opinion that Uncle Toby invited them here. Uncle Toby is equal to anything, even to inviting two young men whom he has no more seen than you and I have, and invite them as the suitors of his nieces. And to think that he never told us until he started for the station to meet them. Good gracious! Our waiting here and suffering this scandalous proceeding looks as though we acquiesce in Cousin Jeremy's plan.

EMILY. Not so bad as that, sister; the gentlemen, according to Uncle Toby, say that they have too long neglected their Uncle Jeremy's cousins, and feeling that they owe reparation, will now pay a visit to our dear Uncle Toby. No! a word do they say about the will.

LET. I should hope not; it is to be trusted that this family boasts of no such vulgarians as that would make them. But our receiving them *does* look as though we favor them.

EMILY. How can we help ourselves? Uncle Toby tells us two gentlemen are about to visit him, and we are the hostesses. We dare not run off now, that would be rudest of all.

LET. As for anything else, *never!* What do we care for a fortune that is bequeathed to us under such conditions! I, for one, will refuse the slightest advance which Tom Ashbrook may offer me. He must be a veritable money-groveller, a miser, a—a would-be defaulter!

EMILY. And Jimmy Culverin I should set down as his counterpart. Before I should accept *him* for my fiancé —

LET. Before *I* should accept Tom Ashbrook, I would—I would —

EMILY. I know what you would do.

LET. What?

EMILY. You would go through the world in single blessedness, thinking of the young gentleman with hazel eyes who enjoyed with you the glories of a sunset on the White Mountains, and whom you never saw before nor have seen since, but whose face has haunted you from last summer until now.

LET. And you will do as much, thinking of a pair of blue eyes which made your heaven their color.

EMILY. Hush, dear; we should not be so unmaidenly. Let us get back to first principles. As I say, it is now too late for the arrival of the shameless men who are our co-heirs according to Cousin Jeremy's will. At the last moment they may have been seized with compunction. Hereafter I shall cherish a little respect for them.

LET. (*starting up.*) Talk about confiding people! Are not we the most innocent young women in the world! We have absolutely believed in Uncle Toby—and after all our experience of him! The young men may never have written a line about coming, and probably at this very moment Uncle Toby is thinking of us sitting here expecting our possible bridegrooms!

EMILY (*with a little scream*). What geese we have been! I do believe the White Mountains have been running in our heads so much that we have lost the little wisdom we ever possessed. Now let us check-mate Uncle Toby; when he

returns he must not find us employed over dainty embroidery—let us put on our morning caps and get the maid's brooms and act as though we never had any intention of crediting him in his nonsense.

LET. Oh, what geese we have been! (*They throw aside their embroidery, run and put on white caps and aprons, and go to door in back and return with brooms.*)

EMILY. And yet why did we mention that sunset on the White Mountains? I have made myself sad.

LET. And helped to make me so. Heigho! (*Sighs.*) Hush! Hark! That must be Uncle Toby! (*A lumbering noise heard. Uncle Toby throws open door at the back, when both girls set on and sweep him so that he cannot enter.*)

UNCLE T. (*struggling.*) Emily—Letty, don't, don't! I must come in—I *must* come in! (*They sweep the faster.*) Let me in, I say; let me in—can't you see that I am half wild? I have made such a mistake, such a mistake! (*He jumps over the brooms, and the girls follow him to the front, sweeping him along.*) Girls, listen to me (*tragically*); I am a thief!

EMILY. It would not surprise us if you owned to being a dynamiter!

UNCLE T. A what?

EMILY. Not a What, but a What-Is-It,—a dynamiter (*shaking her finger at him*)! Oh, we know you, Uncle Toby, even though you say our summer in the mountains takes us a little off our guard now and then. You are a thief, eh? Do you know what they do with thieves in Egypt? They sweep them out of the way. Thus (*sweeping him*)!

LET. Thus (*sweeping him*)!

UNCLE T. Stop, stop, I tell you, and let me explain!

EMILY. First of all explain to us why you said that Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin would be here to-day at noon!

UNCLE T. Because they wrote me to that effect.

LET. (*brandishing her broom.*) Look out, Uncle Toby, or we'll do as they do in Egypt.

UNCLE T. Oh, the misery of being a funny man! Here! here is the letter (*producing letter, which girls read*)!

LET. Why Tom Ashbrook is a veritable wretch!

EMILY. And Jimmy Culverin is his accomplice! Then it is no silly joke of Uncle Toby's, after all! And where are they? Own that you had something to do with their

threatening to come,—own to that, Uncle Toby, or (*brandishing her broom*) have another taste of Egypt!

UNCLE T. (*groaning.*) I will own to anything—I am in sufficient misery to own to being Nebuchadnezzar, Venus arising from the sea, or anything else. I tell you that I am a thief! Own to it? I'll own to inviting the two young fellows to come and spend a day with us. It was to be a supreme joke. But I have done with practical jokes henceforth! I abjure anything that approaches merriment; I'll erect a gallows over my bed every night, and with ropes stretch my face till it is as long as any other donkey's. Listen to me, girls, listen to me!

LET. Uncle Toby, we cannot think that you are serious. You are always jesting.

EMILY. And acting so as to mislead us.

UNCLE T. Oh, the misery of being a funny man! But all that is given up. Hear me vow! I will never make another joke so long as—oh, oh, only listen to me!

EMILY. Good gracious! don't say it so often! Are we not listening from head to foot?

LET. If you keep this up much longer, Uncle, we shall think you really *are* serious.

UNCLE T. If I thought you'd think that, I'd keep it up till my hundredth birthday—serious! oh, children, children, I'm in a pickle this time; and one of my confounded jokes has lodged me there. (*Impressively.*) I am a pick-pocket! (*The girls laugh.*) Yes, I am; upon my honor, I am a red-handed Dick Turpin, a Robin Hood, a Gentleman Jack, any of those illustrious foot-pads you may choose to liken me to. Listen!

EMILY (*raising her broom*). Say "listen" once more, Uncle Toby, and I'll think you're an Egyptian.

UNCLE T. To prove that I am an American, I will say instead, hear me, pay attention, the court demands silence. I honestly did expect Tom and Jimmy this morning; I invited them that I might enjoy the confusion of you girls. I acknowledge all this simply because I am at this present moment in a state of abject degradation. A little while ago I went to the station to meet the young men, and in the crowd there I caught a glimpse of two manly backs which I

immediately took to belong to Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin. I edged my way up to them until only a stout lady separated us. I reached across the stout lady and inserted my hands into the pockets of the owners of the backs and abstracted their wallets. I thought what fun it would be when the young fellows were here minutely explaining the ingenuity of the robbery; and how I would produce the pocket-books, and so on, and so on. Just then the stout lady saw her husband, whom she had come to meet, and giving a jump backward, made me lose my balance, and the next moment I was scrambling around on the floor of the station. When I was on my feet again the gentlemen whose money I had were no longer in sight—they were not Tom and Jim, whom I had written to wait in the station until I met them—I had robbed two men who were perfect strangers to me! Do you appreciate the pickle? I am a thief—a thief! My gray hairs are coming in sorrow to the grave!

LET. And I don't believe one word of it. You are only making it up.

UNCLE T. (*angrily.*) Making it up! Do I look like a person who makes up? Ungrateful girl, is this all the sympathy I am to expect in this house? Look here (*taking two wallets from his pocket*)! Here are the proofs of my light-fingeredness. Listen!

EMILY. That word (*letting the broom descend on Uncle Toby's head*)! You are only playing with us, Uncle Toby, I see it all in your eye.

UNCLE T. It's all in my eye, is it? It is a very indelicate thing for a young lady to use slang. Oh, the misery of —

LET. (*interrupting.*) Of being a funny man. Yes, I know. I repeat that I do not believe one word of all this terrible story. Besides that, how do we know that you have not forged that note purporting to come from Mr. Ashbrook and Mr. Culverin?

UNCLE T. That's right! Add forgery to pocket-picking. Would you like to accuse me of arson, or fratricide, or some other pleasant little vagary? I shall go frantic, like King Lear, from the unfeeling treatment of female relatives.

EMILY. What a nice actor you are, Uncle, and with so little stage-paraphernalia, too. Now, sir, do you think that

we, for one instant, had faith in your story that the gentlemen would come? See our aprons and caps; we are as good at detecting a joke as you are in preparing one. Oh, no, Uncle Toby, we take with a grain of salt every word you have said—though I will own that we were on the verge of being geese.

Uncle Toby groans and wrings his hands. There comes a loud knock on the door.

UNCLE T. Oh, I forgot, I forgot! On my way home I met two strangers. Confused and contrite though I might be, my ruling passion was strong in death; so when one of the strangers asked me to show him the way to the nearest inn, I pointed in the direction of this house. I don't know why I did it—unless it be that I am so used to doing ridiculous things that I never miss an opportunity to add to my reputation in that particular. [*Knocking continued.*

EMILY (*to Let*). Can we believe him?

UNCLE T. (*appealingly.*) Believe me—believe me if all those endearing young charms—no, no; I mean, believe me that I am a thief—that I told these strangers to come here! Strangers! they may not be strangers—they may be the constable and his minions, come to take me into custody for picking pockets! Oh, the misery of (*running to side*) being a funny man! (*Exit at side.*)

EMILY. I scarcely know what to make of this! There surely is nothing serious in it?

LET. There seems to be as little mirth in it. [*Knocking on the door louder than ever.*]

EMILY. And yet it is more consistent to regard it all as a joke. Come! let us take it as such. If he has gone so far as to tell two strangers that this is an inn, let us help him out with the jest. Then if he is in collusion with two so-called strangers, let us do our best to puzzle them to the extreme of their folly. At any rate we will revenge ourselves on Uncle Toby.

Impatient knocking on door and cries of "Ho, there!" "Open the door!"

LET. Very well. It will be revenge on Uncle Toby indeed. Remember, we are the daughters of the inn-keeper.

and if Uncle Toby comes in we will pretend not to know him. Open the door, or they will break it down.

Emily throws open the door. Enter Tom Ashbrook, at sight of whom Letty cries out "The hazel sunset," and throws her arms around Emily. Enter Jimmy Culverin, when Emily cries, "The sky-blue sunset," and embraces Letty. Ashbrook and Culverin start confusedly and run to side, where they talk together.

LET. (*looking up.*) They are the gentlemen in whose company we enjoyed the glories of that golden-brown sunset!

EMILY (*looking up.*) It was not golden-brown; it was b—blue! (*They hold their heads upon each other's shoulders again.*)

TOM. Jimmy, we're in for it. These are the ladies we met at the White Mountains! To think that they should turn out to be inn-keepers! The tall one (*pointing to Letty*) I have thought of ever since that sunset.

JIMMY. While the one with the dimple (*indicating Emily*) has been my day-star since that one evening when we met them for the first time, and lost them, as we feared, forever. And inn-keepers! Tom, I wonder if they have the toothache that they act so oddly? Surely they do not recognize us, eh? Let me talk to them. (*Solemnly to the girls.*) Can we have luncheon?

EMILY (*aside*). Was there ever a man who forgot to be hungry in the middle of the day?

JIM (*aside*). How odd they are. (*Aloud.*) A—a second-joint of a butterfly, a—anything ephemeral will do. (*Aside.*) I feel as oddly as they act.

EMILY (*aside*). Second-joint of a butterfly! Anything ephemeral! He has a soul after all!

LET. Don't desert me, Emily; I believe there is a deeper joke here than any that Uncle has hitherto perpetrated. Remember, we are in for a fine piece of acting. In "She Stoops to Conquer," does not a lady pretend to be a barmaid before the man she loves?

EMILY. Loves! oh, Letty! And these White Mountain men! I am ready to die for shame!

LET. You'd better live for Uncle Toby's mortification!

TOM (*to Jim*). I should never have accused them of such glaring stupidity. Probably they are somewhat confused at

this meeting; for I differ with you, my friend, and plainly perceive that they recognize us. Let us carry it off, though, with a high hand; if they *do* keep an inn it does not make them the less lovable, nor should they be treated less courteously than duchesses. Ah, I fear the eyes of the tall one,—they are Cupid's darts!

JIM. The other one has a dimple which goes straight to my heart! Speak to them, Tom, speak to them; I've done my share.

TOM. Ahem! Can we have luncheon? (*Aside.*) Oh, those eyes!

LET. (*curtsyng.*) Y-y-yes, sir, in a moment, sir. Ham, sir; bacon, sir; flitch, sir; jowl, sir; milk, sir; cream, sir; curds, sir; and whey, sir?

EMILY. Ducks, sir; drakes, sir; goose, sir; geese, sir?

JIM. Yes, we'll have some; and oh—(*Sighs, as Tom does, and the girls curtsyng run off.*)

TOM. The strangest inn-keepers in the world. Ham, sir; bacon, sir; flitch, sir; jowl, sir;—it is like an exercise to cure stuttering. And how sweetly she did dwell on flitch!

JIM. Ducks, sir; drakes, sir; goose, sir; geese, sir! I never before heard so much music put into "geese." I'll eat everything she brings me, even if it should happen to be a Leviathan entire; served by her, the viands become fairy-food to endow me with the digestion of an ostrich and the cramming power of a camel. The sight of that dimple turns my brain. I believe I am dead in love with her, and have been all along.

TOM. Look out, there! You came into this neighborhood to make love to quite a different personage,—even Emily TenEyck.

JIM. And you to become spoony on her sister Letitia. How has the idea of spooning prospered?

TOM. Prospered! My opinion of the TenEyck girls is that they are the most forward creatures in Christendom, and their uncle a precious old scoundrel. He may have been waiting for us at the station, but we never guaranteed that he should find us. If he were any sort of a man, he would think we were regular sharpers for accepting his invitation. Jimmy, it was your life's inspiration to pretend to accept the invitation, to come down, and then cut across country

to the vicinity of the TenEycks, and merely as a matter of curiosity to find out through the talkativeness of their neighbors, what sort of young ladies Aunt Jeremy's husband's cousins are. I must confess that the Jeremy fortune is not to be lightly treated, and that my sweetest revenge would be to meet Miss Letitia TenEyck and give her my opinion of her unmaidenliness in being willing to receive me according to the dictates of her cousin's will.

JIM. And my revenge would be as complimentary to Miss Emily. But the dimpled cheek of this White Mountain girl knocks all that out of my head. Why, I have been hunting for her ever since that glorious sunset last summer.

TOM. As I have been longing for a glance of the eyes of the taller one. I have it! They are bashful country girls; I can see it in their peculiar manner. Suppose we delicately quiz them about the TenEyck girls—it will keep them from running off and leaving us forlorn.

JIM. Oh, bother the TenEyck girls! I shall not leave this house until —

TOM. You have proposed to her of the dimple, or merely learned her name? You lunatic, would you marry an inn-keeper?

JIM. If I wanted to do so, who would hinder me? I'd never marry unwomanly, money-grasping Emily TenEyck. Would you call Letitia your wife simply to gain a fortune?

TOM. Never! Forgive my strictures against inn-keepers!

JIM. And do you care for anyone quite as you might, could, would, or should care for the girl you had beside you one vague sweet evening last summer, as the day went down into its gorgeous grave?

TOM. No one, O father confessor!

JIM. Then —

TOM. Hush! Here they come with luncheon. Keep them near us as long as you can. Quiz them about the TenEyck girls.

Enter Emily and Letty, carrying a small table, on which are refreshments. The men seat themselves at the table. The girls come to the front of the stage.

LET. Oh, Emily, just feel how my heart is beating.

EMILY. It couldn't beat harder than mine, if it tried. Ah, that sunset, that —

LET. Golden-brown sunset!

EMILY. I was about to observe, that bright blue sunset. Uncle Toby can scarcely be in collusion here; surely these gentlemen are not so base —

LET. Where is Uncle Toby? I am getting frightened.

EMILY. I don't know where he is. I am getting frightened too. If Uncle would only come, and in some way take the responsibility of this predicament. If he is cheating us, I don't know what I shall do to him; for he will be making us the sport of the only men we ever entertained a fond thought of. The idea of being mistaken for inn-keepers!

LET. We have burned our ships; we must go on. These gentlemen recognize us, I can see that, but they will never openly recognize us because of our presumed social position. What shall we do? It's all that Tom Ashbrook's fault.

EMILY. His and Jimmy Culverin's.

LET. If they had not written that letter this would never have occurred—Uncle Toby would never have come across these gentlemen, and —

EMILY. We should never have had the gratification of seeing them. You seem to take it for granted that Uncle Toby is not playing with us. I am weakening in that doubt myself. One thing we must do, Letty; we shall never meet these gentlemen again; even if it were possible, the acting of our present roles would preclude such a possibility; they would despise us. Then let us detain them as long as they are content to stay. After that—farewell to love's young dream!

LET. "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." Oh, poor me!

The men leave the table, where they have been whispering together, and come forward.

TOM (*awkwardly to Letty*). Ah—ma'am!

LET. (*aside*.) He calls me ma'am! He thinks I'm my own grandmother!

JIM. The fact is, we are—ah—strangers in this neighborhood.

EMILY (*aside*). Strangers! Never! Oh, me!

TOM. We are making investigations relative to some White Mountain sunsets—that is, I should say relative to some —

JIM. Dimples. I—I mean we would very much like to know if—if there are measles in this neighborhood. I have never had measles.

EMILY (*to Letty*). Let us keep these gentlemen as long as we can. (*To Jim*.) I have never had measles either; only a measle.

TOM. I had them in the plural. (*To Jim*.) Why don't you help me detain them?

LET. I had them plurally too.

TOM. What a striking coincidence.

JIM (*to Tom*). A striking-in coincidence, measles are. You'd better look out and not go too far; they're catching—the girls are, so are the measles.

LET. But we have no measles in our immediate vicinity. My—my relative (*pointing to Emily*) —

JIM (*aside*). They are relatives. I love relatives, even relative degrees of society.

LET. My relative had one measle. It made a —

JIM. Dimple in her cheek. I love a dimple—I mean a measle; and when it is illuminated by a brilliant sunset —

LET. Brownish-gold —

EMILY. Blue —

TOM. And accompanied by bright eyes and a tall, willowy form, a sort of obligato to the measle, as it were —

LET. (*drawing near to Tom*.) And a goldenish, topaz, hazel lustre jewelizing the west —

EMILY (*drawing near to Jim*). Where there are two blue sapphires beneath the flame that like a ruby crowns the sunset on —

ALL. The White Mountains!

Confusion, separation—Letty and Emily going to one side, Tom and Jim to the other.

TOM (*to Jim*). We have been precipitate.

EMILY (*to Let*). We nearly betrayed ourselves.

TOM (*to Let*). Ma'am —

LET. He calls me ma'am. He takes me for my great-grandmother this time.

JIM. The fact is, we are strangers in this neighborhood

EMILY. Strangers! Never! Oh, me!

TOM. And we would inquire—(*aside*) we must come to business, Jimmy,—(*aloud*) we would inquire about—about the people living in this part of the country.

LET. (*timidly.*) Why? (*Aside.*) Oh, my heart! How to detain him!

TOM. Ah—ah—a pair of friends of mine are the victims of a downright swindle. Their aunt's husband has left them a pot of money with a peculiar stipulation.

EMILY (*to Letty, faintly*). They are acquainted with those audacious wretches! Is it possible they associate with such depravity!

TOM. And—so—

LET. (*boldly.*) You have come to inquire about the ladies!

TOM. What ladies?

LET. (*in confusion.*) Did—did you not mention the ladies?

TOM. Did I? (*To Jim.*) They know about the TenEyck girls.

LET. Certainly you mentioned the ladies!

JIM. I distinctly heard him say Letitia and Emily TenEyck, who live somewhere near by.

TOM. I am so bewildered I don't know what I do say.

EMILY (*to Jim.*) You would inquire —

JIM. I would. You have evidently heard about the late Mr. Jeremy's strange will. In it Miss Emily TenEyck was to marry Mr. Jimmy Culverin—who, by the way, is a very likely young man, though I do say it who shouldn't.

EMILY. You speak with enthusiasm about your friend. Emily TenEyck is not so enraptured over him; she would no more notice Mr. Culverin than —

LET. Letitia TenEyck would notice his horrible accomplice, Tom Ashbrook!

The men whistle.

EMILY (*tugging at her apron*). For Jimmy Culverin is the most artful of his sex, and as unscrupulous —

LET. As Tom Ashbrook!

The men whistle again.

EMILY (*rapidly*). Any man who would expect a lady to become his wife under such outrageous conditions as those imposed upon Emily —

LET. And Letitia ——

EMILY. Must be the most terrible scamp in the universe!

LET. The most terrible *scamps*!

EMILY. Thus, if you know Jimmy Culverin ——

LET. And Tom Ashbrook ——

EMILY. Say to them that Emily TenEyck ——

LET. And her sister Letitia ——

EMILY. Simply abominate them and would rather beg from door to door, than accept one penny of their Cousin Jeremy's fortune under the imposed qualifications! (*They fan themselves with their aprons and walk back.*)

TOM. This is enough to make me curse my sponsors in baptism for bestowing upon me the name of Tom Ashbrook. Jimmy, I won't stand it. (*To Letty, sternly.*) Ma'am!

LET. When he said ma'am before, it was like an Æolian harp my grandmother and great-grandmother might have listened to. Now it sounds like an old bag-pipe which my most remote ancestress took the headache from. (*The girls come front.*)

TOM. Allow me to say that Miss Letitia TenEyck is extremely harsh in her determinations.

JIM. As is her sister. You apparently do not know the gentlemen upon whom they sit in judgment?

BOTH GIRLS. We do not.

JIM. If you knew them your opinion of them would not be identical with that of the TenEyck girls.

BOTH GIRLS. It would.

JIM. Phew!

TOM. You presumably know the young ladies very well, ma'am?

BOTH GIRLS. We do!

TOM (*aside*). Mercy! What revolverish vixens they are. (*Aloud.*) Then, perhaps it is useless for me to say that Miss Letitia is a most preposterous young person for forming an opinion of a gentleman whom she has never met ——

LET. And never desires to meet!

JIM. If Miss Emily presumes to despise Jimmy Culverin without ever having set eyes on him ——

EMILY. She would only despise him the more had her eyes ever been contaminated with a glimpse of him!

JIM (*aside*). And this is the same girl who put music in

"geese!" (*Aloud.*) And yet I may know a little more than you think relative to Miss Emily. What would you say if I were to tell you that she at this very moment expects a visit from Jimmy Culverin?

TOM. And that Miss Letitia expects Tom Ashbrook at the same time?

EMILY (*tearing her apron*). I should say that it is all their Uncle Toby's fault—that he is the greatest of practical jokers, and that even you two gentlemen —

LET. (*with a little scream, and tearing her apron, aside to Emily.*) Would you tell them who we are? Don't say that they are the victims of a joke. (*Aloud.*) The TenEyck girls have a hard enough life with their Uncle Toby (*crying*).

EMILY (*crying*). Indeed they have!

TOM. What beautiful sympathy!

JIM. What is more lovable than sympathy?

TOM. Nothing, except the sympathizer!

LET. (*weeping in her apron.*) The poor girls have as hard a life with their u—un—cle —

EMILY (*weeping in her apron*). As we have. (*Aside to Let.*) How ever will we get out of this scrape Uncle Toby has brought us into? I like his blue eyes more and more every minute, and every minute it grows more difficult to leave him; and I hate Jimmy Culverin with my whole heart, while I feel that heart going out in little pieces to Blue Eyes.

LET. But to think of them knowing about us and the will—they must have come down here as the agents of those frightful men.

EMILY. Oh, oh, oh!

JIM. Don't cry.

EMILY (*spitefully*). I will. I like to cry. I always cry. They're my own eyes, aren't they?

LET. (*hysterically*). It is just terrible that poor Letitia TenEyck should be treated so miserably!

TOM. She deserves such treatment.

LET. She don't! She's as nice a girl as need be.

TOM. She invited Tom Ashbrook down here.

LET. Oh, she did nothing of the sort! She hates him; she would like to—to stick her hair-pins in him. There!

TOM. She wouldn't!

LET. She would! If I had him here I should—*sweep* him out with my broom!

EMILY. As I should Jimmy Culverin!

JIM. You shouldn't!

EMILY. I should! I'd poison him with painted mint-sticks—or broom-sticks! For poor Emily TenEyck — (*Breaks down, and she and Letty sob in each other's arms.*)

TOM (*rams his hands in his pockets*). This is getting to be more than a man can stand. I shall certainly have to hold the tall one; I can't help it.

JIM (*hands in his pockets*). The one with the dimple will surely fall unless she has the support of a manly arm. I don't know how I shall ever have the courage to go away. One thing I am determined on—I shall never meet Emily TenEyck; already I despise her.

TOM. As I do Letitia. And one other thing I shall never do—I shall never forget nor forgive the White Mountains. Jimmy, I am in love!

JIM. And I! And I'm going to get out of it. Where is the money to come from with which to support a wife? A poor young man who has been a lawyer for exactly six months is not a Midas. And I'd like to come across that old man who directed us to this inn.

TOM. Yes, it is all his fault. And yet but for him we should not have seen these dear ones. All the same, we must get away from this. A medical student who has not earned his sheep-skin, and who has no bank account, has no right to fall in love. Come, we must make a rush for it, and try to forget that the saddest words of lip or pen are, "It might have been." Let us pay the reckoning. I'll shut my eyes so as not to see the tall girl, and I'll yell for my bill, and be unhappy all the rest of my life.

JIM. And I'll stuff my handkerchief in my mouth—my heart's already there—and I'll settle with her of the dimple for my luncheon, and go out into the world a blighted man.

They feel for their pocket-books, and, missing them, simultaneously cry out. Emily and Letty hearing them, drop their aprons from their eyes and start forward.

TOM. Ma'am!

LET. (*aside*.) In that tone of voice I hear my great-grandmother's aunt playing upon the base-drum.

TOM. I—I—is there no one else in this inn—no man? I have something to say to him.

LET. Say it to me; oh, say it to me!

JIM. I, too, have something to say to him.

EMILY. Say it to me!

TOM. Where is the proprietor? You surely are not the proprietors?

LET. We are but maids.

JIM. As we are but men. Let us see the proprietor; Mahomet must come to the ——

ALL. White Mountains!

The girls run off in confusion.

TOM. I have been robbed.

JIM. So have I.

TOM. I could not explain it to the tall girl.

JIM. Nor I to the dimpled one.

TOM. Can we explain to the proprietor after we have partaken of his fare? Will he not take us both for tramps? Especially as the girls may say that we have almost flirted with them. Nay, we have been inquisitive about the Ten-Eyck girls—we may be considered dangerous individuals. What shall we do? Is there not sufficient unhappiness for us but that this must come? Halloo!

Uncle Toby is pushed in at the back by the girls, who close the door on him; he is sharpening a carving-knife and does not notice the men.

TOM. This is the old fellow who directed us here.

JIM. And how fierce he looks.

UNCLE T. The man who never made a joke will never appreciate the misery of being a funny man! Has not enough happened to me without my dinner being delayed? I'll have something to carve, if it is only the unknown men who were foolish enough to take my advice and come here. The girls say those men want to see me; what can they want of me? They may have sent for me to upbraid me about my silly joke of sending them here. Let them beware! I am not in a condition to be sported with. I have made a pet fool of myself once this day, and it shall not be said that I allowed two strangers to hoist me into prominence as their pet fool also. (*Notices men.*) What do you

want of me? (*He raves up and down the room, and throws the brooms out at the door. Tom and Jim pretend not to see him.*)

TOM. An ugly customer. How will he take it when we tell him we have no money to pay our bill?

JIM. He will never believe that we have been robbed. It would be a pretty bold pick-pocket who would venture near his person.

TOM. I don't like the looks of that knife. Come! I have it! I have said that there is a possibility of our being mistaken for dangerous individuals. To save our skins we must be desperadoes. Get the old gentleman off his high horse, cow him, make him lamb-like; then take a bold leap for liberty, and to-morrow we can send him what we owe him. No philosophic explanation will ever get us past that knife. Don't notice him, and follow my line of action. Now for it. (*Aloud.*) Jimmy, did you hurt the old chap much?

JIM. Not more than could be helped; the—the slip-knot was tight and he couldn't wriggle.

UNCLE T. (*listening.*) Eh?

TOM. I had a hard time with the bank president last week; I put six bullets in him before he'd consent to be quiet.

JIM. And I wasted a pound of good powder before the fire-proof would open.

UNCLE T. (*dropping the carving-knife.*) Merciful Powers! they are assassins! and I have been trying to impress them so that they would not hold me accountable for sending them here!

TOM (*to Jim*). Get as near the door as you can. (*Aloud.*) And now my hand is in, I hope to settle with the Colonel.

JIM. And I'll take care of the Captain. (*Aside.*) Nearer the door; nearer, nearer; and then make a rush for it.

They approach the door, toward which Uncle Toby backs in fear.

TOM (*to Jim*). Make a spring over him when you get close—he is more dangerous than I supposed he'd be. (*Aloud.*) And when I took the old lady and delicately strangled her between the head and the shoulders, how she did scratch, to be sure.

JIM (*to Tom*). Kick the carving-knife out of his reach.

(*Aloud.*) I've been thinking of smothering a baby or two in an elegant, gentlemanly fashion. Have you ever done it?

TOM. Innumerable times.

They approach nearer and nearer to the door, Uncle Toby retreating toward it. They close on him and are about to pass by him, when he suddenly throws them forward, falls upon his knees, taking from his pockets the two wallets which he offers to the men.

UNCLE T. Mercy, mercy, gentlemen, mercy! You are great villains, and I am a great villain also. They say there is honor among thieves; prove it—I offer you these well-furnished pocket-books. Only don't murder me! Take my ill-gotten gains; only don't murder me! I am not a professional thief, it is true, only an amateur pick-pocket, but I dare say I could improve and become a professional if I gave my whole mind to it. This morning, by way of a practical joke I abstracted these wallets from the pockets of two gentlemen, and —

TOM AND JIM. My pocket-book!

TOM. A practical joke, do you call it! Are we in a burglar's den?

JIM (*catching hold of Uncle Toby*). You old rascal, it was you who relieved us of our money, was it?—and sent us to your inn, perhaps to murder us!

Uncle Toby crouches upon the floor.

TOM (*to Jim*). I don't believe he's very harmful after all; I think he's a little daft.

UNCLE T. Mercy, mercy, gentlemen! I'll never do so again. You are superior scoundrels and ought to know how awkward a first attempt is. Oh, the misery of being a funny man!

TOM. Superior scoundrels! Calling names, are you? Have you, too, heard of that ridiculous will that you should accuse us of being scoundrels?

UNCLE T. I heard your confidential talk just now.

JIM. Our confidential talk?

UNCLE T. You confessed to having committed that which an unfinished state of society insists upon stigmatizing as crime.

Tom and Jim laugh.

TOM. Our joke redounds to our credit, Jimmy.

UNCLE T. (*angrily, and rising hastily to his feet.*) A joke! Do you dare to joke?—and with me? A part of the joke is to take what does not belong to you, is it? Give me those wallets!

TOM. This one is mine!

JIM. And this is mine!

UNCLE T. You are thieves, murderers! Those wallets do not belong to you! (*Fights.*) Help! help!

Enter Letty and Emily with their brooms.

EMILY (*running to Jim and defending him*). You shall not hurt him, you wicked old man!

LET. (*defending Tom.*) Let him alone, you terrible old Uncle. Have you not sufficiently disgraced us without this?

They keep him off with the brooms.

UNCLE T. I tell you they are thieves and murderers. Even though they deny the latter, they are the former; they have in their possession two wallets which do not belong to them, and which I shall return to their rightful owners; for in those books I have found the names and addresses of the persons to whom they belong.

TOM (*to Jim*). We dare not own who we are. Remember all that we have said and heard said about Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin—and, oh, remember the sunset on the White Mountains.

UNCLE T. Give me the wallets! give me the wallets!

Emily and Letty keep him at bay.

EMILY. Behave yourself, Uncle Toby!

TOM AND JIM. Uncle Toby!

UNCLE T. Let me at him, Letty; let me at him, Emily!

TOM. Letty!

JIM. Emily!

UNCLE T. I tell you that those wallets belong to Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin. I thought I had made a mistake and taken them from as entire strangers as those two men are; but I found their cards inside the wallets, and —

TOM. This is my wallet; I am Tom Ashbrook. I am sorry to say so, but I am.

JIM. This is my wallet; I am Jimmy Culverin, if you will excuse the liberty.

Emily drops her broom, and becomes limp. Letty drops her broom, and becomes limp.

TOM. She loves me and thinks I am intended for Letitia TenEyck. (*To Letty.*) Don't, don't give up. I own to caring deeply for you—have cared for you ever since I saw you in that sunset on the White Mountains. I shall never care for Letitia TenEyck, only for you, my White Mountain maid, and Uncle Jeremy's fortune shall never be mine.

JIM (*to Emily*). Nor shall that other Emily, that Emily TenEyck, tear me from you; Uncle Jeremy's fortune may go to the dogs.

UNCLE T. Uncle Jeremy! What!—what do I hear! Ho! ho (*laughing*)! of all my practical jokes, this is the very best. Oh, the happiness of being a funny man! Ho! ho! So you are Tom Ashbrook?

TOM. I am.

UNCLE T. And you are Jimmy Culverin?

JIM. I am.

UNCLE T. Somebody hold me, or do something with me, for I shall die of the joke of it all. Girls, sweep me out as they do in Egypt—do anything you please with me. Ho! ho! And Tom Ashbrook and Jimmy Culverin came to this house and thought it was an inn! This is the greatest family for jokes that ever existed on the crust of the habitable globe,—and Jeremy has made the best joke of us all. For that (*pointing to Emily*) is a young woman who has been sighing ever since she returned from the White Mountains,—Miss Emily TenEyck, the gift of her Cousin Jeremy to Jimmy Culverin. And that (*pointing to Letty*) is her sister, another sighing young woman, Miss Letitia TenEyck, the gift of her Cousin Jeremy to Tom Ashbrook. And—oh, ho! ho! ho!—that such—ho! ho!—good results—ho! ho!—should come from—ho! ho!—practical jokes! Ho! ho! ho!

He holds his sides; Letty and Emily sweep him with their brooms, the men shake his hands, and all laughing as curtain falls.

ART AND ARTIFICE.

A PLAY FOR PORTRAITS, POSTURES, AND PICTURES.

CHARACTERS.

ANGELO EASEL, a portrait painter.

MR. PLIABLE, his father, and a man of wealth.

SCENE—*A Painter's studio. A table, containing brushes, palette, sketches of faces, figures, etc. In the centre are curtains to part, and discover a large picture frame, etc. An old sofa, or settee, with a mattress on it. Enter Angelo, disguised as a Yankee, followed by Mr. Pliable.*

PLIABLE. So, this is my erratic son's studio.

ANGELO. Yes, sir; this is, or was, our studio, bed-chamber, bath-house, picture-gallery, parlor, kitchen, library, dining-room, and drawing-room.

PLI. And you were in his employ, eh?

ANG. Yes, sir-ee; and a universal humanater crittur I was, too; I fetched colors, ground paints, peddled picturs, fed his kitten, made his bed (*pointing to settee*), slept in it when he didn't, went to market when there was any money, went without when there wasn't, cooked his victuals when there was anything to cook, and helped him to fast when there wasn't.

PLI. And do you mean to say that my son's mouth lacked a meal?

ANG. Yes, and it made him look quite mealy-mouthed, too, you may well cal'ate.

PLI. Well, where do you suppose he has gone to?

ANG. Gone to Europe, I reckon, where he can get a leetle more to do, an' a good deal more for doin' it, an' where he hopes to find more patrons an' more of a pappy.

PLI. More of a what, sir?—Zounds! what d'ye mean? Haven't I given him hundreds upon hundreds of dollars to enable him to pursue his favorite study, and become an Angelo the Second; and after all what has he done? I don't see a solitary painting! No, not enough of colored canvas to stop up the pipe-hole over my mantel-piece.

ANG. Very true, sir. Jist you stay here an' look when I draw an' close up yonder little pieces o' calico (*pointing to*

curtain) an' I cal'ate I'll make you open your eyes. I'll show you what he's painted. (*Aside.*) And I hope your pockets too. (*Exit behind curtains.*)

PLI. I shall be happy to hear of it, and happier to see it.

Here the curtain parts and discovers Angelo, who has changed his appearance entirely, standing in the large picture frame. The old gentleman starts in astonishment—takes out his glasses, rubs them with his pocket handkerchief, and gazes in admiration.

PLI. Why, bless me—why that's really as natural as life, and —

The curtain closes. Here a succession of pictures are in like manner represented by Angelo, with the assistance of such ladies, gentlemen, and children as may be in readiness for the occasion. The subjects or characters being according to the taste and resources of the company,—either historical, comical, or fanciful, etc. The intervals of closing the curtain being filled up by Mr Pliable in remarks, critical or commendatory. The last picture is that of Angelo, standing in the frame in his own proper costume of an artist, with a brush and palette, in the attitude of a painter.

PLI. Eh? what! why—bless my soul!—if the dear boy hasn't painted his own portrait to the life. What genius!—what industry!—what triumph of art! If the original were only as near to me now, I'd give—I'd give the half of my fortune!

ANG. (*springing out of frame.*) And I'll take it, father, on the instant.

PLI. (*starts, trembling.*) A miracle! What! a living picture! Here, here, Joshua, where the mischief's that Yankee man?

ANG. (*in the Yankee dialect.*) Cal'ate I'm abeout, squire!

PLI. Eh? the mischief—what, have I been duped—eh? sold. No matter—I'm so glad that you're really here—I'll keep my promise.

ANG. And I'll redeem mine by proving myself a real artist, if our friends will forgive my artifice to-night.

[*Curtain falls.*

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 2

THE UGLIEST OF SEVEN.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN, BY MISS M. G. TOWNSEND.

CHARACTERS.

ERNEST HELLWALD, heir to the late Countess of Falkenbrun.

JEREMIAH AMBROSE, steward of the late Countess.

ERNESTINE,	}	Daughters of Ambrose.
ROSA,		
ELISE,		
GABRIELLE,		
AMELIA,		
DORA,		
ADELAIDE,		

MADAME MOORPILTZ,	}	Formerly friends of the Countess.
MADAME KUNKEL,		
MADAME MOUSETOOTH,		
PEASANTS.		

The first scene is a room in a hotel; afterwards, it is in the vicinity of Castle Falkenbrun, or a room in the Castle itself.

COSTUMES.

ERNEST—*Knee-breeches, short coat, cape;—as a German student.*

AMBROSE—*Dressing-gown, skull-cap, slippers, spectacles.*

AMBROSE'S DAUGHTERS—*Velvet bodices, bright skirts, braided hair, light-colored waists, slippers.*

MADAME MOORPILTZ—*Riding-habit, with large hat, whip, gloves.*

MADAME KUNKEL—*Rich silk dress, shawl, bonnet.*

MADAME MOUSETOOTH—*Light silk dress, much trimmed with lace, ribbon, etc., bonnet very gay, with many bows and feathers.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Ernest alone, sitting at table covered with documents writing materials, etc.*

ERNEST. Alas! I am the unhappiest of men! The sole heir of my dear great-aunt Falkenbrun, who leaves me all her wealth,—there is certainly no cause for unhappiness in that fact,—but why need she put in that one frightful clause which spoils it all? Here is my copy of the will; let me read over again the details of my good fortune—no, misfortune, I mean. (*Reads.*) “Half a million dollars clear, and two estates on the Elbe, near Dresden, for an eternal possession, to my nephew, Ernest Hellwald—” good old great-aunt! She loved me after all, though I so often broke her windows and slammed her doors when I was a boy, and only went to see her at Christmas, when she gave me cakes and money. But where is that fatal paragraph? Ah, here; “Paragraph Seven: But my great-nephew shall forfeit the whole unless he marry one of the seven daughters of my old friend Ambrose, the one he chooses for his wife to be —” this is too much!—“*the ugliest!*” But here is Paragraph Eight: “In order that there may be no misunderstandings, I name the noble ladies, Madame Moorpiltz, Madame Mouse-tooth, and Madame Kunkel, as a committee to decide which is the ugliest of my friend’s seven daughters.” Three old women! It makes me think of Paris and the apple; but no, Paris never had to choose from seven, nor did three old witches make him take the ugliest! (*Rises and paces the floor.*) It is not the want of beauty that appals me,—she might not be so bad after all but that a gilding of half a million would make her tolerable,—but then my heart is no longer my own; I have no longer any love to give. It is all in the keeping of that dark-eyed beauty whom I met at Naples, on the last day of the Carnival. Oh, to give her up and marry the ugliest of seven,—and all, doubtless, frights! Never! Let me go on reading this hated will! “Paragraph Nine: In case my nephew does not comply with these conditions, the estate shall go to found a hospital for idiots, of which, however, he shall always be a welcome inmate, free of expense, and shall receive from the hospital fund an allowance of thirty-seven and a half cents per month.” Was

ever kindness mixed with cruelty with such diabolical cunning? I will try it, however,—try to swallow this gilded pill, and if it be too much for me, then I may think once more of my first love in Naples, whom I have seen but once, for one short moment at a window as I passed below in the crowd of masqueraders in the Carnival, but whose lovely image can never be erased from my heart by the combined ugliness of all the hated seven!

SCENE II.—*Road-side; Ernest Hellwald lying on the ground with a wound in his forehead; beside him kneels Ernestine; peasants stand around.*

ERNESTINE. His heart beats feebly,—he is not dead, but dreadfully hurt. Tell me, how did it happen?

PEASANT. My lady, I cannot tell you, but as I came from the vineyard, we found him lying here, and this empty purse near by. No doubt he has been set upon by thieves, and left for dead.

ERNESTINE. See, his forehead is bleeding still!

PEASANT. It would be strange if it didn't bleed, with that great hole in it. If you will watch here with him, I'll be off to fetch a surgeon from the village; and you, children, go to Master Ambrose's and tell him we will bring a wounded man there in half an hour, and to be ready for him. Will that do, miss? Your father's is the nearest place, and I dare not —

ERNESTINE. Yes, yes, good Fritz,—but don't be so long! He may die while you are talking here. Make haste! (*Exit Fritz and other peasants.*) Poor fellow! He looks like a traveling student, yet his face is strangely familiar. Ha! he moves! He is opening his eyes! What a wonderful resemblance!

ERNEST (*rising on his elbow and looking around*). Where am I?

ERNESTINE. Are you better?

ERNEST (*looking at her fixedly and then falling back*). It is she!

ERNESTINE. Don't speak,—you are hurt; you have been attacked by thieves, and wounded, and now I have sent for help to carry you to my father's house.

ERNEST. Thank Heaven for a most fortunate accident. I thank my seven stars,—seven—(*wildly*) oh, wretched number! I see them now,—all seven of them! —

ERNESTINE (*aside*). Seven stars in broad daylight! Pool fellow! it has affected his reason. (*Aloud.*) Here, let me bind this handkerchief around your forehead,—there, that will make it better.

ERNEST. Oh, thanks! A little tighter—no, a little looser—still more loose. There, I think I can rise now; let me try to stand. (*Takes her hand and rises.*) There, now,—with your aid, I think I can go on to Castle Falkenbrun,—oh, wretched place!

ERNESTINE. Is there anything so horrible in the name of Falkenbrun, that you should speak so wildly?

ERNEST. Oh, the seven! the seven!

ERNESTINE (*aside*). A strange man! What if he were crazy? But no, that is impossible,—he is too charming!

ERNEST. First, kindest of maidens, I must ask your name.

ERNESTINE. It is Ernestine.

ERNEST. And mine is Ernest,—it can't be possible! Fate has surely meant us for each other. Since I saw you in Naples, I have never ceased to think of you.

ERNESTINE (*aside*). I have certainly lately come from Naples, but surely I never saw him there. His poor head! (*Aloud.*) Come, sir, and let us hasten to the castle.

ERNEST. What castle?

ERNESTINE. Why, Falkenbrun, of course,—that is where I live! Come, it grows late.

ERNEST. But is the castle yours?

ERNESTINE. Oh, no,—it belongs to a young man named Hellwald, who is wandering about the world now,—a lazy, good-for-nothing sort of fellow, I fear, to let such a fine old place go to ruin for want of care. It was left to him by his old grand-aunt, and we are hoping that he will soon come back and bring a wife and make the old place bright and merry again.

ERNEST. Tell me, sweet Ernestine, has the keeper of this castle any daughters?

ERNESTINE. Yes indeed,—seven!

ERNEST. Seven girls! But probably—perhaps some of them are pretty, and some are not. Is it not so?

ERNESTINE (*laughing; aside*). How he interests himself in the young ladies. (*Aloud.*) Yes, six of them are right pretty, but the seventh —

ERNEST (*anxiously*). The seventh?

ERNESTINE. She is truly frightful!

ERNEST. Is she cross-eyed?

ERNESTINE (*laughing*). Why not?

ERNEST. Oh, do go on, nice, sweet, pretty little Ernestine!

ERNESTINE. Well, if you must know, I am the old gentleman's seventh daughter!

ERNEST. You the seventh? (*Despairingly.*) You the seventh?
(*With a gleam of hope.*) And are you truly the ugliest?

ERNESTINE. Modesty is becoming to a young maiden!

ERNEST (*beside himself*). I have it! She is the loveliest! Oh, I am the most wretched man on earth!

ERNESTINE (*aside*). His head seems to be getting light again. (*Aloud.*) Come, you must let me bring you home with me.

ERNEST. To your sisters?

ERNESTINE. Yes, you shall yourself judge if I have spoken the truth. I'll tie the handkerchief over your eyes, and then you shall see us on parade before you, when I cry "One, two, three," and you tear the bandage off.

ERNEST. And be blinded by the dazzle of so much beauty?

ERNESTINE. That would be a pity, for such handsome eyes!

ERNEST (*eagerly*). Have I handsome eyes?

ERNESTINE. Vain creature! come! [*She leads him away.*]

SCENE III.—*Ambrose alone in his library, in dressing-gown and slippers. Enter Rosa.*

ROSA. Father, the poor man has come again to see about the gardener's place. He is out of work, and has eleven children, and his wife is dead, and —

AMBROSE. Rosa, it is no use! When he came yesterday I told him I could not employ a man with red hair. When Nature has set such a mark of distrust upon a man, what are we, to run against her warning?

Of red hair
Let all beware!

He would bring misfortune into the house! I am sorry, but I cannot think of it. Why did I send away the other gardener?

ROSA. Because he had a cast in his eye.

AMBROSE. Very true! You know my principle, now go

ROSA. But, father, he might wear a black wig, and color his eyebrows.

AMBROSE. Ah! that's quite another thing,—I'll take him if he wears a wig, but it must be very black. Tell him to come to-morrow,—no, that will be Friday.

Who on Friday bargains makes,
All his former luck forsakes.

Tell him to come on Saturday. Where is my snuff-box? Don't disturb it. (*Takes it from Rosa.*)

Who the prize for health will take,
Three times will his snuff-box shake.

(*Shakes it three times, takes snuff and sneezes violently.*)

ALL THE GIRLS (*rushing in*). Father! father!

AMBROSE. Not all at once! Only six, however. (*Counts.*) Yes, an even number,—much better luck.

ELISE. Father, Ernestine is coming with a strange man!

AMBROSE. I knew it! Did I not prophesy it at breakfast time? A knife fell down and struck my foot. Where is the stranger? Who is he?

GABRIELLE. He is blind!

ADELAIDE. At least he has a bandage over his eyes.

Ernestine enters, leading Ernest.

ERNESTINE. Father, here is a gentleman who has met with thieves on the river-bank, and has been robbed and wounded. I have brought him home with me, to see what can be done to help him. (*Lifts the bandage from his eyes.*)

ERNEST (*starting back*). Ah!

AMBROSE (*taking his hand cordially*). I knew it! What did I say at dinner? A black cat jumped out at me when I opened my study-door this morning,—a sure sign of misfortune.

A black cat in the morning
Of an accident gives warning.

You are heartily welcome, sir. These are my daughters,—you know Ernestine; Rosa, Elise, Gabrielle, Amelia, Dora, Adelaide. (*Each bows as she is named.*)

ERNEST (*staring at them, bewildered*). A real galaxy of beauty! Excuse me for so rudely penetrating into your family circle; circumstances compel this informal call. (*Aside.*) But Ernestine is the loveliest!

ERNESTINE (*to Ernest*). Now, sir, was I not right? Am I not the ugliest?

ERNEST. Ah, would that you were!

ERNESTINE (*anxiously*). How is your head feeling now?

AMBROSE. I know a remarkable balsam, which will cure your wound immediately, but you must apply it before nine o'clock, or it loses its healing power. Will you not join us at our evening meal? Come, children, one plate more.

ALL THE GIRLS. Yes, dear father! (*They all rush out, and return bringing a plate, knife, fork, etc.*)

ERNEST. What a lovely family! So handsome! So obedient!

AMBROSE. Yes, if only there were not seven of them. It is an unlucky number.

ERNEST. Ah, how well I know that!

AMBROSE (*eagerly*). Do you believe, then, in evil combinations of numbers?

ERNEST. Most fully!

AMBROSE. You are a man after my own heart! And what do you think about mesmerism?

ERNEST. I—I —

AMBROSE (*excitedly*). Exactly as I do! Yes, my soul —

ALL THE GIRLS (*who have been arranging the table, interrupting him*). Father, everything is ready!

AMBROSE. Take your places, my children. Ernestine, lead your friend to a seat.

ROSA (*to Adelaide*). A right nice-looking fellow.

ADELAIDE. Yes indeed.

ELISE. Very polite to Tina.

GABRIELLE. He hardly looked at me.

AMELIA. There are too many of us.

DORA. Perhaps he is already engaged.

AMBR. Now sit down,—are you all here? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,—yes. Potatoes, meat, rolls, fresh butter, fruit,—a frugal meal, but you are welcome.

ERNEST. A true feast of the gods! In mythology we —

ALL THE GIRLS. Have a potato?

ERNEST. You are too kind,—a little water and a roll are all I wish. (*Ernestine rises and pours water.*) I have often heard of the hospitality of Castle Falkenbrun, and now I know its reputation is well founded. I traveled for several months with the heir, a year or two ago.

AMELIA. Oh, how charming! Do tell us about him!

ROSA. Yes,—what is he like?

ELISE. Good-looking?

ADELAIDE. Tall?

AMELIA. Short?

DORA. Dark?

GABRIELLE. Or fair, perhaps?

ADELAIDE. Is he pleasant?

AMELIA. Good natured?

DORA. Musical?

GABRIELLE. Benevolent?

ERNEST. No, he is little, has a large nose, his eyes are a pale green, he hates sentiment, is very lazy, and does not care much for the ladies.

ALL THE GIRLS. Oh, what a horrid man!

ERNEST. And now, ladies, my head is feeling so badly, I shall have to ask you to excuse me.

AMBR. Ernestine, give your friend a candle. Your room, sir, is the first one at the head of the stairs. Forgive me for not escorting you, but my rheumatism forbids much walking.

The girls rise and stand in a semi-circle, Ambrose in the midst. Ernestine gives Ernest a lighted candle.

ERNEST. Good-night, ladies!

ALL (*one after another*). Good-night!

Ernest goes out, leaving door open. All the girls except Ernestine go out at another door; she and her father remaining behind. Ernest reappears at door.

ERNEST. My candle was blown out by the wind.

Ernestine relights it, and as Ernest takes it, he kisses her hand. Ambrose, in the meantime, has gone to sleep in his chair. Tableau.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A garden; Ernest alone.

ERNEST. I could not sleep any longer, but am not sure yet whether I am awake or dreaming. What an angel Ernestine is! What a good old father! What charming girls her sisters are! As far as I can see, all the landscape is mine, but I forfeit it all at a word! The idiot asylum, thirty-seven

and a half cents a month, or give up all hopes of Ernestine. Ah, here she comes,—I dare not see her now. I will hide behind these bushes. (*Hides.*)

Ernestine enters, carrying a watering-pot.

ERNESTINE. My poor flowers are all drooping. I must sprinkle them before the sun is too hot. Ah! (*Sees Ernest's hat.*) He is hiding here to give me a surprise! Now wait! (*Shakes the watering-pot in his direction.*) Caught in the act! You are my prisoner!

ERNEST (*sprinking out*). It is my first fault,—be merciful! But I would willingly be your prisoner all my life long!

ERNESTINE. Oh, that's too long. Will you promise to do better?

ERNEST. I promise! But, Ernestine, give up joking. Can you not see how my heart is glowing —

ERNESTINE (*sprinkling him*). Oh, then I must cool you off! How have you slept? How is your head this morning?

ERNEST. Better, but let my stupid head go, it is my heart that is wrong. Ernestine, what do you think of your sister Dora?

ERNESTINE (*astonished*). Of Dora?

ERNEST. Yes, and of Rosa, and all the rest of them? They are all pretty girls, are they not?

ERNESTINE. They are to me.

ERNEST. All prettier than you? You are the ugliest of all? Could you give me that declaration in writing, with your seal attached?

ERNESTINE (*aside*). Poor fellow! Papa must have that balsam ready by this time, and I'll —

ERNEST. Happy father of seven! seven! seven!

ERNESTINE. Yes, Rosa, Elise, Gabrielle, Amelia, Dora, Adelaide, and Ernestine. But if the number seven is so disagreeable to you, we expect three more ladies to-day,—Madame Moorpiltz, Madame Mousetooth, and Madame Kunkel. I must go now to make ready for them.

ERNEST. So soon? My judgment day is coming! But before you go, answer me one question,—the peace and happiness of my whole life depends upon your answer. Ernestine. Do you not know that my heart is yours, that I love you devotedly?

ERNESTINE (*casting down her eyes*). You —

ERNEST. Do not be hasty. I love you. From the moment I saw you standing in the balcony at Naples, I adored you, and when I opened my eyes yesterday, after being wounded, you were like a saving angel bending over me. Now tell me,—can you not love me a little?

ERNESTINE (*turning her head*). I like you right well already.

ERNEST. Oh, this is even more than I dared to hope! May I not speak to your father this very day?

ERNESTINE. I shall not prevent.

ERNEST. And will you give me your lovely hand?

ERNESTINE (*holding out her hand*). Do you mean—so?

ERNEST. Ernestine, you make me the happiest of men! (*Embraces her.*)

SCENE II.—*Room in Ambrose's house. Rosa alone.*

ROSA. What can all this mean,—this everlasting talk about the ugliest? One can't help overhearing a little, when people will talk so loud. It's plain that this stranger has the bad taste to prefer ugliness to beauty. I think I'll have a little fun myself. With blackened eyebrows, and a scar on my cheek,—a red paint scar,—I may be able to make myself hideous enough to please even him. Who knows but I may rival Tina herself, if I'm very, *very* ugly; I'll try it, at all events. [*Exit.*]

Enter Madame Kunkel and Elise.

MME. KUNKEL. The first thing that I request, young woman, is that you treat my precious Molly with the most delicate consideration.

ELISE. Your Molly? Is she your daughter?

MME. KUNKEL. No, Molly is my cat, my dear, true pussy. Any injury done to her is done to me.

ELISE. Very well, Madame; she shall have her own room, if you desire it.

MME. KUNKEL. With a sofa in it;—she is accustomed to a sofa; and three times daily she is brought to me. And here is my precious Polly, who seldom leaves my side. She, too, must have a separate room, and be fed on cream toast. Can you tell me, child, why the master of this place has invited me here?

ELISE. I cannot tell, but we expect Madame Moorpiltz here also.

MME. KUNKEL. Moorpiltz! That rough, noisy creature, who carries on her late husband's business exactly like a man, and spends all her time in riding to the hunt and leaping fences?

ELISE. We expect her, and also Madame Mousetooth.

MME. KUNKEL. Mousetooth! The silly, sentimental goose, who, in her fiftieth year, still wanders about in the moonlight, and cries over a fly drowning in her milk pitcher! What can they want here?

ELISE. I don't know. There they come, however.

Enter Madame Mousetooth and Gabrielle.

MME. KUNKEL (*affectionately*). Ah, you are heartily welcome, my dearest Madame Mousetooth! What good luck brings you here?

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Sweet, dear Madame Kunkel! What a delight to see you! (*To Gabrielle.*) Be careful of my toilet box, and my lavender, cologne and millefleurs! Let them be unpacked in the most gentle manner, and left in my room.

GABRIELLE. I will see to it myself.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Thanks, you darling! And my portfolio, put it away most carefully, the contents are so delicate!

GABRIELLE. I will do so right away.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. You little angel! Give me a kiss! There, now, run away, both of you. (*Exit Elise and Gabrielle.*) May I inquire what brings you here just now, my dear old friend?

MME. KUNKEL (*aside*). Jealous old thing! (*Aloud.*) I was just going to ask you, my dear creature, what brought you?

MME. MOUSETOOTH. But are we all the company, or do they expect others?

MME. KUNKEL. Madame Moorpiltz will be here soon.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Moorpiltz! That horrid thing, who outrages every principle of ladylike behaviour and gentleness! But listen! I hear steps!

Enter Madame Moorpiltz and Adelaide.

MME. MOORPILTZ (*loudly*). I tell you, girl, if my brown pony can't have a feed of oats without any mixture of bran, let

him be saddled again at once, and I'll be off in a twinkling!

ADELAIDE. I will tell the groom.

MME. MOORPILTZ. That's right! And let him feed my two setters, and loosen the collar on the brown pointer. I want to have the black horse clipped, but I'll see to that myself.

ADELAIDE. I will leave your order at once.

MME. MOORPILTZ (*patting her on the head*). That's a good fellow! Now go!—stay,—have a pinch? (*Offers her snuff-box, which Adelaide refuses as she goes out.*) Why, who's all this? How d'ye do, old girls? I almost overlooked you!

MME. KUNKEL. You were so absorbed in your horses and hounds that —

MME. MOUSETOOTH (*gushingly*). Oh, but you are so fresh—so natural!

MME. MOORPILTZ. I am not curious, but I should like to know why we are here, it certainly can't be for the pleasure of one another's company. (*Enter Ambrose.*) Well, old boy!

AMBROSE (*bows profoundly to each of the ladies in turn*). Ladies, you behold in me the steward of the late lamented Countess Falkenbrun. For many years I managed her estates, and she honored me in her will by leaving them still in my charge till they should be given into the hands of the chosen heir. By the instructions left with her will, I have summoned you, her three oldest friends, to attend to a matter of business for her. She left this sealed letter, which you are requested to read alone. [*Lays letter on table; exit.*]

MME. MOORPILTZ (*picking up letter*). Well, as I am the youngest and have the best eyes, I will read this mysterious communication from our old friend. (*The others glare at her. She reads aloud.*) “Dearest friends: I call upon you to decide which of the seven daughters of my friend and steward Ambrose is the ugliest. I give no reason for this request, but ask you to settle this simple point and to announce the decision to my great-nephew and heir, Ernest Hellwald. For this service, I leave to each of you as a souvenir of me, a thousand pounds. Estella, Countess of Falkenbrun.”

ALL THREE LADIES. Noble old lady!

MME. KUNKEL. How generous!

MME. MOUSETOOTH. How charmingly original!

MME. MOORPILTZ. Well, we may as well call the girls in, and put them through their paces. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Hi! Ambrose! Old fellow, where are you? Send us your seven daughters immediately!

The girls come in, and are ranged in a row. They stand still while the ladies examine them and comment upon their appearance. While the examination goes on, Ernest appears at the open door and anxiously watches the group. The ladies delay the longest over Rosa, who has disfigured herself as much as possible. The three then resume their seats.

ALL THREE LADIES. Now you may go!

The girls go out at another door. Ernest, unobserved, listens with the greatest anxiety.

MME. MOORPILTZ. Well, what do you say? In my mind there is not a doubt about it.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. It's also clear to my impartial mind.

MME. KUNKEL. She has not a good shape.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Her eyes are not bright.

MME. MOORPILTZ. Her eyebrows are like ox-yokes.

MME. KUNKEL. And that great scar on her cheek.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Such sharp elbows.

MME. MOORPILTZ. Such a silly expression.

MME. MOUSETOOTH. We are united!

ALL (*Madame Moorpiltz holding up her hand as they rise and say, solemnly.*) The ugliest is Rosa, the loveliest is Ernestine!

Ernest falls back in despair.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The garden. Ernest and Ernestine discovered.*

ERNESTINE (*sadly*). Dear Ernest, since you have told me all the story of that hateful will, and I know what a sorrowful gift my love would be to you, I cannot consent to such a sacrifice,—you must give me up!

ERNEST. Never! Rather would I become your father's poorest workman, yes, serve him for nothing, with the hope of an occasional word from you, rather than do without you, now that you have just begun to love me!

ERNESTINE. Not so lately as you imagine, perhaps. But is there *no* hope? Did you hear the decision yourself?

ERNEST. Yes, alas! I heard it only too well. A plague on their old heads, stuffed with dogs and parrots and lavender-water! (*Ernestine starts.*) But I should have hated them still more if they had wronged your beauty by any other decision.

ERNESTINE (*springing up*). Ernest! I have an idea! I think I see a way out of all this trouble! Don't ask me to tell you just yet,—only wait, and don't be surprised at anything strange that I may do. You know I thought that *you* were crazy when I first met you; it's my turn now!

SCENE II.—*A room in the house. The old ladies sitting in a row, whispering together; all the girls excepting Ernestine in a group at one end of the room. Enter Ambrose and Ernest.*

AMBROSE. Ladies, while you have been in consultation, I have just made the astounding discovery that we have been entertaining as an unknown guest, no other than our dear Countess Falkenbrun's great-nephew and heir. It gives me great pleasure to present him to you. (*All rise and bow profoundly. The girls show signs of great astonishment.*) But where is Ernestine? It is unlucky for her to be up-stairs when all the rest are down. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) Ernestine! Ernestine!

ERNESTINE (*rushing in*). Oh, don't be angry, my dear old ladies, that I kept you waiting a little while, but something so funny has just happened! I am in such a hurry to tell you, it was *too* ridiculous!—but do have patience! Rome was not built in a day! The tree never falls at the first stroke! It —

MME. MOORPILTZ. That's a fact, old girl!

ERNESTINE (*pertly*). Who asked you to interrupt? But where was I? Oh, yes! It wasn't my fault that my father sent me to the red chamber to bring him a sofa cushion; the red chamber is next the blue one, where dear old Madame Falkenbrun used to drink her tea, except in the winter time, when she liked the yellow breakfast-room best, because —

MME. KUNKEL. But, my child, do we need to hear all this? Proceed with your story!

ERNESTINE. Excuse me, my dear old lady,—don't interrupt! Good manners are as lovely in the aged as in the

young! Obedience is the first duty of a child, so I went for the cushion, and there, lying on the damask sofa, was a great, fat, hideous, abominable, gray cat!

MME. KUNKEL. My Molly! My sweet creature!

ERNESTINE. When I saw the horrid thing there, I took the large fly-brush and beat her off the sofa!

MME. KUNKEL (*shrieking*). Do I hear aright? Alas! my heart's darling!

ERNESTINE. She turned and tried to scratch me, but I caught up a cord from the floor and tied it around her neck!

MME. KUNKEL. Wretch! Have you slain her?

ERNESTINE. Well, cats, like men, must bite the dust, and she's happier there than here. But no, she is not dead! She sprang to the open window and was out before —

MME. KUNKEL. My Molly! Out in the cold, cold world! (*Faints away. Two of the girls support her.*)

ERNESTINE. But that's not all! When she sprang on the table I heard something go *smash!* and I found she had upset dozens of little bottles and glasses!

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Oh, my cologne! My orange-water! Even my beauty-water gone!

ERNESTINE. Beauty-water! What good is that to you, at your age? Yes, perhaps it was yours, for suddenly there was a strong, most unpleasant smell in the room (*snatches her handkerchief and smells it*), just like this, and then the cat and I together upset a little box full of ribbons and caps and curls and feathers, and in my haste I crammed them all back again, and as they would not go into the box, I had to put my foot down and press them,—so,—and —

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Oh, my caps! My feathers! (*Faints away. Two others of the girls support her.*)

MME. MOORPILTZ. Never mind her, my dear! Go on with your interesting tale! Have a pinch (*offering her snuff-box*)?

ERNESTINE (*looking intensely disgusted*). Bah! who takes snuff? It's not a fit habit for a lady! (*Upsets the box.*)

MME. MOORPILTZ. Saucy creature! My best snuff, too! (*Tries to box her ears.*)

ERNESTINE. Much better to be saucy than to fly around the country looking like a scarecrow, at the head of a pack of skeleton dogs!

MME. MOORPILTZ (*furiously*). Impertinent creature! You

shall suffer for this! (*Shakes the two old ladies, who come back to consciousness.*) Come, wake up, old girls! Revenge!

They feebly rise and glare at Ernestine, then all three join in the cry, "Revenge! revenge!"

SCENE III — *Same room as before. All the old ladies; Ambrose; Ernest; all the girls.*

AMBROSE. Well, dear ladies, I hope you have finished your deliberations satisfactorily.

A person of taste
Does nothing in haste.

And surely three persons of such excellent taste require a very lengthy time for consideration.

MME. MOORPILTZ (*grimly*). Yes, my friend, and we have called your household together in order to give them a specimen of our excellent taste. You do not know, perhaps, that we have been called here by the will of the late Countess to decide which of your seven daughters is the ugliest.

ALL THE GIRLS (*astonished*). The ugliest!

MME. KUNKEL. Yes,—a charming fancy!

MME. MOUSETOOTH. Dear, departed Countess! How refreshing! How original!

MME. MOORPILTZ. And we all agree in declaring (*all rise and speak together with great emphasis*) that the loveliest is Rosa; the ugliest, Ernestine!

ERNEST (*with the greatest delight*). The ugliest, Ernestine! Oh, say it again!

MME. KUNKEL. In face and character!

ERNEST (*embracing the old ladies in turn*). Angels of heaven! Dearest friends! Accept my warmest thanks! I bless you a thousand times! I am the happiest man in the world!

AMBROSE (*regretfully; aside*). The wound-balsam did no good! His poor head is quite light! I always thought he was a little unsound on the subject of animal magnetism!

ERNEST (*to Ernestine*). Come forward, chosen of my heart! You are mine,—you, as well as the castle, lands, forests, woods, and waters! Father, will you give me your daughter?

AMBROSE. How? What? (*Aside.*) If I only felt sure that his head was quite right.

ERNEST. Read that paragraph! (*He reads.*) "All this

property to be his forever, in case he marries the ugliest of the seven daughters of my friend Ambrose." And Ernestine is the ugliest!

MME. MOORPILTZ (*impressively*). We've been fooled, old girls!

ERNESTINE (*imploringly*). Forgive me, dear ladies, for having been so rude! Love taught me deceit, but now I wish to atone for it. (*To Madame Kunkel.*) Your Molly's adventures were quite fictitious,—she sleeps sweetly on the white pillow in my room!

MME. KUNKEL (*joyfully*). My Molly! Is it possible?

ERNESTINE (*to Madame Mousetooth*). Your bottles are quite safe, dear lady, and the beauty-water—which indeed you do not need—is unharmed. To-morrow a flask of Persian oil of roses will be sent you as a peace-offering. (*To Madame Moorpiltz.*) Forgive the rudeness I offered you, and accept from Ernest a snuff-box with your monogram in diamonds. And now, can you forgive me?

ALL THREE LADIES (*blandly*). We forgive!

ERNESTINE. Now father, dear father, your consent, your blessing!

AMBROSE (*wiping his eyes*). My dear, I knew something of this kind was going to happen, such a singular twitching in my left eye,—always a sign of weeping! (*Joins their hands.*) But after this I will put no more faith in unlucky numbers, for I have gained a most charming and desirable son-in-law, because my little Tina was —

ALL. The ugliest of seven!

Curtain falls.

SCENE FROM THE RIVALS.—R. B. SHERIDAN.

CHARACTERS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

FAG, a servant.

SCENE.—*Capt. Absolute's lodgings. Capt. Absolute seated at table.
Enter Fag.*

FAG. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you. Shall I show him into the parlor?

ABSOLUTE. Ay—you may. Stay; who is it, Fag?

FAG. Your father, sir.

ABS. You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? (*Exit Fag.*) Now for a parental lecture. I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul! (*Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.*) Sir, I am delighted to see you here, looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

SIR ANTHONY. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

ABS. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

SIR ANTH. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

ABS. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

SIR ANTH. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

ABS. Sir, you are very good.

SIR ANTH. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

ABS. Sir, your kindness overpowers me; such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

SIR ANTH. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention

—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

ABS. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

SIR ANTH. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

ABS. My wife, sir!

SIR ANTH. Ay, ay, settle that between you, settle that between you.

ABS. A wife, sir, did you say?

SIR ANTH. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

ABS. Not a word of her, sir.

SIR ANTH. Odds so!—I mustn't forget her, though.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife, but I suppose that makes no difference.

ABS. Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

SIR ANTH. Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

ABS. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

SIR ANTH. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

ABS. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

SIR ANTH. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

ABS. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

SIR ANTH. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

ABS. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly that my inclinations are fixed on another; my heart is engaged to an angel.

SIR ANTH. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry, but business prevents its waiting on her.

ABS. But my vows are pledged to her.

SIR ANTH. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

ABS. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTH. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience; I have been cool, quite cool; but take care, you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

ABS. Sir, I must repeat it;—in this I cannot obey you.

SIR ANTH. Now hang me! if ever I call you Jack again!

ABS. Nay, sir, but hear me.

SIR ANTH. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't —

ABS. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to —

SIR ANTH. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

ABS. This is reason and moderation indeed!

SIR ANTH. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

ABS. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

SIR ANTH. 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

ABS. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

SIR ANTH. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! it won't do with me, I promise you.

ABS. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

SIR ANTH. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog; but it won't do.

ABS. Nay, sir, upon my word —

SIR ANTH. So you will fly out! can't you be cool like me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience

of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you. If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest; I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you! and hang me! if ever I call you Jack again! *[Exit.]*

ABS. Mild, gentle, considerate father,—I kiss your hands! What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth. I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—Yet he married, himself, for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Re-enter Fag.

FAG. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time, muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way. I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master. Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

ABS. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present. Did you come in for nothing more? Stand out of the way! *(Pushes him aside, and exit.)*

FAG. So! Sir Anthony trims my master; he is afraid to reply to his father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice! But I'll away to my master and do him a service nevertheless. I'll let him know that the wife Sir Anthony has chosen for him is the very one his heart is set on, and I'll prove it to him, too. And now to find my master and acquaint him with the news. *[Exit.]*

Enter Captain Absolute, after a short interval.

ABS. Whimsical enough, faith! Fag tells me that the

girl my father wants to force me to marry is the very one I am plotting to run away with! But he must not know of my knowledge of this fact yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed, but I can assure him it is very sincere. So, so—here he comes. He looks plaguy gruff. (*Steps aside.*)

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.

SIR ANTH. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. Lie, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him; he's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more, never—never—never.

Ans. (*aside, coming forward.*) Now for a penitential face.

SIR ANTH. Fellow, get out of my way!

Ans. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

SIR ANTH. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Ans. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

SIR ANTH. What's that?

Ans. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

SIR ANTH. Well, sir?

Ans. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

SIR ANTH. Well, puppy?

Ans. Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

SIR ANTH. Why now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Ans. I am happy in the appellation.

SIR ANTH. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now in-

form you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

ABS. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

SIR ANTH. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into this country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

ABS. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet stay—I think I do recollect something. Languish! Languish! She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl?

SIR ANTH. Squints! A red-haired girl! zounds! no.

ABS. Then I must have forgot, it can't be the same person.

SIR ANTH. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

ABS. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

SIR ANTH. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

ABS. (*aside.*) That's she, indeed. Well done, old gentleman.

SIR ANTH. Then, Jack, her neck! O Jack! Jack!

ABS. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece, or the aunt?

SIR ANTH. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The aunt indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire.

ABS. Not to please your father, sir?

SIR ANTH. To please my father! zounds! not to please—Oh, my father—odds so!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

ABS. I dare say not, sir.

SIR ANTH. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

ABS. Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back, and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

SIR ANTH. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock. You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on! Odds life! I have a great mind to marry the girl myself.

ABS. I am entirely at your disposal, sir: if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

SIR ANTH. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come now—hang your demure face!—come, confess Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

ABS. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

SIR ANTH. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I will marry the girl myself!

[*Exeunt.*]

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 2.

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word as fail.

Bulwer.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes
contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty de-
formed.

Addison.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. *Young.*

Where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? *Shakspeare.*

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like
a fool. *La Rochefoucauld.*

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted.
If it enrich the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshing.

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain. *Longfellow.*

The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine to itself, and make closely its own. *Moore.*

If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her
above the brim with love of herself: all that runs over will
be yours. *Colton.*

No after friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove
As when we first began to love. *Logan.*

A good wife is like the ivy which beautifies the building
to which it clings, twining its tendrils more lovingly as time
converts the ancient edifice into a ruin.

Associate with men of good judgment, for judgment is
found in conversation, and we make another man's judgment
ours by frequenting his company. *Fuller.*

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.
Hannah More.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend
must have a very long head or a very short creed. *Colton.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Shakspeare.

An emperor in his night-cap will not meet with half the
respect of an emperor with a crown. *Goldsmith.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once. *Shakspeare.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Shakspeare.*

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then you men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Swift.*

Remember if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself
all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor
please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to
thee of no price at all. *Raleigh.*

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all. *Tennyson.*

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose. *Moore.*

Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or
religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with
his own opinion than with truth. *Watson.*

Yes, woman's love's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;
It lives, though treachery and slight
To quench its constancy may try.

The light of other minds is as necessary to the play and
development of genius as the light of other bodies is to the
play and radiation of the diamond. A diamond, incarcerated
in a subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished differs not
from a common stone, and a Newton and Shakspeare, de-
prived of kindred minds and born amongst savages, savages
had died. *Colton.*

Unhappy he who lets a tender heart,
Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,
Fall from him by his own neglect and die,
Because it met no kindness.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart—
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Most of the eminent men in history have been diminutive
in stature. *Sydney Smith.*

To exult even o'er an enemy oppressed, and heap
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul. *Smollett.*

Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. *Shakspeare.*

Education begins a gentleman, conversation completes him.

I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds ;
 I do not make the accident of birth
 The standard of their merit. *Mrs. Hale.*

Let me have men around me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
 He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.
Shakspeare.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out ; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous ; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes. *Colton.*

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause. *Cowper.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Pope.*

Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go on. *Jackson.*

Without discretion, learning is pedantry and wit impertinence ; virtue itself looks like weakness ; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors and active to his own prejudice. *Addison.*

Love is "two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one."

Beauty in the possession of an unthinking woman is more dangerous than a drawn sword in the hands of an idiot.

Beauty has little to do with engaging the love of woman. The air, manner, tone, the conversation, the something that interests, the something to be proud of,—these are the attributes of the man made to be loved. *Bulwer.*

Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament.

Oh how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
"I will do this to-morrow"! *Russell.*

To most men, experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed. *Coleridge.*

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat. *Colton.*

Beauty gives
The features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions, yet one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all. *Willis.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face. *Shakspeare.*

We endeavor to make a merit of faults we are unwilling to correct. *La Rochefoucauld.*

We confess our little faults in order to persuade others that we have no great ones. *La Rochefoucauld.*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. *Johnson.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries. *Shakspeare.*

There are some men who are Fortune's favorites, and who, like cats, light forever on their legs. *Colton.*

Talent, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never. *Coleridge.*

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato termed it a privilege of Nature; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Homer, a glorious gift of Nature; while Ovid styled it the gift of the gods.

To believe with certainty, we must begin with doubting.

Stanislaus.

A man will confess his faults, but never his follies.

Chesterfield.

It is a great folly for a man to muse on such things as pass his understanding.

Ofttimes, to please fools, wise men err.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that the dunces are all in a confederacy against him.

Swift.

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external Nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.

Longfellow.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

Shakespeare.

It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than by good laws.

Aristotle.

Oh many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken

May soothe or wound a heart that's broken. *Scott.*

Common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Swift.

The idle man's brain is the devil's workshop.

Those who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalions, which, wearing a more sober uniform and making a less dazzling show than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honor, in the conflicts of human life.

Scott.

A gentleman had a very bad memory; a friend, knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over; and, being asked afterward how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

A very absent-minded gentleman being upset by a boat into a river, sunk twice before he remembered he could swim.

An Irishman was told by a teacher, that his charge for tuition was two guineas the first month, and one guinea the second. "Then be jabers," said Pat, "I'll begin the second month now."

We know a woman so cross-eyed, that when she weeps tears from her left eye, they fall on her right cheek.

An Irishman charged with an assault, was asked whether he was guilty. "How can I tell, your honor, till I have heard the evidence?" was his reply.

A certain tobacconist advertised: "I shall continue to keep on hand *imported* cigars of my own manufacture."

A little girl hearing that her mother was going into half mourning, wished to know if any of her relatives were *half dead*.

A clergyman asked a boy if he ever had been baptized. "No, sir," said the lad, "not as I knows of, but I've been *waxinated*."

An absent minded editor copied from an exchange one of his *own* articles, and entitled it, "Wretched attempt at wit."

A soldier excused himself for the stealing of his liquor ration, by saying, "You see, both rations were in one bottle; mine in the bottom, and so I had to drink off his to get at mine."

A bald headed clergyman took for his text, "The hairs of our head are all numbered."

An old woman unable to read, on receiving a letter from an absent son, asked a friend to read it to her. It read: "Dear mother." Upon the reader making a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was rather bad, the old lady exclaimed: "Oh, it is from poor Jerry, he *always stuttered*."

A gentleman at a theatre, said to his companion: "Who is that ugly creature who has just entered the box opposite?" "Why sir that is *my sister*." "No, no, sir," cried the other, "I mean that shocking monster with her." "That sir is *my wife*."

A gentleman, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise of marriage.

A conveyancer fell asleep during the representation of Macbeth, and hearing the words "A deed without a name," he shouted: "It is void, not worth a sixpence."

When Beau Nash was ill, the doctor asked him if he had followed his prescription. "No, doctor," said Nash, "if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of the second story window."

"Illustrated with cuts," as the boy said when he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "*Illustrated with cuts*," repeated the teacher, as he drew a rod over the boy's back.

Lamb said to a player of whist: "If dirt were trumps, what *hands* you'd have!"

"Why did you set your cup of tea on the chair, Mr Jones?" said the landlady. "It is so very weak, ma'am, I thought I would let it rest."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" It ought to be, the painter gave it two coats recently."

A fop, speaking of the opera, said: "Oh, there was one air so enchanting it carried me away." "Can any one whistle it?" said Jerrold.

Latin inscriptions are suitable for tombstones; they are in a *dead* language.

The breaking of both wings of an army, is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

"I love thee *still*," said the quiet husband to the chattering wife.

An editor of a down East paper getting tired of paying his printers, resolved to diminish his help and put his own shoulder to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his first effort at setting type:

"Wə tqinŋ æ shʌl dɔ most oʃ OUR own sɛtɪŋg tYPə hɛrɛaftɛr——pɹintərs mɛy tʌlk oʊnɪtʃ bɛɪŋ diffɪkʌlt tɔ sɛt tɪpɛ, bʊt dɒn,t ɛXpɛriɛnsə ʒuch dɪffɪlɛnɪ."'

May never lady press his lips,
 His proffered love returning,
 Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
 And keeps its chimney burning.
 May each true woman shun his sight,
 For fear the fumes might choke her;
 And none but those who smoke themselves,
 Have kisses for a smoker.

An Irish servant girl, a year over, was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the lady said, "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with."

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
 Their want of edge from their offense is seen,
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

"Oh, the perils of the deep!" exclaims the traveler as he reaches the shore. When he sees his trunk in the hands of the baggage annihilator, he changes his cry to "The perils of the depot!"

Oh, life is a river, and man is a boat,
 That along with the current is destined to float;
 And joy is a cargo so easily stored,
 That he's a sad fool who takes sorrow aboard.

"Now," said the teacher of a primary class to one of his pupils, to whom he was trying to impart a knowledge of division, but with little success, "If you had a pie, and I should ask you for a quarter of it, and you should give me what I wanted, how much would you have left?" "I would not have any left!" quickly responded the little girl.

A fool does never change his mind,
 And who can think it strange?
 The reason's clear—for fools, my friends,
 Have not a mind to change.

Why are chemists and alchemists both of the feminine gender? Because one is an analyzer (Ann Eliza), the other a charlatan (Charlotte Ann).

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow mortal.

What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world? The multiplication table.

Why are two young ladies kissing each other like an emblem of christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

What is the difference between a man going up stairs and one looking up? One is stepping up the stairs, the other staring up the steps.

Why are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit? Because they are all in a quiver.

What is the difference between the desert of Sahara and an ancient shoe? One is all sand and the other sand-al.

What kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of? Undressed morocco.

Why is a Hebrew in perfect health like a diamond? Because he is a Jew-well.

What celebrated convention would you be reminded of, on hearing a young lady giving advice to her uncle? Council of Nice.

What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a pretty woman.

Why is a French franc of no value compared with the American dollar? Because it is worth-less.

What are the features of a cannon? Cannon's mouth, cannon-ize, and cannon-eers.

What workman never turns to the left? A wheel-wright.

What sort of a throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A soar throat.

Where are the uttermost parts of the earth? Where there are the most women.

Why are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

"Turning points in life"—street corners.

Motto of a man who doesn't pay his debts: "Never give up."

If a man's aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will miss fire in the next.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his arm around her.

Some women are like shotguns. They would attract no attention were it not for their bangs.

"It is never too late to mend," which is why the cobbler never has your boots done at the time promised.

Before marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

When in conversation a man abruptly says, "beg pardon!" he means that he wishes to do all the talking himself.

When a man says he makes his living by keeping a country tavern, isn't it a sort of declaration of inn dependence.

Jones says that after trying for years to photograph his girl on his heart, all he got from her in the end was a negative.

"There's always room at the top," said the customer when he saw the way the grocer filled the measure with potatoes.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Jones with a sigh,

As her voice of a tempest gave warning.

"Quite out sir, indeed," was the servant's reply,

"For she finished the bottle this morning."

The lovely hair my Celia wears is hers,

Who would have thought it?

She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,

For I know where she bought it.

There was onst two cats in Kilkenny,

And aich thought there was one cat too **many**;

So they quarreled and fit,

And they gouged and they bit,

Till, excepting their nails,

And the tip of their tails,

Instead of two cats there wasn't any.

Ask a woman how old she is if you want to see her rage.

A humorous fellow being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered:

"Just thirteen feet eleven inches and a half."

"How came you to be so exact?" said the counsel.

"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and I just measured it."

When Erskine was in the full tide of success as a barrister, some of his fellow lawyers, wishing to annoy him, hired a boy to ask him, as he was going into court with his green bag stuffed with briefs, if he had any old clothes for sale.

"No, you young rascal!" said Erskine, "these are all new suits."

A juryman on ^{West} was asked whether he had been charged by the presiding judge. "Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit, and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he charges anything or not."

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,

In an epigram never should fail;

The body should always be little and sweet.

And a sting should be felt in the tail.

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LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c

The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness,
And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferred :
This does but roughen and design,
Leaves art to polish and refine.

Butler

A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.

Young.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

A blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.

Pope.

O'er nature's laws God cast the veil of night.
Out blazed a Newton's soul—and all was light.

Hill.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print ;
A book's a book although there's nothing in't.

Byron.

O cursed love of gold ; when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come. *Blair.*
A fool must now and then be right by chance. *Couper.*

I love to look on woman when her eye
 Beams with the radiant light of charity ;
 I love to look on woman when her face
 Glows with religion's pure and perfect grace :
 Oh then to her the loveliness is given
 Which thrills the heart of man like dreams of heaven.

Otis.

Trust not a woman when she weepeth, for it is her nature
 to weep when she wanteth her will.

Refinement creates beauty everywhere. It is the grossness
 of the spectator that discovers anything like grossness in
 the object.

Hazlitt.

Long galleries of ancestors

Challenge nor wonder nor esteem from me :

"Virtue alone is true nobility."

Dryden.

The choleric man drinks, the melancholic eats, the phleg-
 matic sleeps.

It is in the conflicts of Nature that man most feels his
 littleness.

There are very few original thinkers in the world, the
 greatest part of those who are called philosophers have adopt-
 ed the opinions of some who went before them.

Stewart.

The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
 He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

Young.

O woman ! whose form and whose soul

Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue ;

Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the pole,

If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Moore.

A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to
 make us forget them.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind

Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,

Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Pope.

Be thou as chaste as ice and pure as snow, thou shalt not
 escape calumny.

Shakspeare.

Narrowness of mind is the cause of obstinacy, as we do
 not easily believe what is beyond our sight.

La Rochefoucauld.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. *Congreve.*

Why lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer our sick hearts, or purchase ease?
Can these prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death? *Gay.*

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleased with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun. *Dryden.*

The poor dog! in life the firmest friend—
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone. *Byron.*
Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn every thing
that is beyond their range. *La Rochefoucauld.*

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man. *Young.*

Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places
and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they
want in weight they make up in number, and render it less
hazardous to stand one cannon ball than a volley of bullets.
Colton.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all. *Hill.*

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the
Bible and the Hymn Book, but which you can cure by a
good perspiration and a breath of fresh air. *Beecher.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! *Young.*

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to
one than a little, since a great deal will arouse us to remove
what a little will only accustom us to endure. *Greville.*

If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor. *Longfellow.*

A gen'ral sets his army in array
In vain, unless he fight and win the day. *Denham.*

Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body. *Cicero.*

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, must come in contact with other minds. *Longfellow.*

It is an easy thing to please or astonish a mob, but essentially to benefit and improve them is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with danger. *Colton.*

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways—
Roses of paradise fresh from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love. *Hood.*

Men naturally love to be cheated, and, provided the impostor is not too barefaced, will meet you halfway with all their hearts. *Tom Brown.*

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—when one ascends the other descends. *Bishop Hopkins.*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out. *Pope.*

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food. *Crabbe.*

If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteemed and read! *Swift.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see. *Pope.*

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing. *Longfellow.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. *Shakspeare.*

O woman! in our hours of ease
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made—
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou. *Scott.*

Man decides by reason; the judgment of woman her love is;
 There where she does not love, woman already has judged. *Schiller.*

Such moderation with thy bounty join
 That thou mayst nothing give that is not thine;
 That liberality is but cast away
 Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay. *Denham.*

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the
 credentials of impotence. *Lavater.*

The mother, in her office, holds the key
 Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
 Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
 But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.

We may recover out of the darkness of ignorance, but never
 out of that of presumption. *Stanislaus.*

The generous heart
 Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain. *Thomson*

Only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
 Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
 By name to come called charity,—the soul
 Of all the rest. *Milton.*

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
 Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din;
 Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God! *Byron.*

Oh surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
 Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart,
 By mere oppugnance of their own goodness,
 Reveals the approach of evil. *Coleridge.*

There is none
 In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
 A mother's heart. *Mrs. Hemans.*

O fairest of creation! last and best
 Of all God's works,—creature, in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.

Milton.

Age is the heaviest burden man can bear,
 Compound of disappointment, pain and care;
 For when the mind's experience comes at length,
 It comes to mourn the body's loss of strength;
 Resigned to ignorance all our better days,
 Knowledge just ripens when the man decays.

Heaven is not always angry when He strikes,
 But most chastises those whom He most likes.

Pomfret

The good are better made by ill,
 As odors crushed are sweeter still.

Rogers.

Age by degrees invisibly doth creep,
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

Denham.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Goldsmith.

Some through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
 Have slain their brothers, and their country sold.

Dryden.

Vain are their hopes who fancy to inherit,
 By trees of pedigree, or fame or merit;
 Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
 Old captains and dictators of their race.

Dryden.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone
 In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,
 Till the low rippled murmurs along the shore run,
 And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Whittier.

Wouldst thou be a happy liver,
 Let the past be past forever!
 Fret not, when prigs and pedants bore you;
 Enjoy the good that's set before you;
 But chiefly hate no man; the rest
 Leave thou to God, who knows what's best.

Goethe.

Adversity may make one wise, but not rich.

A lady recently married, and seemingly rather inexperienced in matters connected with domestic arrangements, was asked by her husband at table, the other day: "What part of the cow is the ham, my dear?"

She replied, thoughtfully: "Why, I guess it must be the leg—isn't it?"

A little fellow five or six years old, who had been wearing flannel jackets much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked about, and finally burst out, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this jacket?"

Being asked what made him so dirty, an unwashed street Arab's reply was: "I was made, as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

A school-boy spelled "sob," and when asked to define it, blundered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry, and it bursts out itself." Another defined a comma as a period with a tail.

Some Indians use scalping-knives of tortoise-shell; probably on account of the old fable in which the tortoise was alleged to have got away with the hare.

"How to tell a mad dog" is the title of an article that is going the rounds. We haven't anything to tell a mad dog that we couldn't send to him on a postal card.

A Dutchman was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and, wishing to say "good-bye" to a friend, extended his hand and said: "Vell, off I don'd come back, hullo."

Professor, deeply interested in his subject, "Just here I will make a remark that, if you take the trouble to inquire, you will find ninety-nine out of a hundred hold this opinion. Yes, I was about to say ninety-nine hundred out of a thousand."

Youth (with sad, love-struck air): "Oh! wilt thou be mine, my own dear birdie? I love you deeply, fondly, passionately, wildly! I cannot live without you. Say, oh! say thou wilt be mine!" *Maiden* (with downcast eyes): "Adolphus, is there anything the matter with my dress? I saw the Smith girls look at me curiously. Is my hair all right?"

A certain learned professor says: "We are justified in supposing that the primitive man must have been a woolly-haired, prognathous, dolicho-cephalous being, of a dark brown or blackish color."

Glad the thing is explained; it was always a puzzle before.

An Episcopal clergyman who rather likes a joke was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was hurrying to church, a little belated on Sunday morning. A friend, struck by his uncommon speed, inquired:

"Sir, why so fast?"

"In order," said he, "that he who runs may read."

Maiden Aunt (remonstrating with a street Arab): "Don't you know, sir, it's very dangerous to throw stones? That one very nearly hit me, sir! And supposing it had put my eye out and blinded me, what would you have done then?"

Street Boy. "Shure I'd have married ye, ov course!"

Dubbs, the speculator, met Stubbs, the real estate broker, in the street, one windy, dusty March day, and hailing Stubbs, asked him how real estate was.

"Well," said Stubbs, taking off his spectacles and wiping the dust out of his eyes, "real estate is very active to-day Mr. Dubbs; every one I see has a spec in his eye."

A seven-year-old was reproved, lately, for playing out doors with boys; she was too big for that now. But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied:

"Why, gramma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

Gramma took time to think.

A lady who had been traveling in Italy was asked by a friend how she liked Venice. "Oh, very much indeed!" was the reply. "I was unfortunate enough, however, to arrive there just at the time of a heavy flood, and we had to go about the streets in boats."

There is a story told of a fine old Cornish Squire who only drank brandy on two occasions—when he had goose for dinner and when he had not.

An old man with a head as destitute of hair as a water-melon entered a drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."

William Penn and Thomas Storey once took shelter beneath some house in Pennsylvania, from the rain. The owner came forth with great pomp of manner, and said, "How dare you take shelter here without my leave? Do you know who I am? I am the Mayor of this place." "Pooh! pooh!" said Friend Storey, "my friend here makes such things as thou art: he is the Governor of Pennsylvania."

With whiskers thick upon my face,
 I went my fair to see:
 She told me she could never love
 A bear-faced chap like me.
 I shaved them clean, and called again,
 And thought my trouble o'er;
 She laughed outright, and said I was
 More bare-faced than before.

A girl heard her father criticised severely across a dinner table. The careless critic paused a moment to say: "I hope he is no relative of yours, Miss." Quick as thought she replied with the utmost nonchalance: "Only a connection of my mother's by marriage."

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
 Stood watching a man with a monkey,
 A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
 Who was driving a stout little donkey.
 To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
 "There's a relation of yours in that carriage;"
 To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
 "Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage."

A Western coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There are two bullet holes in his skull." "Just so," replied the coroner, "he died from exposure to bullets."

True wit is like the brilliant stone
 Dug from the Indian mine,
 Which boasts two various powers in one,
 To cut as well as shine.
 Genius like that, if polished right,
 With the same gift abounds;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

Why are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate. (sin-till-late.)

What is it that a young lady looks for, but doesn't wish to find? A hole in her stocking.

Why is a steam engine at a fire an anomaly? Because it works and plays at the same time.

How did Jonah feel when swallowed by a whale? Down in the mouth.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it's past-your-age. (pasturage.)

Why is the letter *W* like scandal? Because it makes ill will.

What is that which is invisible yet never out of sight? The letter *S*.

Why is a comprehensive action an affectionate one? It *embraces* everything.

What's the difference between photographing and the whooping cough? One makes fac-similes, and the other makes sick families.

If you saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel disposed at once to name? Dickens—Howitt—Burns.

When is a man duplicated? When he's beside himself.

What is the best way to keep a man's love? Not to return it.

What are the most difficult ships to conquer? Hard-ships.

Why is a wedding ring like eternity? Because it has neither beginning nor end.

Why does a dressmaker never lose her hooks? Because she has an *eye* to each of them.

What's the difference between a cow and an old chair? One gives milk, the other gives way. (whey.)

Why are quinine and gentian like the Germans? Because they are two tonics. (teutonics.)

What's the color of a grass plat covered with snow? Invisible green.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow? Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

Edwin (hurriedly, as he starts for town): Look here, dear! I must get the lawn mowed.

Angelina. You mean—

Edwin. Of course! of course!—this lown mawed.

Angelina. Oh! you silly thing!

Edwin. Well, my dear! you see what a hurry I'm in. Of course, when I say the mawed loaned, I mean the lawed moaned—no! the mawn loaned. Confound it! it's the moan lawned. Pshaw!

Angelina. My love! you mean the load mawned.

Edwin. Do I? I mean the mawed loan. Pshaw! [Exit.]

There is a story of Solomon not contained in the "Book of Kings." Two of his court damsels had a row as to precedence. Solomon looked kindly and said, "Let the oldest go first," and the damsels embraced and went in together with entwined arms.

An Irishman was recently badly cut about the head in an accident and bleeding freely, but he remonstrated against having his wounds dressed, when the surgeon told him he would bleed to death if they were not attended to. His reply was characteristic. "Docthur," said he, "I never bled to death in all me life."

"That's my butcher!" said an actor to a friend, at the same time pointing to a lean, cadaverous-looking man just passing. "Looks pretty bad—doesn't he?"

"He *does* look bad," was the reply. "He looks as if you had dealt with him a long time—doesn't he?"

The subject was immediately changed.

A lady rang her own door bell. Nobody coming she rang again. Still nobody. Finally, at a louder, longer ring, the servant concluded to show himself. "Pray, are you deaf?" said the lady. "I beg pardon, madam," said the servant, tranquilly, "but I heard only the third ring."

A man out West claims to have a stone that Washington threw at a wood pecker on his father's cherry-tree.

When you have just fifteen minutes in which to eat your breakfast and catch the train, how it does soften the tender heart of man toward the gentler sex to see the waiter-girl, who went off to get his order, lean up against the sideboard, go to sleep, and dream of home and heaven and peace until the whistle blows.

A man left a bony steed on the street, and coming back, a short time afterward, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs, bearing the notice:

"Oats wanted—inquire within!"

A man went home, the other evening, and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window, with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife:

"I have gone out. You will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

There is a story from Paris of a dog that has been sleeping for three months. Alas! there are no such dogs in America. The American dog not only stays awake himself, but keeps every other living thing awake.

As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, popping his head out of the window, received a severe bump. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed "Dese Americans are queer people. Dey say 'Look out' when dey mean 'Look in!'"

After many days of arid dessication, the vapory captains marshaled their thundering hosts and poured out upon thirsting humanity and pulverizing vegetation a few inches of *aqua pluvialis*. That's the way one of those editors out West took to tell his readers that it rained.

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below, yelling up, "All right, I've got the valise; let go the rope."

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 4

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Woman, dear woman, still the same
While beauty breathes through soul or frame :
While man possesses heart and eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies.

Moore.

Tact is the life of the five senses. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact how to do it; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself.

God washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more. *Beecher.*

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This is a man. *Shakspeare.*

He's armed without that's innocent within. *Pope.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Dryden.

Whoever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

Swift.

When anger rushes, unrestrained, to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way:
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safest.

Overbury.

What avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?

Armstrong.

When men argue, the greatest part
O' the contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.

Butler.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.

Beecher.

Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

Young.

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue,
Walk thoughtful on the solemn silent shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.

Young.

I can march up to a fortress and summon a foe to surrender,

But march up to a woman with such a proposal I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it.

Longfellow.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good:

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

Age is all head, youth all heart ; age reasons, youth feels ;
age acts under the influence of disappointment, youth under
the dominion of hope.

The best part of beauty is that which no picture can express.

Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes.

Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines. *Young.*

Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, con-
tempt and disgrace follow. *Chapman.*

Time's current may wear wrinkles in the face, but not
reach the heart.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives
at the conviction that envy is ignorance ; that imitation is
suicide ; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as
his portion ; that, though the wide universe is full of good,
no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through
his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him
to till. *Emerson.*

Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting ;
The soul, that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Oh there are hours, aye moments, that contain
Feelings, that years may pass, and never bring.

Loveliness

Needs not the aid of foreign ornament ;
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse ;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign. *Cowper.*

Ev'ry one is eagle-eyed to see
Another's faults and his deformity. *Dryden.*

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the valleys
that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Every man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling within him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to the interior and less mutable being that we should attract ourselves, not to the changeable every-day man. *Von Humboldt.*

Discourse may want an animated "No!"
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease. *Cowper.*

The child-like faith that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves, aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine;
Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God and Christ below. *Keble.*

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine. *Shakspeare.*

A man, in this world, is a boy spelling in short syllables;
but he will combine them in the next. *Beecher.*

When men grow virtuous in old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings. *Swift.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Longfellow.*

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears. *Percival.*

Truth itself will not profit us so long as she is but held in the hand, and taken upon trust from other men's minds, not wooed and won and wedded by our own. *Locke.*

Of all the passions which possess the soul,
None so disturb vain mortals' minds
As vain ambition, which so blinds
The light of them, that nothing can control
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire. *Earl of Stirling.*

A gentleman met a rather "uncertain" acquaintance the other day, when the latter said: "I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," said the gentleman. "Well," said the "short" man, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I should ask you for \$5, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.

Let each one strive with all his might
 To be a decent man,
 To love his neighbor as himself,
 Upon the golden plan.
 And if his neighbor chance to be
 A pretty female woman,
 Why, love her all the more—you see,
 That's only acting human.

"Shall I help you to alight," said a young gentleman, addressing a country girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage. "Thank you, sir," sweetly replied the girl, "but I don't smoke."

As Pat, an odd joker, and Yankee more sly,
 Once riding together, a gallows passed by;
 Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
 Give that gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
 "Why, honey," says Pat, "faith, that's easily known—
 I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel:
 "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "What's this?" "It's bean soup, sir." "No matter what it has been, the question is, what is it now?"

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
 Shook hands and were as good friends as before.
 "Zounds," said the losing client, "how come you
 To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
 "Thou fool," says one, "we lawyers though so keen,
 Like shears ne'er *cut ourselves*, but what's between."

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short of stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.

"Attend your church," the parson cries.
 To church each fair one goes.
 The old go there to close their eyes,
 The young to eye their clothes.

At what time of day was Adam born? A little before Eve.
Why does a man sneeze three times? Because he cannot help it.

Why is a very ugly female a wonderful woman? Because she is an extra-ordinary one.

Why are some women like facts? Because they are stubborn things.

On what day in the year do women talk the least? The shortest day.

What three letters turn a girl into a woman? *A-g-e*.

Why is an account book like a statuary shop? It is full of figures.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it isn't fit for use till it's broken.

When is an army totally destroyed? When its soldiers are all in quarters.

Why is a defeated army like wool? Because it's *worsted*.

What is tantalizing? Giving invitations only to tea.

Why are books your best friends? Because when they bore you, you can shut them up without giving offence.

Why are pipes humbugs? Because the best are mere-shams.

What's the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other, killing with intent to salt.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

When does a chair dislike you? When it can't bear you.

Why is a tournament like sleep? It is a nightly occupation.

What word may be pronounced quicker, by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

What do we often catch yet never see? A passing remark.

Why is a butcher's cart like his top boots? Because he carries his calves there.

When is a gun like a dismissed servant? When it is discharged and goes off.

Why is a man who beats his wife like a thoroughbred horse? He's a perfect brute.

Why ought meat to be only half cooked? Because what's done cannot be helped.

"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear." "The plate," shouted the boy.

At an auction of household articles the auctioneer held up a thermometer and pleaded for a bid. No one seemed to want it, and he turned to a farmer-looking man, and said: "Take it, examine it, and give me a quarter for it." "No—no," replied the man, backing off. "What! Don't you want a thermometer?" "No, sir; I had one a year or two ago, and I worked and worked, and fooled around and fooled around, and I could never keep it regulated worth a cent. Hang it, I couldn't even open the ornery thing."

A wag, in "what he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widow's weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say "wilt thou?" and they wilt.

"I was very near selling my boots, the other day," said Joe to a friend.

"How so?"

"I had them half-soled."

A preacher was standing, on a Monday morning, at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our very best tatures—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say, in your sermon, the *common tatures* didn't agree with you."

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats the corn and crows with it: the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know," replied the landlady, "for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions for conscience' sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

A youth of Hibernian extraction in chopping wood with a hatchet the other day was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand with which he was steadying the piece of kindling he was splitting. Ruefully gazing at the injured member he remarked: "Be gorra, it was a good thing that I did not have hold of the handle with both hands, or I'd have cut it off sure."

A certain Circuit Judge was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remark from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in his rounds. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said: "Judge, why don't you squelch that fellow?" The Judge, dropping his knife and fork and placing his chin upon his hands and his elbows on the table, remarked: "Up in our town a widow woman has a yellow dog that, whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the stoop and barks and barks away at it all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time it was asked: "Well, Judge, what of the dog and the moon?" "Oh, the moon kept right on," he said.

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that there are times when you can shut up an umbrella.

Little Robbie went to a show for the first time in his life. When he came home, his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded: "At the parsonage."

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 3

THE DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING.*

ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. EBENEZER PADELTHORP, who will give away his daughter to-morrow.

MRS. EBENEZER PADELTHORP, who will be given a son-in-law to-morrow.

MR. ALFRED WARFORD, who will be married to-morrow.

MISS ADA PADELTHORP, who will be married to-morrow.

MR. DICK PADELTHORP, who will be best man, and who wishes it might be his own wedding, to-morrow.

MISS DOLLIE BOSTON, who will be Ada's bridesmaid, and her own bride some other to-morrow.

SCENE—*Mrs. Padelthorp's drawing-room. Enter Dollie Boston in traveling costume, leaning on the arms of old Mr. Padelthorp and Dick; Dick carries her small leather satchel. In the rear are Mrs. Padelthorp and Ada.*

ADA. So good of you to come in an early train, dear Dollie. We will take the whole of this day to inspect my trousseau,—some of the loveliest creations you ever set your eyes on.

MRS. P. I should think that in the breast of a young woman who will be a wife to-morrow, there should be more serious thoughts than such as dwell on wedding finery. I am sure it was so in my case when I was about to be married.

DOLLIE. But with a bridesmaid, Mrs. Padelthorp, it is allowable. And then, you know, Ada and I were inseparable in school, and were sisters in theory.

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DICK. And soon to be sisters in fact.

MR. P. Dick, you might do more graceful things than to remind your fiancée that she must shortly assume the responsibility of being a member of the clan of Padelthorp. And, yes, Ada, as your mother observes, as to-morrow will be your bridal day, when at the altar you will assume the halter, you might better employ the time than by chuckling over gew-gaws and baubles of vanity, even though your gossip be your bridesmaid and the bride-elect of your brother. Not that I would preach to you; preaching sometimes makes me dull and out of humor, and I mean to preserve a seraphic state of mind until after the ceremony of your marriage—then if there is anything to aggravate me, I am bound to be a whole zoological garden of irritability. At the same time, there are solemn duties of the married life which —

MRS. P. Ebenezer, if preaching makes you dull, how do you suppose these rhetorical lectures affect us? Enough to say, my child, that your father and I sincerely trust that you will be as happy with your Alfred as I have been with my Ebenezer.

MR. P. And that your Alfred will be as joyous with his Ada, as your mother's Ebenezer has been with his Nancy. We never tiff, nor quarrel, nor blame each other for anything, do we wife?

MRS. P. Never. Mutual forbearance is the prime motor of married life. Your father and I are a proverbially contented couple, often considered quite a shining example for our friends, and as for quarreling or having differences of opinion —

ADA. Dear me! You speak as though there was a faint possibility of Alfred and I sometimes quarreling or having differences of opinion. I can answer for him, as I can answer for myself, that never will a thought other than loving, faithful and full of confidence find entrance to the heart of either of us.

DOLLIE. Oh, you angel! (*Kisses her; then in a low voice.*) Thus it is with Dick and me; we have made up our minds that all the world combined shall never ruffle our dear trust and affection.

DICK. The world? The spheres above are as powerless! But why are we keeping Dollie here?—she should be in her own room removing her hat. Take her there, Ada, and —

Bell rings.

ADA. Oh, there is Alfred, I am sure of it; he was to come by an early train, too, and stays here until the ceremony. He must have been on your train, Dollie; what a pity you never met one another, he would have been a delightful escort, dear, and I shouldn't have been a bit jealous. (*Kisses her.*) Mamma, you take Dollie to her room, I must go and meet Alfred. (*Exit.*)

MR. P. And I'll get out of the way, lest they protract the meeting even till they come to this room; there is no telling when or where the meeting of two lovers will end. Go, mother, carry the victim to the shambles—that is, take Dollie to her room.

Mrs. P. goes through doorway at top of stage, escorting Dollie; Mr. P. follows, whistling or singing; Dick remains behind, throwing kisses after Dollie; at last, in taking both hands to throw a kiss, the bag falls to the floor and breaks open.

DICK. Good gracious! I forgot to give Dollie her bag, and here I have destroyed the lock. (*Gathers up the bag, and gives utterance to an exclamation.*) What! her bag? Yes, for here are her gloves. (*Puts in his hand and brings out a new pair of gloves which he examines.*) The color of Ada's wedding gown, and number five and a-half, the size Dollie wears. A lady-hand, a nervous affectionate little hand; but (*pulling out a razor, a choker-collar, a pair of men's linen cuffs, and a pair of suspenders*) how did a gentleman's razor, his collar, his cuffs, and his silk suspenders get into that bag?—Dollie's bag? Her bag, with a man's accoutrements in it! Can it be possible that—no, no; and yet—Hush! Some one comes; I must not be found searching the bag. (*Throws the bag behind a chair.*)

Enter Warford, Ada leaning on his arm, and carrying his small leather satchel, which resembles the bag behind the chair.

ADA. O Alfred, how sweet of you to come so early. And so you were not on the train with Dollie Boston, but arrived an hour ago and attended to some business before

coming nere. For shame, sir; the idea of placing business before me!

WARFORD. Business before pleasure, my friend, as the venerable moral copy-books have it. Ah—is that you. Dick? Why, Dick, old man, how are you (*taking his hand*)?

DICK. Ah—ah—

WARFORD. What's the matter with you; have you taken to stuttering? You look peculiar, too, almost as though you might be brewing a chill!

DICK (*aside*). He calls it a *chill*! (*Aloud.*) I—I—am—the fact is—

ADA. The fact is, Dollie is here, and there is small chance of many *tete-a-tetes* isn't that it, Dicky? It has something to do with Dollie, no matter what ails you.

DICK. Yes, it certainly has something to do with Dollie. (*Aside.*) I must not let them know the truth. Oh, the perfidy of women! A razor!—a razor, of all things a razor! and silk suspenders! oh!

ADA (*who has been paying most attention to Warford*). Well, you do look odd, Dick, and, as Alfred suggests, as though you were on the point of having a chill. Go and take some quinine. There! I mean to be as particular about Alfred as you were about Dollie, so I order you to escort him to his room. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once!"

WARFORD. For which I shall be correspondingly thankful, as the dust has made me scarcely presentable, and is doing its best to enter my constitution. I am, to put it mildly, gritty. (*Dick, with a parting look at the bag behind the chair, moves off with Warford, Ada looking after them smiling.*)

ADA. The loveliest man on the face of the globe! His beauty is almost sensational, it is so pronounced! And papa and mamma to suggest that we should ever quarrel or have the softest of hard feelings for one another! It was almost wicked of papa! (*She plays with the clasp of the bag until she opens it.*) Oh, dear! what have I done? I have gone and opened Alfred's bag! Dear, dear! I wonder if a woman dare assert the rights of a wife the day before her marriage? No; curiosity was never one of my besetting sins; I am the least curious woman I know. Now any other

woman would think nothing of looking into this bag, but I should despise myself were I to do such a thing. I am sure I know what is in it at the same time. Dear Alfred has here a handkerchief or so, to last until his trunk arrives later on. Ah—his dear gloves, the color of my wedding gown! (*Puts her hand in the bag and takes out a new pair of gloves the color of those Dick found in Dollie's bag.*) Seven and a-half! What a manly hand it is! (*Kisses one of the gloves, puts it on, and lays her cheek against it.*) Of all the noble beings on the earth's surface, Alfred Warford is the noblest; even his gloves remind one of a hero's hand, that commands and still is generous! But I will put them in the bag again, and take all to his room door. I can see his tender smile as he receives the bag from me and says with deep emotion, "Thank you." And then—but what is this? (*Takes out a lace collar and cuffs, and one or two other articles of ladies' apparel.*) His bag, and holding this trumpery! He had business which prevented his coming here at once, had he! Business! And yet I must not be hasty; women are proverbially hasty and illogical. I am the least hasty woman I know. Now I wonder if a woman, the day before her marriage, has the immunities as well as the responsibilities of a wife? If so, I shall certainly demand an explanation. And then Dick's constrained manner when Alfred came in! Alfred accused him of chills! Is it possible that my brother knows something terrible, which for my sake he refuses to divulge? How do I know but "chills" may be a countersign! Oh, the treachery of man!—even my own brother! I will take this bag to Alfred and exact an explanation; if he says only "thank you," I shall go into hysterics, I know I shall.

Ada goes excitedly to door, when Dollie faces her, coming in. Ada hides the bag behind her.

DOLLIE (*aside*). How provoking! I was sure Dick kept my bag so that I should come after it and find him here alone and have a little chat with him. (*Aloud.*) Where is Dick, Ada, dear?

ADA. I don't know—that is, he's with a scorpion—I mean the treacherous—I don't know what I mean, and I don't care; and I don't know where he is, and I'm glad of it!

DOLLIE (*aside*). How strangely she behaves, and how slightly she speaks of dear Dick. (*Aloud.*) Dick forgot to give me my bag.

ADA. *Bag!* I wish there never had been such a thing as a bag invented. Dollie Boston, I have arrived at the conclusion that the world is all saw-dust! Yes I have; if you contradict me, I shall make a face at you!

DOLLIE. I have no intention of contradicting you, for I am not at all decided in my own mind as to what the world really is composed of. Scientists assert —

ADA. Bother scientists! What do I care for scientists? Scientists are men, aren't they?

DOLLIE. Many of them are. But so is Dick a man.

ADA. A man! Alas! Dollie Boston, never trust a man! I have had proof this very morning that of all the deceitful creatures on the face of this horrible globe, a certain man who is nearer to you and me than he deserves to be, is the most deceitful. I have discovered that a man professing to adore a trusting girl is, at the same moment when he is vowing all manner of things to her, on the most familiar terms with another lady. What do you think of that for a man?

DOLLIE (*confusedly*). Think of it? (*Aside.*) She plainly means to impress me; she said she did not know where Dick was and was glad of it—and how she said alas, when I informed her that Dick was a man. Is it possible that she knows of some defection of Dick's and would warn me? Is it that which caused her to say she wanted to have me with her all this day, and invented the plea of an inspection of the wedding outfit that she might have me in privacy and so take occasion to tell me all—or at least hint at it? for she is his sister and would hardly accuse him openly. Is it possible of Dick? (*Aloud.*) Ada, whatever do you mean by these odd words? Tell me.

ADA. I mean that in this room at this present moment there is a much deceived girl, and that I am going to avenge her, and—and (*weeping*)—oh, I must go to mamma! I must go to mamma! Bah! (*Makes face and runs out.*)

DOLLIE. A much deceived girl in this room at this present moment, and she is going to avenge her! What am I to make of it all? To whom does she refer?

DICK (*coming in at door, and not perceiving Dollie*). I could not stay and listen to his raptures about the woman of his choice, while I felt the probability of the object of my own choice being a failure. And my own sister, in whose veins flows my father's and mother's blood, immediately flew at the notion that it was a chill, and suggested quinine. A sister, mind you! Quinine! ye gods!

DOLLIE. I cannot bear to believe ill of him; and yet he appears worried—nay, positively as though he tried to conceal a harassing something. But I shall not let him perceive that his sister has influenced me. (*Calls cheerfully.*) Dick!

DICK (*starting*). I did not expect to find her here. (*Aloud.*) How de do, Dollie!

DOLLIE (*aside*). How de do, Dollie! Would an innocent man say that? This is a beautiful beginning. Was he exerting himself to blind his mother and father when he was so kind and attentive to me a little while ago?—desiring that I should be hurriedly shown to my room, maybe feeling reproached in my presence? (*Aloud.*) You forgot to give me my bag.

DICK. Bag! I wish there had never been a bag made!

DOLLIE (*aside*). This aversion to bags seems to run in the family. (*Aloud.*) I fail to understand you. You are keeping my bag from me, and I wish to have it—there is something in it which I need.

DICK (*aside*). Something which she needs! Is it the razor? Oh, daughter of Eve! (*Aloud.*) Was it your bag which you handed me to carry when I met you on the street as I hurried to the station to escort you here?

DOLLIE (*aside*). He is confused, and uses the bag as a non-committal subject of conversation. (*Aloud, coldly.*) To be sure it was my bag; whose else could it be? I am not an express company, carrying around the world's luggage I hope!

DICK (*aside*). This is not her ordinary warm and open demeanor. (*Aloud.*) Positively your bag?

DOLLIE. Positively I do not understand you; what do you mean?

DICK (*aside*). She evades an answer. (*Aloud.*) I mean nothing—I never mean anything.

DOLLIE (*aside*). Never means anything, doesn't he!

DICK (*rushing behind chair and picking up the bag, which he holds up, saying excitedly*). So this is yours, is it?—yours?—your very own?

DOLLIE. Mine! my very own! I know it by the broken lock!

DICK. And you declare that its contents are your own private property for your own use and adornment?

DOLLIE. What a rigmarole! (*Aside*.) Surely the bag is used as a non-committal subject! This is the manner of a guilty man! (*Aloud*.) I answer your question by requesting you to let me have the bag.

DICK (*aside*). Again she evades a direct answer. (*Aloud*.) Pray answer my question the way I wish it answered!

DOLLIE (*Aside*). I am actually becoming afraid of him. (*Aloud*.) I yield to the nonsense of the situation and answer, yes, the contents of that bag are my own private property, for my own individual and personal use and behoof. Is that sufficiently comprehensive? But now I refuse to have the bag; I see plainly that there is something behind all this, and that you do not intend to be open with me,—I can guess at the reason of your reticence; your sister has generously hinted at the truth. Sir, I am astonished at your effrontery and lack of manliness. I leave you to your own reflections and shall, in order to prevent gossip, to-morrow act in the capacity of your sister's bridesmaid; after which you and I shall never stand together again—we are strangers henceforth. (*Exit*.)

DICK. In the name of all that's horrible, was there ever so deep a woman as this, with her razor and pair of silk suspenders! She throws the blame on me, accuses me of unmanliness when she finds herself trapped. That's a woman, all the world over! And I thought her the sweetest, most unsophisticated of creatures! She has even dared to say that Ada has hinted at something detrimental to me. She has taken to heart something which Ada has said; for my sister has probably found out that she has been treating me shamefully—that is why Ada would not leave us alone together, and was so anxious to have her look at the wedding finery. My sister has found out something, and has warned her that she must not further attempt to deceive

me. And she turns it about and throws some vague blame on me, and—O Ada, Ada, you were true to me, even though you recommended quinine. Oh, horrible, horrible! And yet I must go to father and beseech him to notice nothing to-morrow, and not to comment upon any constraint which he, in his satisfaction over Ada's happiness, may notice in Dollie Boston or me. Let me remember the Spartan youth who smiled while the fox gnawed at his vitals.

Exit Dick, carrying the bag. Enter Ada and Warford; Ada has Warford's bag, and is haughty in her carriage.

WARFORD. Really, Ada, I cannot comprehend this treatment. I ask you for my bag, and you vouchsafe me not a word in reply, but motioning me to follow, you lead the way to this room.

ADA. So that papa may not hear. My father is celebrated for his gentle disposition; these gentle dispositions are the most reckless when aroused. I am firmly persuaded that were he to know all, your life would be in danger.

WARFORD. My life in danger if your father were to know all! All what?

ADA. Mamma knows; I have just told her!

WARFORD. Told her what?

ADA. That this is your bag.

WARFORD. What has my bag got to do with it?—I would have told her so much myself.

ADA. You would?

WARFORD. More; I would announce my ownership of that bag to the whole world, if it were desirable to make such acknowledgment an international episode.

ADA. Do not insult me with ill-timed jests, Mr. Warford!

WARFORD. *Mister* Warford! This is the most remarkable proceeding with which I have ever had to do. You meet me as I enter the house, all smiles and cajoleries; every member of your family is delighted to see me on the day before the wedding. A few minutes later and you, the bride-elect, are antipodal to even common courtesy. Your brother also —

ADA. What of him?

WARFORD. While in the room assigned to me, he acted

in the most remarkable manner, paid no attention to anything I said, and with a well-defined expression of disgust on his countenance he suddenly and without excuse left my presence. (*Walks angrily up and down.*)

ADA (*aside*). Then Dick *does* know, and would not tell me—would actually allow me to go to the altar and plight my troth to this man, and never take me into the miserable secret! The perfidy of man! I would not trust my own great-grandfather after this! And yet I must assume the position of a court of equity in this matter and use law and justice both. (*Aloud.*) Will you be good enough to pause in your perambulations, Mr. Warford, and attend to me? Is this your bag, sir?

WARFORD (*stopping in front of her*). Ada, I am positively annoyed. Of course it is my bag; and you know that it is.

ADA. Pray answer my questions, and reserve to yourself elaborate expressions which are not to the point. Are the articles in this bag your own personal property?

WARFORD. Of course they are. Have you been looking —

ADA. Never mind me; attend to my questions. When you arrived to-day, you spoke of some business which had detained you from coming earlier to me.

WARFORD. It was a little affair of a private nature.

ADA. Without doubt.

WARFORD. What do you mean by "Without doubt?"

ADA. Simply "Without doubt;" nothing more, I assure you. And that little affair?

WARFORD. I made several trifling purchases of wearing apparel, in fact a collar or so —

ADA (*aside*). He does not say a *lace* collar, though. Oh, slyness!

WARFORD. A handkerchief or two, all that I had being packed in my trunk —

ADA (*aside*). He does not say that it was a point-lace handkerchief or two.

WARFORD. I believe there was also a pair of silk —

ADA. Yes, yes, I know! (*Aside.*) I can stand this no longer!

WARFORD (*aside*). What can possibly be the truth of all this? Her manner! her brother's manner when I praised and extolled her! Can it be?—is it possible that she is en-

deavoring to force me into a quarrel?—that she desires to break off our marriage even at this late date, and is purposely keeping my bag from me that she may ask irrelevant questions, and irritate me into saying something harsh and so jilt me? Is there some one else who has gained her heart? I did not like her sending Dollie Boston to her room before presenting me—Dollie Boston might have told the truth in her mode of treating me, for Dollie is Dick's fiancée, and naturally sides with his sister. Yes, there is no gainsaying it; a flash of intuition informs me that Ada has bestowed her affections upon some one else, and intends that there shall be no marriage to-morrow. That one so fair should be so subtle! (*Aloud.*) Miss Padelthorp, it would be useless to pretend ignorance of your motive; I own to understanding your conduct.

ADA (*aside*). He owns to it! oh, my heart!

WARFORD. At first I was desirous of palliating the offence; but your retaining possession of that bag proves to me that you would say more, and that on the strength of having me talk about the bag —

ADA (*aside, her hand over her heart*). My heart will break! He acknowledges all!

WARFORD. You will have it so. And if it be your desire —

Enter Mrs. Padelthorp.

MRS. P. It is her desire!

ADA. Oh, mamma, mamma! (*Runs to her mother and hides her face upon her neck.*)

MRS. P. My poor injured darling! I will be your partisan. Leave us, dear child!—there is sure to be a scene, and witnessing it you would only suffer the more.

WARFORD (*aside*). A scene! The mother is to explain to me about the other fellow.

MRS. P. Go, dear! There, kiss me, and go.

Ada weepingly kisses her mother, looks at Warford, then crying, "Oh, oh, oh!" rushes from the stage, carrying the bag with her.

MRS. P. Mr. Warford!

WARFORD. Mrs. Padelthorp!

MRS. P. (*aside*). The very assurance of a culprit. He is acting as remarkably as a brazen kettle without a lid.

(*Aloud.*) My daughter has, I presume, informed you that under existing circumstances, the ceremony of to-morrow would be a farce.

WARFORD. Or a tragedy.

MRS. P. (*aside.*) Would he murder the child at the altar! Oh, if the reporters should get hold of this!

WARFORD. Your daughter, madam, has done what she could to make it patent to me that my coming here was something of a burlesque which might have a transformation scene into the tragical.

MRS. P. Ah, I see; you refer to her father's treatment of you, should he find you still here after the disclosure my daughter made to me a few minutes since.

WARFORD (*aside.*) Only a few minutes ago? Then she has deceived her parents as well, and has told them only after I entered the house, and while I was intent upon thinking of to-morrow's bliss. (*Aloud.*) She did mention something about the anger of her father; I trust he will not be seriously offended; you know "Women are changeable," as the song has it.

MRS. P. (*aside.*) The cool audacity of the man is overwhelming. And yet I must not let him see that I take anything too much to heart. I must get him away before Ebenezer comes in, for Ebenezer's happy disposition will never accuse the man sufficiently, and Ada will appear trifling in the eyes of this wretch. (*Aloud.*) Ebenezer—that is, Mr. Padelthorp, has a most violent temper which, when aroused, is difficult to quell. (*Aside.*) I hope Ebenezer will forgive me; he has the temper of a lamb; nay, of a leg of lamb with mint-sauce and French peas. (*Aloud.*) And so, I thought that if you would take the next train and leave us, a very miserable scene might be averted.

WARFORD (*aside.*) They are in a terrific hurry to be rid of me. Can it be that the other fellow will take my once-expected place to-morrow? (*Aloud.*) There will, then, be no ceremony to-morrow?

MRS. P. (*aside.*) Such double-dyed heartlessness! And yet I must keep calm. I will, to prevent his making a scandal of the whole thing—I will tell him how Ada hopes that she may prevail upon Dollie to take her place to-mor-

row, with Dick for the bridegroom; and as the ceremony was to be strictly private, and only the clergyman and our family were expected at Ada's wedding, there will seem to have been some mistake about the affair, which mistake was not ours. I fear it is weak logic, but it is the best that I can command just now—Ada must not be talked about. Oh, to get this man away before Dick knows anything and has no occasion to be bloodthirsty! (*Aloud.*) What did you observe?

WARFORD. That there would be no ceremony to-morrow?

MRS. P. There may be a ceremony to-morrow, but naturally you will not be one of the high-contracting parties.

WARFORD. Madam, I am answered. Allow me to go for my hat. (*Exit.*)

Dollie Boston runs in.

DOLLIE (*weeping*). I waited until your visitor had gone before I ventured in. I am lo-lookuping for my b-bag.

MRS. P. Why what is the matter, child? Have we not enough sorrow without yours?

DOLLIE (*aside*). Her sorrow is Dick's carrying-on. (*Aloud.*) I respect your sorrow, dear Mrs. Padelthorp, and I shall always be a friend to you and Mr. Padelthorp and dear Ada; but I want my b-bag.

MRS. P. Your sympathy for my trouble adds a new grace to you, dear Dollie. You shall always be a loved daughter to me, and after the ceremony to-morrow —

DOLLIE. I shall have nothing to do with any ceremony to-morrow; I am going home *now*; I am looking for my bag.

MRS. P. What in the name of all that's trying! Hasn't Ada been to tell you about the changes in to-morrow's programme?

DOLLIE. I have not seen Ada since she told me about the perfidy of a man whom I had thought the soul of honor.

MRS. P. Yes, it is terrible. My only fear is that my husband will find it out before the wretch leaves the house—which he will do in a very few moments (*weeping*).

DOLLIE. Don't! don't! I can't bear to think of his being turned away. I want my bag; it had my handkerchiefs in it; I have wetted this one through and through with my tears.

MRS. P. But to-morrow tears must end.

DOLLIE. Not *my* tears.

MRS. P. But I had hoped that Ada had persuaded you about the wedding.

DOLLIE. I cannot stay for that wedding. I could not do it—I should die.

MRS. P. (*aside*.) Then she does not love Dick! And I have been almost a suppliant at the feet of a fickle girl. (*Aloud and seriously*.) Under the circumstances, then, perhaps it is as well that you should go.

DOLLIE (*in great anguish*). Even his mother turns against me for not going against myself. (*Exit*.)

MRS. P. My heart will burst! My daughter promised to marry the falsest of men, my son engaged to a girl who jilts him at such a time as this! Let me go to my room! Oh, here is Ebenezer! (*Exit at side*.)

Enter at top of stage Mr. P. and Dick, who carries Dollie's bag.

MR. P. (*happily*.) So you want me to keep quiet, do you, until to-morrow's ceremony is over. It appears to me that you are making a mountain out of a mole-hill. If the young lady has a passion for razors, and the like, let us call it an idiosyncrasy and have her life insured.

DICK. Father, you treat the matter altogether too lightly. I have done with her.

MR. P. Well, have done with her and these heroics at one and the same time. If there is anything I dislike, it is a ruffling of the happy temperament I am usually in. I hate a fuss.

DICK. My fear was that *you* might make what is called a fuss about it.

MR. P. (*laughing*.) I! bless your heart; I am going to make a fuss about nothing; I intend to keep up an absolutely seraphic state of mind until Ada's wedding is over. The dear child, the apple of her father's eye, shall see me the merriest of you all. I believe I could dance now if I tried (*dances*).

DICK. This is a father for you!

MR. P. No, Dick, my boy, I honor you too much to take any heed of your little tiff with Dollie,—for I insist upon

saying you have had a tiff because you have discovered that she is the bearded-lady and shaves.

DICK. Why, father, I have discovered nothing of the sort.

MR. P. Haven't you just told me that you found a razor in her satchel? And are not razors intended for shaving?

DICK. I told you only so much, and left you to draw your own conclusions.

MR. P. I never conclude; we are compelled to change our opinions too often to be conclusive about anything. And as for drawing, why you couldn't tell my horses from my flies when I used to make pictures to amuse you and Ada.

DICK (*aside*). He is so much impressed with Ada's happiness that he will see nothing clearly. Perhaps I should have been wiser had I said not a word, and allowed to-morrow to provide for itself—and yet —

MR. P. There, Dicky, my son, go and make your peace with Dollie, and give her her razor and show her how to shave around her pretty dimples.

DICK. Your levity is simply insulting, father. (*Exit.*)

MR. P. What! Ha! Insulting, eh! and calls a seraphic state of mind levity! How dare he speak thus to me! My own son, in my own house, to tell me that I am insulting and given to levity! (*Strides up and down. Enter Mrs. P.*)

MRS. P. Poor Ebenezer! I have come to him for comfort, and find him comfortless. He knows all—Ada must have told him, although she promised to say not a word. You can never trust an angry woman to keep quiet. And yet it is a relief to me that he knows; we can sympathize together. (*Aloud.*) Don't take it so hard, Ebenezer, don't.

MR. P. (*observing her for the first time.*) Yes, I will, Nancy; I shall take it just as hard as ever I please—harder, if I am so inclined!

MRS. P. Well, I'm sure you needn't snap off my head about it.

MR. P. Yes, I will, if I want to—I—I mean who wants to snap off *your* head?

MRS. P. (*aside.*) He emphasizes *my* head—he calls it *your* head, as though it were inferior to every other head that tops a pair of shoulders. (*Aloud.*) How dare you, sir, to cast reflections upon the head of your wife of nearly a quarter of a century?

MR. P. And one of our children, the most ridiculous child that was ever called the offspring of a peaceable man, oh, woman!—

MRS. P. Don't call me a woman. And I can only hope that you do not refer to yourself as a peaceable man. And also allow me to say that the child you so cuttingly refer to is as injured a child as ever said "Mother" to a loving woman!

MR. P. You refer to yourself as a *loving* woman, do you? Yet you take umbrage at the term *woman* with the adjective left off. Such is your sex!

MRS. P. Don't call me my sex, Ebenezer; I really will not stand it! First I am ridiculed in my head, then I am deprecatingly called a woman, and lastly I am denominated my sex! I insist that the child whom you say is ridiculous —

MR. P. And impudent, and unfilial, and full of nonsensical talk about razors, and the like!

MRS. P. Razors! Ebenezer, you have been drinking; your tongue is uncertain! You may stigmatize my head, you may call me a woman or a sex; anything may be expected from an intoxicated person!

MR. P. Who is intoxicated? I am sober as a judge—soberer; I am sober as yourself.

MRS. P. You evidently intend that as an apologetic compliment.

MR. P. I intend it as a biting reproach!

MRS. P. And this is the man I likened to a baked leg of lamb! he is a deviled-crab, full of curry powder! Ebenezer, your reproaches are on a par with your anger against your shamefully used child,—that anger which I at first supposed was the indignation of an incensed parent.

MR. P. I *am* an incensed parent; you never saw a parent more incensed than this one. And when my child openly humiliates me because of an innocent razor —

MRS. P. I cannot understand; why do you say "an innocent razor?"

MR. P. Would you expect me to say a guilty razor? I am afraid you are asleep!

MRS. P. I wish you were as wide awake!

MR. P. I should, in that case, believe that I had the nightmare!

MRS. P. Night-donkey, rather, you intoxicated creature!

MR. P. Nancy, address me as an intoxicated creature once more, and I shall call you a woman all the rest of your life!

MRS. P. I really apprehend personal violence, you intoxicated creature! Help! help! Ada! Dick!

Enter Ada with bag on her arm; she goes to her mother. Enter Dick with bag on his arm; he goes and takes hold of his father; Mrs. P. all the time calling "Help!"

DICK. Father, father, calm yourself!

MR. P. I will not; I don't want to calm myself; I wouldn't be calm for anything. And all your fault!

MRS. P. Help! help! O Ada! O Dick! your father called me a sex, and a woman, and said horrible things about my poor old head!

MR. P. She said I was an intoxicated creature!

MRS. P. He insisted upon speaking about razors, and no one who is not under the influence of liquor would have thought of such a thing!

ADA. Razors! What does he mean?

MRS. P. You'd better not ask him; he'll call you a woman too!

MR. P. Then I'll give the information without being asked. Dick, here, gave me any amount of impudence simply because when he told me that Dollie uses a razor, I said that possibly she wore a beard.

DICK. I never told you that she uses a razor!

MR. P. Don't add to your flagrancy by accusing me of falsehood!

ADA. Dollie use a razor! What *does* he mean?

MRS. P. And yet he insists that he is not intoxicated! Ada, when you found your father in this condition, how *could* you tell him your trouble?

ADA. I told him nothing.

MRS. P. Nothing? Then it is positively delirium tremens.

ADA. But a razor?—Dollie use a razor?

MR. P. I have only your brother's word for it; he found a razor in her bag.

ADA. In her *bag*?

MR. P. There it is upon his *arm*.

ADA. Why, it is like this one upon *my* arm!

MR. P. I suppose yours is a whole magazine of dangerous articles?

ADA. It certainly carries with it danger to my happiness.

DICK. As its fellow carries danger to mine.

MRS. P. Whose bags are they?—they are precisely alike.

ADA. This is *his*!

DICK. This is *hers*!

ADA. *His* contains a part of a lady's wardrobe! oh! —

DICK. *Hers* a part of a gentleman's! There! the story is out! I cannot understand it that Warford —

ADA. Don't disparage Warford. And your Dollie —

MRS. P. Ebenezer! —

MR. P. Nancy! —

Enter Dollie Boston in bonnet and cloak. Enter Warford, overcoat on, hat in hand.

DOLLIE. My bag (*running to Ada and catching hold of bag*)! I am going home!

WARFORD. My bag (*running to Dick and catching hold of bag*)! I must catch the train!

ADA. This is not your bag, Dollie!

DICK. This is not yours, Warford!

DOLLIE. Ada, that is surely mine—and yet the lock of mine was broken.

ADA (*opening bag and taking out gloves*). Are these your gloves, Dollie?—seven and a-half gentleman's?

WARFORD. They are mine—the color of your wedding gown!

DICK (*to Dollie*). Is this your razor?

DOLLIE. No, but those are my gloves—the color of Ada's wedding gown! I stopped to get them this morning on my way through your principal street here, before I met you, Dick.

WARFORD. As I stopped to get mine. That is my razor; those are my silk suspenders—gracious powers! the second flash of intuition which has seized me within a half hour, informs me that you, Miss Boston—that you are the lady who stood beside me at the glove counter with a bit of silk matching some gloves, as I was doing. I see it all—our bags are alike—we placed them on the counter; in the

hurry to get to Ada, I took your bag, threw in my gloves, and rushed off; you put your gloves into *my* bag and —

DICK. O Dollie, Dollie, can you ever forgive me for the jealous things I have thought of you on account of your gloves being mixed up with the razor?

DOLLIE. Can you forgive me for the jealous things I thought of you, without even a razor and a pair of gloves to give a little plausibility to the thought?

ADA. O Alfred, I feared your bag held articles belonging to a lady whom you cared more for than you did for me.

WARFORD. And I had murderous thoughts of some other fellow.

MRS. P. O Ebenezer!

MR. P. O Nancy! we boasted of the happiness of married life, and quarreled for the first time since our wedding. I even lost my seraphic state of mind and —

MRS. P. Come to my arms, you lamb; your seraphic state of mind shall return to you.

MR. P. Never, never!

DOLLIE. It might!

DICK. It could!

ADA. It would!

WARFORD. It should!

MR. P. (*brightening.*) Oh, if my seraphic state of mind is to be made a grammatical mood, then I am helpless. My seraphic state of mind has returned! Take your partners for a dance! come, mother! My seraphic state of mind shall stay by me all this day at any rate, if for no other reason than because to-day is —

MRS. P.

ADA.

WARFORD.

DOLLIE.

DICK.

} The day before the wedding!

Music, dance; in the midst of which curtain falls.

BALCONY SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKSPEARE.

Capulet's orchard. Enter Romeo.

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

It is my lady; Oh, it is my love!

Oh, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of *that*?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET.

Ay me!

ROM.

She speaks.—

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Upon the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. (*aside.*) Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other name!—
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire.
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay,"
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light.
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

JUL. Oh, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love —

JUL. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

ROM. Oh, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again,

And yet I wish but for the thing I have;

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

ROM. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

NURSE (*within*). Madam!

JUL. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee—

NURSE (*within*). Madam!

JUL. By and by, I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:

To-morrow I will send.

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*]

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*]

Re-enter Juliet, above.

JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROM. It is my soul that calls upon my name ;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

JUL. Romeo !

ROM. My dear ?

JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

ROM. At the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL. 'Tis almost morning ; I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night ! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. *[Exit]*

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. *[Exit]*

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 4

WHERE'S MY HAT?—ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. FREDERICK FELIX.

MRS. FREDERICK FELIX

MARGERY, the maid.

TENPENNY, the cabman.

SCENE.—*Room in Mr. Felix's house. Mrs. F. in evening dress, seated, putting on her gloves; Mr. F. standing at a table reading from a book.*

MR. FELIX. In a moment, Evelyn. I will read this one extract to you, then I will get my hat.

MRS. FELIX. Yes, dear. But we must hurry; the carriage has been waiting ten minutes, the cabman is impatient, and mamma will think we're not coming.

MR. F. Listen, my darling. (*Reads.*) "It is remarkable how trifling are the things which frequently ruin the peace of the most affectionate couples. A chance word, an inflection even, has been known to destroy the happiness of a husband and wife, which would have withstood grievances of heroic proportions. A mislaid article has been the occasion of so much marital disturbance ——"

MRS. F. Very true, but inapplicable. I cannot conceive why you should read such books. *We* never quarrel; trifles, or matters of heroic proportions never molest us. While as

for misplaced articles — There, Fred, my dear, do get your hat; we must go.

MR. F. Yes, yes, Evelyn. And of course (*looking for his hat*) the books do not touch upon our particular case. But they make us stronger to resist should a time of trial come.

MRS. F. In our case it shall never come.

MR. F. I am positive of that, darling. (*Looking about him.*) Where's my hat?

MRS. F. (*busied with her gloves.*) Now if I'd accepted Charley Gibson, it would have been so different.

MR. F. Yes, Charley has an irritable temper. Where can that hat be?

MRS. F. While I should have been dreadfully put upon, for I have such a forgiving — What in the world is the matter? What have you lost?

MR. F. I have lost nothing, I am looking for my hat.

MRS. F. But in such odd places.

MR. F. I am sure I placed it on the table when I came down-stairs.

MRS. F. You must be mistaken, for it's not there.

MR. F. I see it's not there.

MRS. F. If you had put it there, it would be there now.

MR. F. I distinctly remember standing it upon a pair of gloves —

MRS. F. I had forgotten; they were my gloves—I raised your hat to get them.

MR. F. Where did you put my hat after that?

MRS. F. Where I found it, of course.

MR. F. You are sure you did not place it anywhere else?

MRS. F. I am not in the habit of misplacing articles. Besides anything so prominent as a black silk hat —

MR. F. But you might have —

MRS. F. Might have thrown it from the window I suppose. Do be sensible, Frederick.

MR. F. I shall try to be. All the same, the hat's gone.

MRS. F. Impossible!

MR. F. Do you see it?

MRS. F. Of course not!

MR. F. Then it is gone.

MRS. F. It can't be gone; don't be ridiculous!

MR. F. Evelyn, I really wish you would not call me disagreeable names.

MRS. F. I have called you no names, you silly fellow!

MR. F. Silly fellow! At any rate you were the last to touch my hat. You have placed it somewhere!

MRS. F. How dare you doubt my word!

MR. F. You will not deny that you were the last to touch my hat?

MRS. F. I never saw you quite so passionate. I used to think that Charley —

MR. F. There, there, don't bring Charley Gibson into the discussion. He's an idiot!

MRS. F. Because he cared for me, I suppose?

MR. F. Where's my hat?

MRS. F. Frederick Felix, common politeness demands that you should answer my question! I insist upon knowing why Charley Gibson is an idiot.

MR. F. Evelyn, I insist upon knowing what you have done with my hat!

MRS. F. Because Charley Gibson proposed to me does not argue that he is an idiot. *You* proposed to me, too. He may have a hasty temper, but he—he never accused me of purloining his hats.

MR. F. I must request you to make no comparisons between Charley Gibson and me!

MRS. F. I shall do whatever I please!

MR. F. Not with my hats though. I want my hat!

MRS. F. I hope you may get it; your want is not extravagant.

MR. F. Madam, don't sit there and tantalize me!

MRS. F. Sir, don't insult me!

MR. F. What did you do with my hat, then?

MRS. F. I did nothing with it, you shameless creature!

MR. F. Shameless creature! If Charley Gibson can make you act thus toward your husband —

MRS. F. He makes me act no way at all. And mamma always said —

MR. F. I dare say your mamma's remarks were very valuable, but I doubt if they will find my hat for me.

MRS. F. (*weeping*.) Oh, that I should live to hear my own mother maligned!

MR. F. Evelyn, let us end this foolishness. Try to recollect what you did with my hat.

MRS. F. (*sobbing.*) What do I care for your old hat! I shouldn't be surprised, as long as you hate dear mamma, that you've hidden your hat so that we couldn't go to her reception. You want to stay at home and read your horrible books about horrible trifles and horrible misplaced articles. But *I* will go to mamma; I will *stay* with her!

MR. F. Evelyn, be a woman!

MRS. F. I *am* a woman, you miserable man! I have found you out; my dear mamma maligned, an old friend called an idiot because he cared for me, and I, myself, accused of manufacturing places for the concealment of hats! It is terrible! terrible!

Enter Margery.

MARGERY. Please, ma'am, the cabman says his horses has had oats, and they won't wait no longer.

MRS. F. Don't address me, Margery; I am nothing in this house. *I* am not responsible for tiring the poor horses.

MR. F. Margery, for the sake of all you hold dear, tell me—do you see a black silk hat in this room?

MARGERY (*looking around*). I seen it on the table when missus took her gloves from under it.

MRS. F. Margery, *did* I throw it out the window?

MARGERY. La! ma'am!

MRS. F. If I did the cabman would have seen me do it. Send up the cabman.

MR. F. Evelyn, you are positively preposterous.

MRS. F. Send up the cabman, Margery, I insist upon it. (*Exit Margery.*) Mr. Felix, after this we can scarcely remain together. You have exposed me before the servants, and you have rendered me ridiculous in the eyes of a cabman!

MR. F. Evelyn, you allow your temper undue privileges.

Enter Margery with cabman, who carries a whip.

MRS. F. My good man, did you see me throw a black silk hat out the window?

TENPENNY. No ma'am. But I wish you had throwed it; I want a new one pretty bad.

MARGERY. You wish she'd throwed one, do you, Tom Tenpenny?

TENPENNY. Now, Margery, girl, you're jealous again.

MARGERY. Me jealous? Ho!

MR. F. Margery, what does this freedom mean?

MARGERY. This is my young man, sir, and he's not been fair to me.

TENPENNY. I have!

MARGERY. You haven't! You like Mary, next door! I do believe missus *did* throw a hat out and you've got it and mean to marry Mary in it!

MRS. F. Margery, how dare you!

MR. F. Margery, why do you thus throw suspicion on your mistress? Evelyn, if this is some deeply laid plot to keep me at home while you go to your mother's reception and meet Charley Gibson —

MRS. F. Oh! oh! oh! I wish I *had* thrown your old hat out! I wish I'd thrown your boots, too! I wish I'd thrown myself also!

MR. F. Evelyn, this is the end—these hysterics divulge everything! Margery, what do you mean by implying that this cabman has my hat?

TENPENNY (*angrily*). I haven't got your hat! Don't call me a thief!

[*Margery weeps.*]

MR. F. I want my hat, villain! I shall go to my mother-in-law's and see if Charley Gibson is there! (*Grapples with Tenpenny, who lays about him with his whip.*)

MARGERY. Help! help! Master's murdering Tom Tenpenny! Help! help!

MRS. F. Help! help! Frederick Felix, you are an outlaw! Let the poor man alone! I am going to mamma's, never to return to you!

MR. F. Where's my hat, villain? (*Fighting Tenpenny; Margery belaboring Mr. Felix.*)

MRS. F. Margery, let Mr. Felix alone!

MARGERY. He's beating Tom!

MRS. F. Let him alone, I say! I'm paralyzed; I can't move!

MR. F. Where's my hat!

TENPENNY. I'll brain you with my whip! Help me, Mar-

gery; I don't care a cent for Mary, next door; I'll marry you to-morrow.

MARGERY (*beating Mr. Felix*). Help! help!

MRS. F. Margery, how dare you touch my husband!

*Tenpenny wrenching himself free, aims with his whip at Mr. F.
Mrs. F. starting from her chair, throws her arms about Mr. F.*

MR. F. Let me free, false Evelyn!

MRS. F. Never! never! He reaches your dear brains only over my corpse!

Margery with a shriek has run to the chair where Mrs. F. has been seated, and now holds up the ruins of a black silk hat.

TENPENNY. Look! That's the hat I stole, is it?

MARGERY (*running into his arms*). O Tom!

MR. F. Evelyn, you have saved my life!

MRS. F. O Fred, I sat upon your hat! I must have placed it on the chair when I took my gloves. Forgive me, forgive me! I despise Charley Gibson—he's worse than an idiot. And now that I know what I have found in you —

MARGERY. Tom, now that I know what I've found in you —

TENPENNY. Now that I know what my eye has found in Mr. Felix's fist —

MR. F. Now that I have found my hat!—ah! we shall not be very late, Evelyn. Where's my *other* hat?

ALL. Oh!

Mr. and Mrs. F. embrace, as do Tenpenny and Margery, while curtain falls.

THE STUDENT AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

N. A. WOODWARD.

CHARACTERS.

DEEPTHOUGHT, an ambitious student.

GRABALL, a narrow-minded miser.

VAN KOOT, an ignorant Dutchman.

SWAGGER, a gentleman-at-large.

SOBERSENSE, an intelligent farmer.

NOISYBREATH, a garrulous politician.

O'MULLIGAN, an Irish servant.

STEEPLETOP, a young man of pretensions.

SCENE I.—*Deepthought's study. Deepthought discovered, busily engaged with his books.*

DEEPTHOUGHT. Well, here I am, almost as ignorant as ever. I have, 'tis true, been studying for some four or five years past, and have a tolerably complete knowledge of several of the sciences; yet there are so many kinds of desirable information of which I know but little, that it seems as if I had only learned enough to see my own ignorance. I see plainly, that I must increase my diligence, and study fourteen or fifteen instead of twelve hours a day. I am determined yet to know something and be somebody.

Enter Noisybreath.

NOISYBREATH. How now, Deepthought, always at your books. Plodding, plodding, always plodding. Why, I should think you would die. Latin, Greek, Algebra—what dry stuff! But, have you heard the news? Our congressman, Anthony Doughface, elected. Esquire Skillet goes to the legislature, and Pandersly is, in all probability, elected governor, and most likely our candidate for the presidency has succeeded. Glory enough for one day! Hurrah! How can you study at such a time?

DEEP. Study! Why, I should rather suppose you would ask how I can be idle; you can hardly conceive how ignorant I find myself. To discipline the mind properly, and store it with knowledge, requires the utmost diligence.

NOI. Discipline the mind and store it with knowledge! Why, you know enough already. If you would only read

the party papers a little, and keep up with all the shifts and turns of the leaders, you might go round stumping it, and soon get elected to the legislature, or to congress. But here comes our mutual friend, Graball. I must tell him the news. (*Enter Graball.*) Good morning, friend Graball. Have you heard the news?

GRABALL. What news? Have any of the banks broken? Who's failed? Have stocks fallen? Anybody gone to Canada? Will our railroad be built?

NOI. Oh, no! Better than all these.

GRA. Has the steamer got in, and wheat risen? A famine in Europe, I suppose.

NOI. No such thing.

GRA. Why, what then? Come, out with it. Don't keep me in suspense. I can't endure it. I don't take the papers, I can't afford to these hard times. Let's have the news.

NOI. Why, our congressman is certainly elected. Skillet goes to the legislature again, beyond a doubt, and Pandersly is most likely the governor-elect, and our candidate for the presidency victorious. Glorious, glorious! We are ahead everywhere. The flag of the enemy trails in the dust. The country is safe.

GRA. Oh, it's only some of your politics! What do you suppose I care for all such *glorious* news? Will it put money in my pocket? Will it bake my bread, or advance the price of village lots, stocks, or make it in any way easier for a man to live in these hard times? None of this. Nothing like it. I'd like to see the penny it will bring to my fob.

NOI. But it's a great victory. I knew we should beat them, and said so all the time. But I must be going, for the telegraphic account from the east is every minute expected.

[*Exit Noisybreath.*]

GRA. That fellow is eternally harping on politics. With him it's politics in the morning, politics at noon, and politics at night. He has spent his whole time, this six months, in electioneering, and although he has been once elected chairman of a political meeting, and twice secretary, he has not got in sight of a good, fat office yet. He expects to be postmaster, but he will be sadly disappointed. Well, Deep-thought, how are you?

DEEP. In good health, I thank you. How does Mr. Graball find himself?

GRA. Very tolerable, considering how hard the times are, money so scarce, and the price of bread-stuffs so variable. How in the world can you afford to spend your time poring over these musty books? Why, you will never be worth a cent in the world.

DEEP. Well, if I should never be worth a great amount of property, I shall, at least, have the consolation of not remaining entirely ignorant of the great truths and discoveries of science, at the very noon of the nineteenth century.

GRA. Ignorant—science! Pooh! you will not be able to leave your children anything, when you die.

DEEP. I shall, at least, I hope, leave them the example of one who never worshiped Mammon.

GRA. Fine talk; sounds well,—but it won't buy bread, it won't clothe you, or give you shelter. Better sell your books, buy no more, give up study, work hard, spend but little, and you may yet be worth a little property,—say a few thousand.

DEEP. And have very little capacity to enjoy anything.

GRA. Tut! tut! Don't say that to me. Don't you think I am happy as you can be, spending your weary days and nights over the dusty cobwebs of antiquity? Besides, were you to sell all your knowledge at the end of ten years' study, it would not fetch much. Very poor stock, indeed. It wouldn't bring dollars and cents. It wouldn't buy food and clothing these hard times. Come, come, I say, throw your books to the dogs,—do as I tell you, and I will make a rich man of you, and then you will be somebody.

DEEP. Mr. Graball, I am very much obliged to you for your advice; but you are aware that riches often take to themselves wings. Many of your rich men flourish for awhile, and after all become poor and die so.

GRA. No need of it, positively none,—don't financier right. Only look out whom you trust. Watch the market, take advantage of the times, let books alone, except the day-book and ledger, and you will be rich and respected.

DEEP. Should riches secure the respect of others, it would hardly secure self-respect, and without this, the respect of others is of very little avail.

GRA. At it again—fine talk—sounds well, but it won't bring the dollars. It won't make the coin rattle in your pockets. It won't fill them with silver; and empty pockets are sad affairs. An empty purse will not stand upright, you know. Besides, your old coat is getting threadbare, and study won't buy a new one. Come, I say, give up study, it's all trash—give it up, and I will give you a clerkship in my store, and when you have been there six months, or a year, I will pay you a fine salary, say ten dollars a month, and you can make money like dirt. Come, what do you say to that?

DEEP. Mr. Graball, I am very much obliged to you for your very generous offer, but —

GRA. Come—no buts—only say the word, and your fortune is made.

DEEP. Sir, I must say, that my duty to myself compels me to decline. But it is time to attend recitation, and I must leave you. Good evening. [*Exit Deepthought.*]

GRA. Good evening. If that is not one of the most stubborn fellows that I ever saw. Why, he will stick to his books till he dies, and he'll always be as poor as Job's cat. Well, I was in hopes to have made something out of him. Let me see; if he had accepted my offer, I might have saved a cool hundred a year. But no; the fates have ruled otherwise. I have lain awake these three nights past, trying to think how I might save a part, or all, of Johnson's salary. But it's of no use. A man can't save much in these hard times. It is all out-goes and no income. I shall die a poor man yet. (*After a pause.*) Ah, yes! Lucky I thought of it. There is my Roland farm. I shouldn't wonder if I could go and sell it to old Mr. Van Koot, the Dutchman. He can never pay for it; but then he has got laid by about a thousand dollars, which I can pocket. Do that, and I can afford to keep my clerk a little longer. [*Exit Graball.*]

SCENE II.—*Room of Deepthought. Van Koot discovered. Enter Swagger.*

VAN KOOT. Goot evenin', mister vat you call um.

SWAGGER. Good evening. My name is Napoleon Swagger, Esq., commonly called "Nape Swag," at your service, sir. I am the gentleman who smokes cigars, and drinks small beer

at bar-rooms and groceries. I talk politics, trade horses some, drink with all who invite me, play backgammon, roll ninepins, and the like. I can beat the best of them at any game of chance; have won more bets than any man in Sleepy Hollow; take well among the ladies, only they say, "Pity he drinks;" and more than all that, can whip any other man they may bring on, I don't care who he is; and if you don't believe me, try it.

VAN K. Vat, you ish no goin' to vite? Mine soul! I never should vish to vip von man in te world. I pe von poor farmer, ant vish to get some help for to carry on te farm, vitch I py of Mister Grapall, ant pay him von tousant for't town, and the rest ven I can.

SWAG. Oh, no! Mr. Van Koot, I don't wish to fight you, for I should not find you a match for me; however, it is your treat, when we get to the tavern. I would not mind taking the oysters and cigars. But where in the world is this fellow that studies so much, who they say is a-going, by-and-by, to make a noise in the world? I thought I would just drop in to kill time a little with him. You know, when a man has not a great deal to do, time somehow hangs heavy on his hands.

VAN K. Vell, den, you ish te man vat I vish to see; I vish for to hire von man for vork for me on te farm, and I call to see vat you call um, te student, to hire and pe teached te farmin', ant vork vit my son Hans, vat have never peen to school von tay for pookish, but vat can vork so better as any man. For vat vill you hire for py te year?

SWAG. Work on your farm!—hire for the year!—do you mean to insult me, you vagabond, you scoundrel, you cabbage-stump, you!—but I won't waste words upon you, for insulting a gentleman of my standing. (*Places himself in a boxing attitude.*)

VAN K. (*alarmed.*) Oh, tere! tare ish no safety mit te Yankees in tish free country.

SWAG. Well, sir, then don't insult a gentleman of my cloth again, with such a vile offer. When I cannot get a living without work, I won't have any. I never did a day's work in my life, and never mean to; as for school, I hated it, and never went very much when I pretended to,—not

more than a day or two a week. But, Mr. Van Koot, it's about time to liquor. Come, I will go over to the grocery and wait till you come along. We'll then make up and be friends again.

[*Exit Swagger.*]

Enter Deepthought.

DEEP. Good evening, Mr. Van Koot.

VAN K. Goot evenin'. For vat you keep me vaiting so long? I vont to make you von pargain for vork mit Hans, who ish te smartest poy you ever tid see, ant hash never peen to school von tay.

DEEP. At present, Mr. Van Koot, the mind must be my garden, and science what I wish to cultivate.

VAN K. Vat, you no going to raise crout, pe you? Hans hash te pest crout in te vorlt.

DEEP. I do not know what will be the result; but it is a very true saying, as a man soweth that shall he also reap.

VAN K. Vell den, you ish in te error; for Hans tid sow veat, ant ven te veat grow, it no pe veat, put it vash tistie ant chess, ant veat, ant everything, put no veat. Ant ven he ish goin' to reap te veat, tare ish no veat to reap.

DEEP. Most likely he did not plough the ground sufficiently.

VAN K. Vat not te reason pe vy te veat grow chess, put he plant te veat in te wrong moon, ant he plow te ground on Friday, ant tat ish de reason vy te veat grow no veat.

DEEP. Why, you do not suppose the moon or Friday has any influence on vegetation? There is no such thing in the books.

VAN K. Te pookish pe no vort nothing, ant you hast not see te vegetable grow in te wrong moon. Come, trow te pookish to te rat, and come here mit me ant Hans on te farm. Hans ish te pest poy, and never has seen te pookish, ant can tell vy te veat grow no veat, and ven te vedder ish goin' tunter ant lighten, so vell ash any otter man.

DEEP. I presume your son is worthy of his father, but I cannot just now leave my studies to work with either.

VAN K. Ten goot evenin', ant Hans mit me must vork alone mit te peastes.

[*Exit Van Koot.*]

DEEP. Well, the tiresome fellow has at length left me, and I hope now to have no further interruption of my

studies. But, upon my life, here comes some one else! I fear I shall never get a chance to study this lesson.

Enter Steepletop.

STEEPLETOP (*touching his hat with his thumb and finger, and bowing very low*). Good evening, my dear sir. I was on my way to Bloatington's party, and I have called to see if you would not like to go, and get an introduction to good society.

DEEP. I can't say that at present I want any better society than my books. I am very well satisfied with communing with the great spirits of the past.

STEE. Why, sir, I beg leave to tell you that you are getting decidedly old-fashioned, a very prosy sort of a fellow, who could hardly hand a lady her fan, according to the rules of etiquette. These old books are good for nothing but to put upon the shelf for ornament rather than use.

DEEP. I think I turn mine to a better use.

STEE. Come, my dear sir, we are to have a great party; Miss Scribbler, Miss Roselily, Miss Stargazer, Miss Pufton, Dr. Epsom, 'Squire Skillet, and other notables, have all been invited. I presume, sir, you will not fail to make a favorable impression; I will take care to introduce you in the most approved manner.

DEEP. With many thanks for your kind offers, for want of spare time, I must beg to be excused.

STEE. Good evening, sir, your most obedient, sir. (*Goes out bowing.*)

DEEP. Well, if that fellow takes as well as he thinks he does among the ladies, I must say I hope to meet with those who are better informed. Half ape and half human as he is, I can hardly endure him. And yet he is continually harping upon good society, and an introduction to it. If by good society he means such as receives him with favor, it is not the kind I care anything about. [*Exit Deepthought.*]

SCENE III.—*Sobersense at his home. Enter O'Mulligan.*

O'MULLIGAN. 'Pon me sowl, if it's not yersilf that I see SOBERSENSE.—How now, Pat, what news?

O'M. News! it's mesilf that's afther for telling ye that. Ye see I'm jist like a letther rite out o' the mail, that's come

by tiligraph, walking over the thrack like a stame tae-kittle; and shure as my name is Pat O'Mulligan, that owld boy of a sthudent has made a diskivery in chimistry that'll make a great man of him all his days. And has he not been offered a dale of money for it, and a chance to be a teacher in the Siminary?

Sob. Why surely, Pat, you must be dreaming, for he was here but a short time since, and he said nothing about it.

O'M. Och! niver a bit am I dhraming. It's like the likes o' him to say niver a word at all at all. Did he iver tell how he supported the poor mither of him all the time he was afther for studying the books? Shure and wasn't he the dacentest boy of a lad this side the owld country? And shure it's mesilf that's just from the post-office with the news.

Sob. Well, O'Mulligan, I hope what you say will prove true, for he is a very worthy young man, and one of the most diligent that I ever saw. He has been studying for the last few years under the greatest difficulties and discouragements. And although he has often been importuned by real and pretended friends to give up his books, he has persevered. I have watched him with the greatest interest for some time past, for I have seen a light burning in his room the earliest and latest of any in all Sleepy Hollow.

O'M. And shure it's yersilf that lent him money to buy books, and niver charged a cint at all at all.

Sob. Oh, say nothing of that; I did not intend any should have known it, so say nothing about it.

O'M. Troth it's a good dade; but I'll niver be afther for tillin' o' it, for shure I'm not a bit laky.

Sob. Is there any truth in the report that Graball has foreclosed his mortgage on the farm of Van Koot, the Dutchman?

O'M. Shure as prachin', and isn't Mr. Graball himsilf as poor as a frozen pratie-skeen in the winther? And troth deedn't the feer boorn all the whool of the whate he sint to market,—and haven't they foreclosed him?

Sob. Well, surely, Mr. O'Mulligan, this is unexpected news. Poor Graball, he is to be pitied.

O'M. Och me harty! not a dhrop o' pity for him, when

he turned me into the strate for not payin' double the rint, and has chated me agin and agin.

SOB. I trust, Pat, you have no more news of this sort.

O'M. And faith I hev. That strootin' man, that looked so insooltin', has gone to jail for puthing a name on a bit o' paper; Nape Swag for stalin'.

SOB. Well, has Steepletop, the dandy, been taken up for forging, and Swagger for stealing? Well, it is what might have been expected, as they were unwilling to pursue any honest calling. But here comes Noisybreath, the politician. (*Enter Noisybreath.*) Full of news, Mr. Noisybreath?

NOR. Nothing special; only our candidate for governor is defeated. The vote at the east is unexpected. We have, also, most likely, been defeated in the presidential contest. The telegraphic news is all unfavorable.

O'M. Faith, thin, ye'll niver be poostmaster at all a bit.

NOR. True, Mr. O'Mulligan, I have given up all hopes of it. I now lament that I did not pursue the course which Deepthought advised me. But I never should have been as fortunate as he is. I do not possess the genius.

SOB. Rather say, Mr. Noisybreath, you never would have had the application,—for I am not one of that foolish sort of people that believe genius comes without application. One ounce of application is worth a pound of genius. But here comes Van Koot; he seems to be in trouble. (*Enter Van Koot.*) How now, Van Koot? I understand you have lost your farm; is it so?

VAN K. It ish true as te goot pookish. And Hans, he pe so foolish ash to trade mine two fat horse for an olt mare tat no vert notting. Te Yankee poy comes along and say she goot peaste for te race, ant be vert five huntret tollars, ant he trade mit him, and she no vert nottin' for te crow.

O'M. Faith, ant didn't ye think him the wisest mon of a boy ye iver saw in the life of ye?

VAN K. I no vant to say nottin' to te Irishman.

O'M. Och! ye call me Irish when I was boorn in frae Ameriky, and can spake twice as mootch English as any mother's son of a Touchman, that ye be? Faith and troth, ye beggarly ape of a sarpint, if ye call me Irish, by the powers of Saint Pathrick I'll knock yer two eyes into one.

Sob. Stop, stop, Mr. O'Mulligan, or you will surely prove you have a little of the Irish blood in you yet. And now, gentlemen, one word before we separate. The young man who neglects his studies, prematurely to engage in the great struggle for wealth and political distinction, has taken the surest course to defeat his own object. For discipline of mind is a powerful auxiliary in either of these pursuits, beside being of great value for other and nobler purposes. Whoever expects to go through the world without a knowledge of books, must either expect to labor all his life at a disadvantage, or expect miracles. And the parent that fails to give his children an education, either from not sending them to school with suitable books, punctually and regularly, or from not watching their progress while there, deserves in his old age to find his house left unto him desolate, and to be ill-treated by those unfortunate children whom he has wronged and cheated out of what they might justly claim as their right, a *good education*.

CAIN, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—ELLEN MURRAY.

I.—*Cain, alone. Abel lying on the ground.*

CAIN. What's this! the red blood stops! he's growing cold! I'll cover him (*covering body*). Father will think he sleeps.

I am afraid. This hidden, dreadful thing,—
Is this my brother?

ADAM. Cain, where is my son?

CAIN. Abel? He must have gone to find the sheep
He is so fond of. What is it to me,
My father, where the young man may be now?

EVE. Cain, where is he, thy brother? Once I held
Two little ones within my happy arms,
And was so merry with them. Now thy face
Is very dreadful. Where is Abel gone?

CAIN. Perhaps to find the tree, my mother Eve,
Of which you eat in Paradise, and fell.
Had you not eaten, I had never sinned.

ADAM. Come, let us look for him. In vain we speak.
Cain's lips refuse the truth his eyes reveal.

CAIN (*alone*). I am afraid, so horribly afraid!
 Would I were quiet now as Abel is.
 Where is my brother! But I do not know.
 Am I my brother's keeper? He can go
 Just where he chooses. Am I bound to see
 He does not hurt himself? Say he should run
 Against my club—whose fault is that? I ask.
 My club is innocent, and so am I.
 I will escape into the deepest shades—
 No; I will travel to the long world's end,
 Lest any seeing me should say, "There's Cain,
 His brother's murderer; kill him! strike him down!"

II.—*Groups of men about a whiskey store. Covered figure on a bier.*

WHISKEY-SELLER. What is the matter here?

FIRST MAN. The man is dead.

WHISKEY-SELLER.

Dead! why he laughed and talked with me last night.

SECOND MAN.

We know it. Add,—he drank with me last night.

WHISKEY-SELLER. What's that? What harm is that?

THIRD MAN.

Well, only this,—

The man has died of drink. He fell face down,

His lips within a puddle in the road,

And had not sense to lift his head again.

WHISKEY-SELLER. I ask, what's that to me?

SECOND MAN.

Who sold him drink?

FIRST MAN. He bought it at that corner, of this man.

WHISKEY-SELLER. Well, if he did, what fault is it of mine?

I did not kill him. I have right to sell.

I've bought a license; yes, and paid for it.

SECOND MAN. Here is the dead man's father; stand between.

They gather closely round the bier.

FATHER. Good neighbors, have you seen my son to-day?

His wife is very ill at home and begs —

What is the matter? Sir, where is my boy?

WHISKEY-SELLER. Your boy! Am I the keeper of your boy?

LITTLE CHILD.

Where is our father? Please, please tell us where.

WHISKEY-SELLER.

Get out of this. Why should you ask me?

Am I your father's keeper?

THIRD MAN (*taking the father's arm, and leading him and the child out*). Come away.

FOURTH MAN. Thou art the keeper of thy brother man,
And thou didst sell him poison. He is dead!
Thy doom is branded on thy guilty brow,
As once on Cain's.

WHISKEY-SELLER. Now just be kind enough
To clear my store of all this fol-de-rol.

FIRST MAN. It is, indeed, no proper place for men.
We leave thee to thy conscience.

*They bear off the body. The rum-seller's wife, with averted face,
comes in and throws herself into a chair.*

WHISKEY-SELLER. Mary! why!
What is the matter?

MARY. Oh! I saw his face,—
The dead, stern face; the wind blew back the cloak,—
It was so dreadful! On our wedding-day,
Do you remember how he smiled and talked,
And once refused the glass of wine you poured? [*Sobs.*
You were such friends—

WHISKEY-SELLER. There, Mary, that will do.
Is not May crying? [*Nurse and child enter.*
Get her quiet, nurse.

NURSE. Yes, in a minute. There is nothing wrong,—
She only heard the drunkard's little girl
Scream wildly when she saw her father's face—
Of course the child was startled. [*Carries the child out.*

MARY (*earnestly*). Husband—John,
I dreamed I saw a picture wild and drear,—
A desert blighted, wind-swept: and across
The shadows fled two forms like shadows, too;
Fleeing forever: never finding rest.
The woman's face was hidden in her hands;
The other faced me. Lines of livid light
Wrote "Cain" upon his forehead. Then it seemed
The face grew yours, and, with a cry, I woke!

WHISKEY-SELLER. Now, really, Mary, are you such a goose?
I wish you just would mind your house and child,
And leave my business to my wiser care.
There, go to May; I hear her cry again.

MARY. I feel like crying with her. [*Goes out.*

WHISKEY-SELLER. Cain, she said.
Cain killed his brother. What's this man to me?
Am I each drunkard's keeper? If he chose
To drink too much, pray what is that to me?
I did not make him drink. I think I'll try

Some other business. Preachers used to say
There is a judgment coming. What of that?
Am I to blame because a drunkard drinks?
I am not bound to watch his staggering steps
Or hold his — Pshaw! I'll sell the whole concern
And buy a farm. I wonder what they'd say,—
The temperance people. As for Mary there,
She'd cry again, I know, for very joy.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

CHARACTERS.

GODDESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

DAWN,	}	Spirits of the Beautiful.
DAY,		
TWILIGHT,		
NIGHT,		
SEA,		
FOREST,		
FLOWERS,		
A LITTLE CHILD.		

COSTUMES.

GODDESS—*A crown, and handsomest dress available, with long flowing skirts.*

DAWN—*Blue skirt, white waist, white overskirt looped with streamers of yellow tarletan; veil of pink tarletan caught up with a silver star; a silver arrow on one shoulder.*

DAY—*Blue dress with gilt trimmings.*

TWILIGHT—*Very pale blue or gray dress, with a streamer of pink tarletan over one shoulder and under the other; white tarletan veil caught up with a crescent.*

NIGHT—*Black tarletan dress sprinkled with gilt stars; bandeau of stars around the head.*

SEA—*Green tarletan dress with festoons of white; spangled white veil; corals and pearls.*

FOREST—*Dark-green dress trimmed with autumn leaves, or flowers, or knots of bright ribbons.*

FLOWERS—*White dress trimmed with garlands of flowers; flowers on the hair, and a wreath hung on one arm.*

CHILD—*White dress, not ornamented.*

GODDESS (*standing on a low pedestal*).

O Spirits of the Beautiful,

Where have ye fled away?

Come back to grace my royal court,

In all your bright array.

*Spirits enter and arrange themselves on both sides of the Goddess,
so as to form a semi-circle.*

ALL. O Goddess of the Beautiful,
We hear thee, and obey ;
We come with light, and bloom, and song,
To grace thy court to-day.

G. Ye faithful spirits, hear my word :
I long have been your queen,
But now my scepter would resign
To her who shall be seen
Most worthy of the rule o'er all,—
Who to her throne will bring
The most of beauty, and will throw
A charm o'er everything.

Speak, Spirits of the Beautiful !
Let each present her claim,
And I will give the worthiest
My scepter and my name.

DAWN. Then *mine is the scepter*, fair Goddess,
For I bring the beautiful light
That flushes and brightens the eastern sky,
And scatters the shadows of night.
And mine are the birds' early carols,
The glory that welcomes the sun ;
My beauty steals over the world like a spell,
My sway is disputed by none.

G. Nay, for the world would be weary of thee,
And long thy more radiant sisters to see.

DAY. I may come to claim the scepter,
For I bring the glorious day,
With its long and sunny hours,—
Ample time for work and play.
And I bless the man of labor
With my warmth and golden light ;
Minè the throne, for with my radiance
Shall the world be ever bright.

G. Nay, for brain and limb would tired grow,
And the weary world would bid thee go.

TWILIGHT. Soft is my light,—o'er the weary world
Tender the touch of my fingers ;

Only a glow of departing day
 Faintly above me lingers.
 Cool are my dew's on the aching head,
 Reveries gather around me,
 All shall be quiet and peace 'neath my rule,
 Beauty the purest surround me.

G. Truly grateful, after labor, are the twilight dew's,
 But thy sway would be too gentle, like thy own soft hues.

NIGHT. Rest I bring: the noise and strife and din
 Of the busy day are hushed before me.
 Solemn darkness throws its mantle o'er me;
 Sweet repose is found my clasp within.
 All may sleep, and yet to those who wake
 I present no aspect dark and cheerless,
 For my starry jewels, bright and peerless,
 Are a spell of beauty naught can break.

G. Oh, thou art kind and beautiful, yet radiance and rest
 Are not the only good wherewith the world would fain
 be blest.

SEA. I come from the depths of the ocean,
 To plead *my claim* to the throne,
 Where the changing colors of every dye
 Are the purest that ever were known.
 For my deeps of emerald, lucent,
 For my arching foam-tipped waves,
 For my jewels rare, and the music
 That floats through my rocky caves;
 For the lights and shades on my waters,
 And the swift ships flitting by;
 For this ever-changing beauty
 What spirit with me can vie?

G. Men call thee cruel, treacherous, and cold;
 They will not trust thee for thy pearls or gold.

FOREST. Hark to the whispering pines!
 To the rustle of maple leaves!
 See the tracery golden that weaves
 Wherever a sunbeam shines!
 Cool is the forest shade,
 Clear and refreshing its green
 And all the gay branches between,
 Mosses and ivy braid-

And in the autumn, like flame
 Flickers my yellow-and-red ;
 For the beauty I everywhere spread
 Scepter and throne *do I claim !*

G. Thou art all too sober, in thy robes of green,
 For royal state befitting *Beauty's Queen*.

FLOWERS. The spirit whom all the world loves am I,
 Bringing the dear fragrant flowers ;
 Blending all colors of ocean and sky,
 Filling with beauty the hours ;
 Roses far sweeter than tropical musk
 Blossom wherever I go ;
 Harebells ring softly, and shines through the dusk
 Of the cassia, the hawthorn's white snow.
 Under my rule shall sweet garlands be flung
 Constantly over the world like a dress ;
Give me the throne, and my praise shall be sung
 Wherever my beauty shall bless.

G. If thou hadst the scepter, it would soon be seen
 Men loved thee better as their Flora than their Queen.

CHILD (*entering*). The happy little children,
 So full of life and play,
 Have sent me to your noble court
 To plead their cause to-day.
For we would like to rule the world ;
 We'd make it all so glad,
 Where no one should be bowed with cares,
 And no one should be sad.
 We'd make it all so beautiful,
 Give each a happy face !
 And cover every ugly thing
 With ornaments of grace.
 So beauty shall be all around,
 And beauty all above,
 And over everything we'll throw
 The blessed charm of *Love*.

G. Oh ! the happy little children,
 The loving little children,
 They indeed will fill the world with beauty and with light !
 For their smiling little faces,
 And their artless little graces, [bright.
 Are more than stars or dawn or flowers to make us glad and

They have found the magic spell,
That is more than ye can tell,
To make nappiness and beauty come at their sovereign call;
For the word they speak is *Love!*
And there is naught above
That sweet word to make most willing, loyal subjects of us all.

ALL SPIRITS. Yes, that potent spell we own,
And resign to her the throne!

G. Then bring to her some tribute,
Some token of her sway,
For we must be most faithful found,
Most ready to obey.
So here *I give my scepter,*
And here my throne I yield,
(*Leads the little girl to the throne and gives her the scepter.*)
And with a gift from everyone
Her empire shall be sealed.

DAWN (*taking off silver arrow and putting it on child's shoulder*).

I present the silver beam that darts across the sky
To herald my approach, and bid the shadows fly.

TWILIGHT (*putting her rosy streamer on child's shoulder*).

I give the rosy flush that brightens up my west.

NIGHT (*taking large star from her hair for the child's other shoulder*).

And I this glowing evening star, the star I love the best.

DAY (*putting bracelet on child's arm*).

And I this golden bracelet.

SEA (*putting pearls on other arm*).

And I the purest pearls.

FOREST (*taking ivy from her hair*).

And I this spray of ivy

To twine among her curls.

FLOWERS (*putting a wreath on child's head*).

And I will claim the honor

To crown thee with my flowers;

The world will be more beautiful

Beneath thy sway than ours.

(*They return to their places, Goddess nearest throne.*)

CHILD.

Thanks, Spirits kind and fair;

For every little child

I ask your fostering care,

Beneath my rule so mild.

Dear Goddess of the Beautiful!
 I give thee back thy name,
 Although the scepter and the throne
 And royal rank I claim;
 Be thou my Minister of State,
 And tell me what to do
 To make the children always glad
 And always good and true.

G. Yes, I will teach you; and, fair *Dawn*,
 Your smiles and cheerful words
 Shall wake the children from their sleep,
 With caroling of birds.
 And *Day* shall give them sunshine
 For study and for play;
 And *Twilight's* gentle voice shall sound,
 To call them all away
 To join the thankful evening prayer;
 And then the kindly *Night*
 Shall fold them in her loving arms,
 When watching stars are bright.
 The *Sea* shall splash sweet music
 Among her rocks and caves,
 And give them shells of rare device,
 And rock them on her waves.
 The *Forest*, cool, shall give them shade,
 And mosses, green and brown;
 And *Flora* every day shall wreath
 For each dear child a crown.

ALL. And so a little child shall rule,
 A little child shall lead!
 And so the Scriptures be fulfilled,
 In thought, and word, and deed!

